

SEP 22 1911

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

EDITED BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

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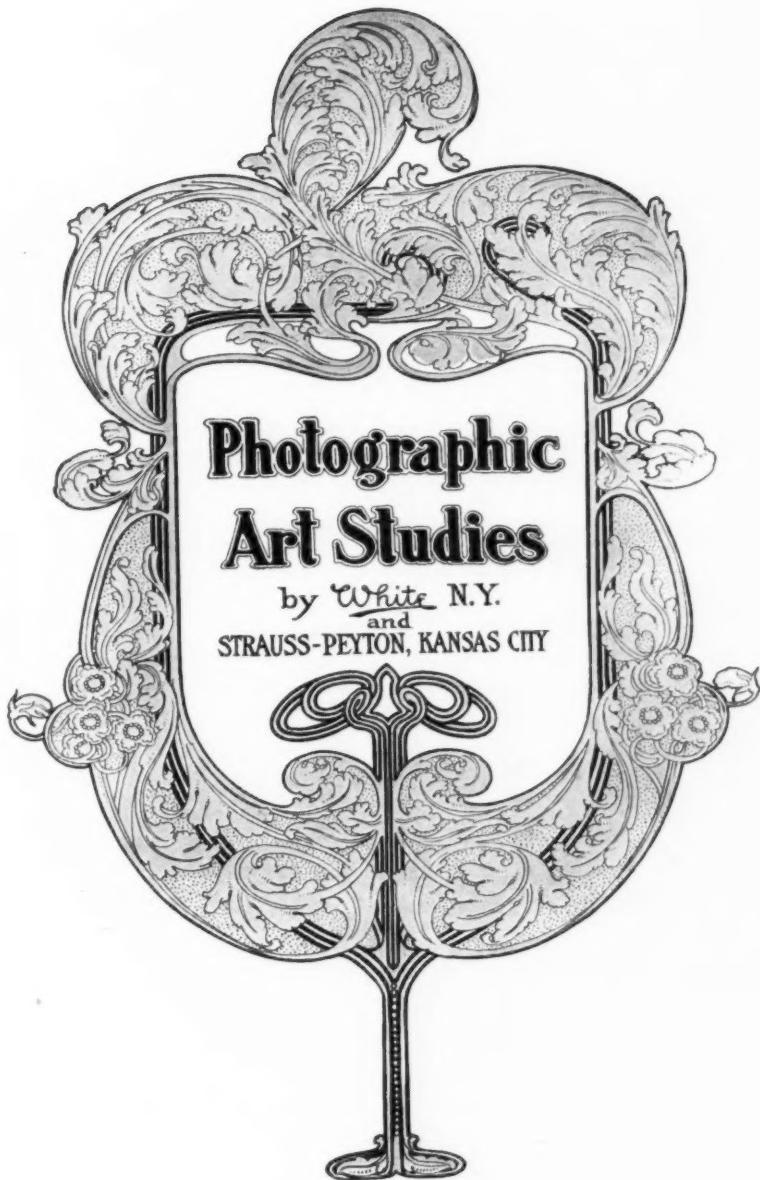
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MISS MONA TRIESTE  
in "The Follies of 1911"

Photograph by White Studio, New York



She came toward him holding out both her hands

To accompany "The Fatal Exception"—page 1079

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Vol. III

No. 6

October - 1911.

## The Furnace

The Story of a Trial  
by Fire *by*

FREDERICK ORIN  
"BARTLETT"

*Author of "The Web of the Golden Spider"*

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

THE big limousine bucked the gullied road stubbornly but indignantly, like a blooded horse. It wasn't made for work in the backwoods of Idaho. Neither were the occupants of the car. Jean, the chauffeur, fresh from the clear air and smooth roads of the Riviera, was nearly exhausted. This sultry atmosphere, heavy with the taint of distant forest fires, inflamed his eyes. Lovell, fifty pounds overweight, was battered about like a football on the back seat. His daughter, of lighter model, clung wearily to her corner in dusty misery. After an uncommonly severe jounce she observed to her father:

"You might leave *something* to the imagination."

"I wish I'd left this whole cussed trip to the imagination," he retorted.

But that wasn't his way in anything. Therefore, when he became interested in tapping this wild region with a railroad, nothing would do but that he must go over the ground himself. This had been his method in building up his Kansas line. It was said he knew every farm along the right-of-way. It is certain that

every farm owner knew him, and equally certain that half of them would have shot him on sight, had they dared. His policy of not furnishing them cars for their ripe wheat, except on his own terms, hadn't made him popular. Young Dennison of Wichita followed him last year all the way to Chicago and threatened to maul him. The brute would have done it, too, if half-a-dozen clerks had not interfered. The young anarchist had allowed his wheat to rot and then, when the banks foreclosed on his farm, had blamed Lovell.

The machine struck a half-hidden log, bounded high into the air, and came down, stock still. It took Jean but a second to learn that the damage this time was serious; a shaft was broken. He removed his cap and goggles with something like relief while Lovell climbed out and waddled to his side. The girl crossed the road and calmly seated herself in the shadows where she waited like an indifferent onlooker. That was her attitude towards life in general. But always she was, as now, a beautiful and picturesque onlooker.

"Well," demanded Lovell, as the chauffeur continued to stare helplessly at the machine, "are you trying to hypnotize it?"

Jean shrugged his shoulders.

"I can do nothing," he answered. "It is necessary to send to Detroit for a new shaft."

"Detroit?" exclaimed Lovell. He turned to his daughter. "Do you hear that cheerful news, Lady Alice?"

He used her nick-name—the name she had been christened, when, at eight, she had thrown up her head and declared she would marry a lord.

"I hear," she answered, indifferently. "Whom shall we send?"

Lovell brought his jaws together with a snap. This was just the sort of emergency in which he figured at his best.

"I don't know," he answered with unexpected calmness. "If I were you or the Frenchman I don't suppose I'd send at all; I'd sit down and whistle for it. As it is, I reckon we'll continue this pleasant journey on foot."

They hadn't passed a house in the last fifty miles, so it was obvious that the only thing to do was to go straight on. During the next three hours Lovell showed something of what he was made. This wasn't an easy undertaking for him; he was heavy; he hadn't walked a mile in ten years and the air was suffocatingly dead. Yet he never stopped.

Lady Alice walked by his side. She didn't protest because she realized it was quite useless. Her feet soon went lame and her dainty skin burned like fire.

Behind the two limped Jean.

The sun had already disappeared in a smoky haze before Lovell found any outlet to this interminable yellow highway. Then it was only a foot-path which led him to a clearing, containing, in one corner, a log hut. They heard the chock of an axe, but the woodsman was not in sight. They reached the door of the shack and found it empty. Lady Alice sank down on the sill as Lovell shouted a summons.

In reply the chopping ceased and a young man appeared. He was some six feet tall with hair and beard as black as night. One knew he was young by the

freshness of the brown eyes set in the haggard face, by the firmness of his bared, big-muscled forearms. He was dressed in a flannel shirt, open at the throat, belted trousers and heavy boots. At sight of Lovell his eyes narrowed. He glanced at Jean and then at the girl on his door sill. The latter met his gaze steadily and with the slightest lift of her head. Then, as though not finding sufficient of interest there to hold her attention, she dropped her chin in her hands and stared at the ground.

But Lovell felt queer for a moment. The man standing there in front of him was Dennison of Wichita—the same who a year ago had threatened "to beat him to within an inch of his life."

"Can I hire a team here?" demanded Lovell with no show of recognition.

"No," answered Dennison, decidedly.

He glanced at the girl. He found her looking at him. She showed every appearance of being annoyed.

"Then—" began Lovell.

Dennison took a couple of steps forward. His hands were clenched.

"I reckon you're going to stay here awhile, Lovell," he burst out.

Cornered, Lovell felt within him a primeval fighting lust. He had his eye on a loose stone about the size of his two fists.

"What do you mean?"

Dennison spoke fiercely:

"It seems like you must have come in answer to a prayer," he broke out. "It was you who drove me up here. After you took my farm there was nothing for me but this—a homestead. I've been bucking these trees alone for five months—sick, half the time. Now I've got just a month left. If I don't clear the rest of this I lose my rights."

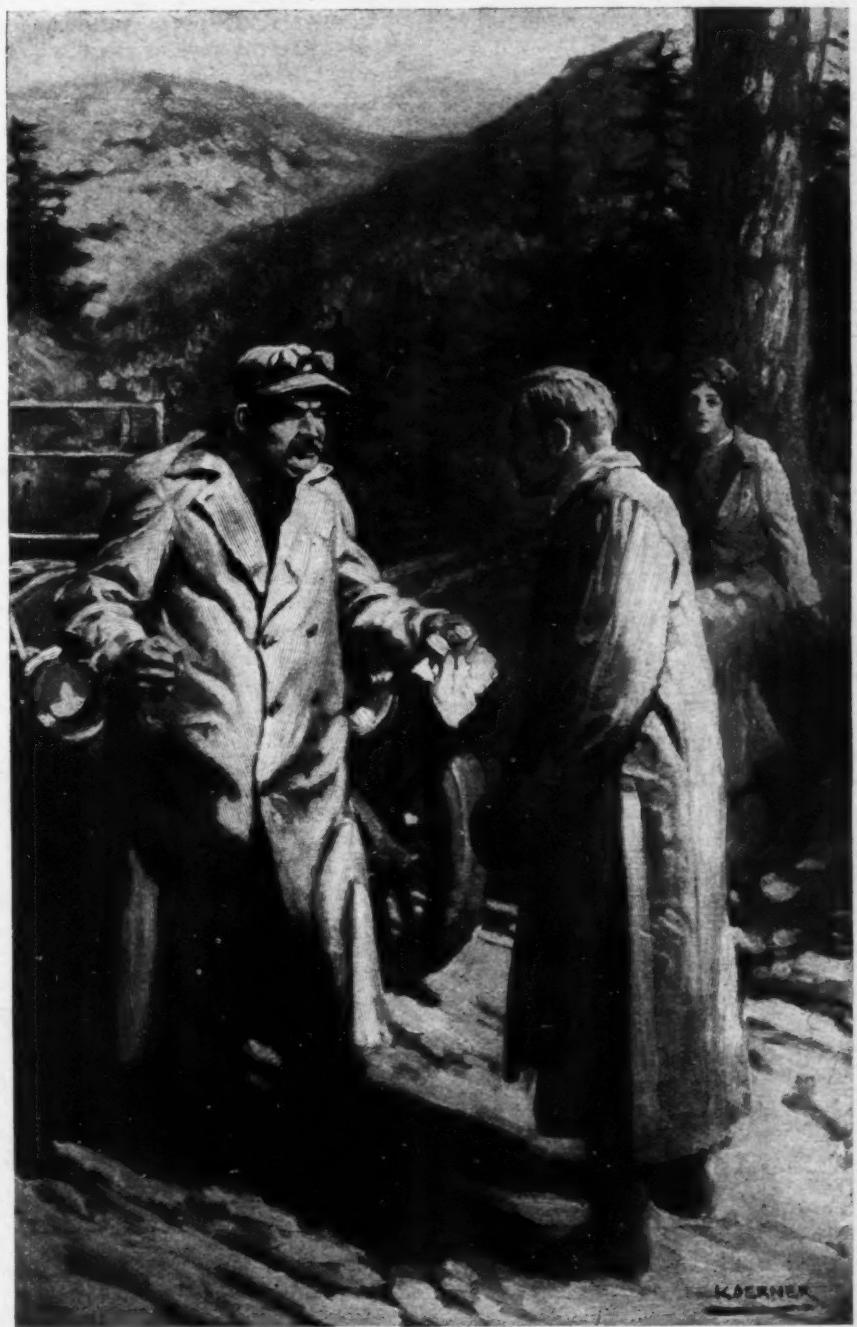
He paused. He was breathing through his teeth.

"I didn't see how I was going to do it. But now—"

He looked around again at the girl and the other man. He smiled grimly.

"But now—with four of us—I reckon I can do it, Lovell."

He picked up the stone at Lovell's feet and tossed it away, out of temptation.



"Well," demanded Lovell, "are you trying to hypnotize it?"

## II

It was an outrageous proposition. Lovell and Jean were to help in the woods, and Lady Alice was to do the cooking. If, at the end of the month, enough land had been cleared to fulfill the requirements of the homestead laws, then Dennison would guide the party to the railroad.

Lovell tried threats and bribes. He was a master of both. But he might just as well have talked to one of the slim, straight pines. As he voiced his threats they sounded pitifully weak even to him. It was difficult to associate either law courts or jails with these big purple hills—with these vast, unpeopled, acres.

"I'm not keeping you by force," Dennison explained; "there's the road. But my nearest neighbor is Brown. Remember Brown?"

Lovell remembered Brown. Brown had once blazed away at his private car with a Winchester.

"He keeps a newspaper picture of you hanging beneath his rifle," concluded Dennison.

As for bribes, when Lovell made out a check for five thousand and offered it to Dennison on condition the latter get him out of here, he himself didn't feel that it was anything more than a bit of paper. Dennison didn't even glance at it, but he turned white.

"If I thought you knew any better, I'd knock you down for that," he choked. "You owe me something, but you can't pay me now with your rotten money. You're going to pay with the sweat of your fat body. Do you hear, Lovell? You're going to learn what it costs some of us to make a home and what it costs us to raise wheat!"

He paused for breath. Lovell watched him in silence.

"You haven't money enough to pay even for this," Dennison went on. "It doesn't look like much, but there's something of me in every square foot you see. I reckon it's that which makes it what people call 'home.' "

He looked as though about to strike. Then the girl appeared and he fell back a step. It was almost dusk now.

"She can have the shack to-night," he concluded in his normal voice.

But the Lady Alice refused, flat-footed, to accept any favors; she would sleep by the side of her father.

"All right," Dennison agreed; "but I didn't mean it for a favor. I was only doing by you what I'd do by any kind of woman folk. It will be handier for you in cooking the grub."

Lady Alice raised her blue eyes to his and smiled with a little curl of her lip. He saw. He could have seen that face in the dark. But this was her wickedest weapon. With it she suggested her contempt without expressing sufficient interest to involve her temper. Dennison flushed. He turned away.

Dennison ate cold corn-bread for supper that night; the others ate nothing. Lovell stamped around, shook his fists, made wild threats and in the end sat down livid and panting for breath. Lady Alice tried to calm him, but she had all she could do to calm herself. She had never before been treated merely as one of the "women folk." The experience was new to her and she found herself studying the situation with some interest. Whenever it was possible to do so unobserved she watched this big, dark man. Aside from the fact that he was a brute there was something impressive about him. Try as she might she couldn't, to herself, treat him with the contempt she felt he deserved. She was conscious of his power. She knew he wasn't afraid of her.

Dennison did not again refer to her occupancy of the cabin, but when it became obvious that she would not accept his invitation, he turned in and slept soundly. The others sat up most of the hot night and nursed their wrath.

Dennison rose at day-break. He lighted the fire, cooked a corn-cake and fried some pork scraps. He ate by himself and after washing his dishes came out with his axe over his shoulder. He found the three in a huddled group back of the cabin.

"If you want to work to-day," he said, "we'll put on an addition with three more bunks."

Lovell staggered to his feet.

"Look here, Dennison," he exploded, "this has gone far enough!"

"It hasn't begun yet," answered Dennison.

"You brute," cried Lovell, "do you want to kill my girl?"

"Father," protested Lady Alice, "I forbid you to plead for me."

She spoke indignantly. Lovell placed his arm about her. Dennison caught his breath. She was very beautiful—quite the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"No," answered Dennison, "I don't mean her harm. But she ought to do the cooking."

"She sha'n't!" stormed Lovell. "Take her board out of my work."

"You can't more'n earn your own grub," answered Dennison. "You'd better come along. She'll find everything she needs in the shack."

He led off towards the forest. Lovell hesitated and Jean waited to take his cue from his master.

"You'd better go, Dad," advised Lady Alice.

White about the lips, Lovell followed.

By noon they had constructed the framework of the addition and cut the timber for three bunks. Dennison did most of the work, but, so far as they had the strength, the other two men fetched and carried. Lady Alice sat on the door sill and watched them. Her face was as hard as marble, but her eyes looked worried. There was nothing in all her past but that made this situation very difficult for her to handle. As "Lady Alice" she was justified in sitting there, but as one of the women folks she felt half ashamed of herself. Here were three men—one of them very tall and very dark—toiling in the sultry heat, pitting their man-strength against the primeval forest. There was something in this which gave her a new conception of the duties of her sex.

At noon the three returned and Dennison asked if grub was ready. Lady Alice did not answer, but her cheeks turned a deep crimson. He stepped past her into the cabin and found nothing ready. He placed upon the table some cold corn-bread and coffee. Then he asked the two

men in. Lovell, faint and weak, hurried past his daughter, but when he was served he took his plate back to her.

"No," said Dennison. "You can't do that. You wont be able to work if you don't eat."

In helpless rage Lovell flung the food across the room.

"*Sacré!*" exploded Jean, staggering to his feet. "She shall have mine."

"Sit down!" Dennison commanded.

Jean obeyed, and, unable to resist further, devoured the corn-cake like a hungry dog.

Dennison and Jean finished the shack alone. They had no sooner thrown down their tools than Lovell, too weak to stand, rolled into one of the bunks with his head in his hands. Dennison came into the cabin, lighted a fire and taking down a large, tin pan proceeded to mix more corn-cake. He had hardly begun before he saw the girl's figure in the door-way. She tottered towards him.

"I would do that," she faltered; "I would do that for father's sake if—if I knew how."

"You don't know how to cook?" he exclaimed.

"No," she answered.

He studied her a moment. She seemed scarcely able to keep her feet. He felt like a brute. He had asked her to do an impossible thing. She looked very weak and Dennison had a big man's tenderness for weakness. He wanted to ask her to sit down; he would have liked to steady her to a chair.

"Shall I show you how?" he asked.

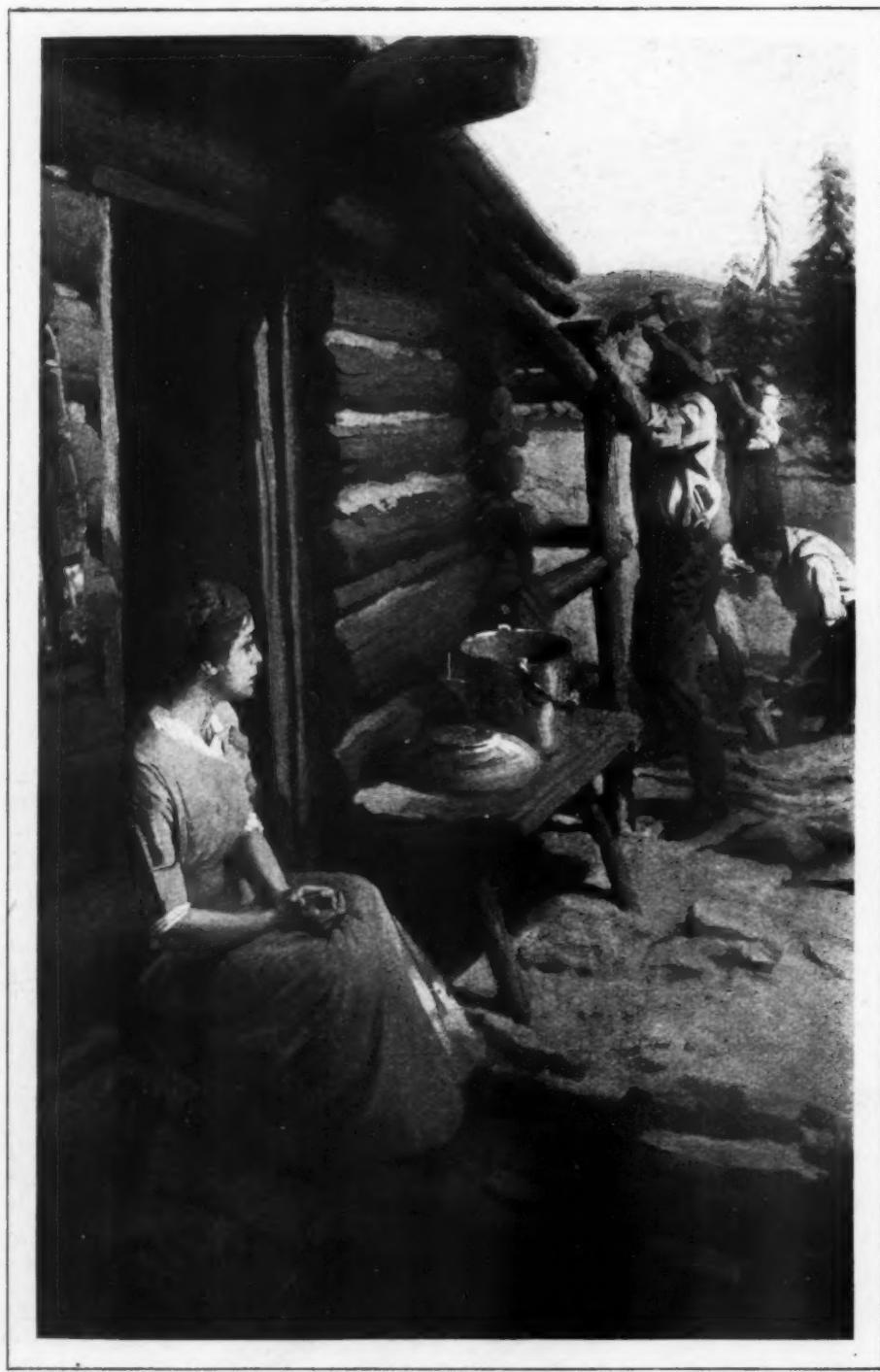
"Yes," she answered in a whisper.

In giving his instructions he was gentle and courteous. He was genuinely anxious for her to learn. She listened in silence and obeyed to the letter. He sliced and fried the bacon himself while the corn-cake was in the oven. Then he set the table and when all was ready called in the men.

In silence the four ate their dinner.

It was obvious that the girl must now have the privacy of the cabin. She consented. But before she retired, Lovell took her in his arms.

"He'll pay—he'll pay big for this some day," he whispered hoarsely.



Lady Alice sat on the door sill and watched them

The next morning Dennison and Jean returned to the machine and toted Lady Alice's motor trunk back to the cabin.

## III

Three weeks later, at the end of a sultry day, Dennison came back from the near-by spring with a bucket of water and found Lovell and Jean stretched out in their bunks exhausted, while Lady Alice was still at work washing the supper dishes. The day had been particularly hot and oppressive. The girl showed the effects of it in her listless movements. The sun had gone behind the hills looking like a copper plate and the dusk brought no cooling breeze. He was about to leave when he caught sight of her wan face and paused. She glanced up in surprise.

"You are tired?" he asked.

All day long she had heard the chock of his axe. Yet now he looked as strong as he had at dawn. His mere, stalwart presence seemed to revive her. She answered, hesitatingly, as though it were a confession of which she felt ashamed; he forced her always to tell the naked truth—

"Yes."

He picked up a chair and placed it by the open door.

"Sit down," he said; "I'll finish the work."

Lady Alice stared at him. There was a wonderfully deep and sincere tenderness expressed in his rough speech. She recalled plenty of prettier, more passionate utterances—many of them—but none which, out of sheer pity for herself, made her feel so much like crying. She tried to rouse herself, but he stood there quietly until she took her seat. She knew that she ought to go out and find her father, but she did not move.

"I forgot that you aren't used to this," he said.

She looked up.

"I guess it's because I think of you as like my mother," he added.

She turned away her head, but the color flooded back to her cheeks. Leaning forward with her hands clasped over her knees she looked out across the bit

of clearing to the somber fringe of trees. She wished to resent this personal turn to his speech, but one could not reply bitterly to so direct and simple a statement as that. She found herself unable to answer at all. The clatter of the dishes behind her continued for a moment and then she saw her father approach. She rose instantly and turned back to her work. The vision she had seen for a moment among the trees vanished. She was once again merely "Lady Alice."

"I will finish the work myself," she said.

Day by day the clearing grew. Day by day the smoke thickened. A peculiar stillness rested above the trees. Squirrels ceased their chattering, birds their twittering. Dennison noted these signs and prayed for rain. The preceding Sunday, when he had gone to Brown's for provisions, he had talked with Darbitt of the forest rangers. The latter had assured him that the fires now burning three hundred miles away were well hemmed in with trenches. Dennison would not have given a second thought to them if it had not been for the fact that he heard Lady Alice coughing a good deal.

There was still, however, one more acre to be cleared and he couldn't do it alone. With grim determination he redoubled his efforts and drove Jean and Lovell to the point of exhaustion.

The girl studied the growing hate in her father's eyes with a new fear—a fear that was not for her father alone.

## IV

On the evening of August twentieth night came at two o'clock in the afternoon. The smoke blew in on the wings of a light breeze which at first seemed like the forerunner of rain. Then the wind stiffened, but the moving air was not cool; it was as hot as any that blows over the Sahara. And it was heavy-laden with pungent, biting smoke. Dennison threw aside his axe and ordered the men back to the cabin.

"I don't like the feel of this," he said.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Lovell.

"I'm afraid the fires have jumped the trenches," answered Dennison.

"Then what in God's name are you standing here for?" demanded Lovell.

"Because we have five acres of clearing around us and are within reach of a spring."

"And you expect us to stay here and be roasted alive?" cried Lovell.

"This is our best chance," answered Dennison.

"With the road out there?" shrieked Lovell.

He called his daughter. She staggered out of the cabin, half-blind with smoke. He took her arm and dragged her towards the highway. Jean followed. Within the last hour the sky had become covered as though with the densest thunder clouds. The wind had increased to a hurricane. The distant roar sounded like the unbroken warning cry from ten thousand throats. Dennison ran after them.

"The girl sha'n't go!" he cried. "It means death. Your only chance is here!"

Still Lovell stumbled on in the frenzy of a single idea; he must get as far away as possible from this demon of smoke and the fire which came leaping on at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Dennison found the girl and grasped her arm. He bent his lips to her ear.

"You mustn't go," he shouted; "I can't let you go!"

She did not struggle. She was bewildered, but the feel of his strong arm gave her new courage. He seemed the only stable thing in this world suddenly grown chaotic.

"I know," she choked, "but Daddy—"

"Follow me," he broke in; "keep hold of my arm."

She seized his sleeve, and he, with his other hand, grasped Lovell by the collar. He dragged him to the center of the clearing. Then he dropped the man and turning to the girl placed his strong hand on her shoulder.

"I must go for water," he said. "You promise to wait here for me?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Lie down. Keep your mouth close to the ground. The air is fresher there."

She sank to her knees and he disap-

peared. It seemed to her an eternity before he returned. He had two buckets of water. She knew nothing of his stumbling fight to the cabin, to the spring, and back, through the blinding smoke—to her. But she heard his heavy breathing before she saw him and sank from a kneeling posture flat to the ground in relief. He stopped beside her.

"I'm going to throw this water over you," he panted. "Don't be frightened."

"A drink!" shouted Jean. "Give me a drink!"

He scrambled on all fours towards the buckets. Dennison brushed him back.

"Later," he said.

Very gently he poured the water over her hair and face and then drenched her clothes. It refreshed her like a clean breeze from Heaven. He moistened her handkerchief and bade her keep this over nose and mouth. Then he rose and started off again. Unconsciously she reached out for him.

"You aren't—going?" she pleaded.

"More water—while I can," he answered.

It took him twice as long to make this second trip. He doused both Lovell and Jean and gave them each a long, deep drink. Then, once more he started for the spring.

Lady Alice rose to her knees.

"Don't go," she choked.

She clutched at his trousers' leg.

"There isn't—much time," he panted.

He couldn't move with her hand detaining him. The tug of her fingers at his ankle went to his head like wine. For a second he lost consciousness of everything else but the one fact that at this supreme moment she wished him there by her side. He could have faced death quite cheerfully so. But death was not for her. She must live if the whole universe perished. Very gently he tried to loosen her fingers.

She tightened her grip.

"No! No!" she sobbed.

She spoke in words naked and unashamed. When he left, she was alone. That was all she knew. Even there by the side of her father she was alone in a world grown terrible.

Dennison knelt beside her.



She seized his sleeve, and he, with his other hand, grasped Lovell by the collar

"I must go," he said, "but I'll come back."

He grasped her hand. She curled her fingers about his as unconsciously as a child does when finding a hand in the dark.

"I'd fight my way through Hell to get back," he said.

Then he broke away and plunged again into the acrid fog.

The tidal wave of flame swept on, leaping chasms a mile wide, singeing whole mountains with its breath. It roared and whistled overhead, and shrieked in an orgy of devastation. The black clouds overhead flashed at times into ghastly luridness pierced by zipping tongues of flame as sharp as lightning flashes. The elements had gone mad and were stalking the earth as though it were again a molten planet.

When Dennison staggered back from his third trip a burning tree fell at his heels as he cleared the forest edge. Jean was burrowing his hot face into the sod with whimpering cries. Lovell was facing the heat with lips drawn back, trying, as much as possible, to shield the girl behind him. She was on her knees.

"Lie down, both of you," Dennison commanded.

He threw a handful of the precious water into Lovell's face. Then, falling prone himself, he splashed the hair of Lady Alice. He removed his shirt, and, soaking it, covered her head with it. The heat struck his naked skin with a sting that felt like the cut of a hundred leatheren lashes. The hot air pierced his lungs like acid fumes.

On three sides, now, the trees fell crashing about them, charred to their heart in a single breath. The wind sped the sparks like white-hot steel bullets. Five feet above their heads a man could not have breathed and lived. As it was, Dennison thought the end had come. He moved closer to the girl. He bent his dry lips close to her ear.

"Don't speak," he gasped. "God forgive me—my hate brought this on you!"

Without lifting his head he found the bucket with a groping hand. The water was luke-warm. He poured more of it over her.

"Don't answer me," he said. "But before the end I must tell you."

It was difficult for him to enunciate. His tongue was beginning to swell. Each word was at the cost of a biting inhalation of burning air. His dry lips almost brushed the tip of her ear.

"If God has mercy and lets you go," he panted, "then—for me—this has all been worth while—just being near you—just loving you!"

His head fell. He pressed his nostrils into the ground in search of coolness. Then, with what water remained, he moistened her handkerchief. He placed it against her mouth. As he did so, he felt her lips brush the back of his hand. He held his breath and waited. It might have been only an accident. But the lips remained. Then her fingers sought his.

Over his head the hot winds blew. He did not feel them. Against the skin of his naked back a million hot needles pressed. He did not feel them. The sky was lurid with hideous flames; to him it was the rose red of the sunrise. Within a hundred yards of him the stumps in the open field were ablaze. It did not matter. With the confidence of one who trusts, utterly, she clung to his fingers; with the passionate tenderness of one who loves, endlessly, she pressed her lips against his hand.

The roaring hurricane swept over and beyond. Across the road it sprang, and down the road, and on. The tempestuous howl subsided into a crackling chatter. Then came brief puffs of cool wind; not many, just a single breath or two. But in a few minutes another came and blew off the lower gases. The blazing trees were still around them, but the flames now went straight up.

For an hour longer they waited there—scarcely daring to believe that the demon had really passed. Then Dennison whispered to her by his side:

"God has been very good to us."

Lovell raised his head and tried to speak. He couldn't. His lips were too dry. Dennison caught the pleading look in the man's eyes, and, rising, seized his pails again. His path lay this time over hot coals and beneath burning branches, but he reached the spring. Deep from the

bowels of the earth it was still bubbling up. He drank, filled his pails, and staggered back. One pail he handed to Lovell, who buried his head in it, until Jean, crawling up, fought him off. With the other pail Dennison knelt by the side of the girl and again bathed her hair and face. She marveled at his tenderness and at the eager look in his eyes.

But Lovell marveled, rather, at the tenderness in the eyes of Lady Alice. He had never before seen anything like it, there. It reminded him of the way his wife had looked at him when Lady Alice was born. And here, where neither railroads, nor money, nor title counted, it did not greatly surprise him. Facing this big, dark man with his blistered back and his strong arms he felt something of it himself.

With dripping hair and swollen eyes, Lovell crept nearer the two.

"What are we going to do now, Dennison?" he panted.

Dennison smiled. Standing there in the midst of this hot, charred world, he smiled.

"Darbitt of the Rangers will find us by to-morrow," he said. "Then—then you will go back home and I will begin all over again."

Lady Alice lifted her head.

"And I?" she asked.

For a moment Lovell blinked at his daughter. In the last few hours this crisis had stripped his own world of all its tawdry trappings leaving only—as the fire had left—such things as were bed-rock. And among the latter stood out love and courage and tenderness and self-sacrifice. He groped for Dennison's hand.

"I guess we'll all begin over again," he said.

## Bill's Job

BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

Author of "*Everybody's Lonesome*," "*Just Folks*," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER TITTLE

**T**HEN you're inclined to think it was a failure?"

The younger man looked up quickly in pained protest. "No!" he said, "I could never call it that, no matter what happens. As a preparation for success in business, it may be—what you say. But as an investment in happy memories—and I've often heard you say there is no other bank where money is so safe—it was a big success. I had a great time in college."

"But you didn't learn anything?"

"Of course, I learned something! Lots of somethings! But they don't seem to be somethings that anybody wants to hire me to do."

Bill's father smiled. "Can't get a job to play football, can you? Now, if it were baseball—"

"You think I didn't learn anything but athletics," said Bill, bridling.

"Well, did you?"

"Sure, I did! I admit I'm not a student. I haven't got the kind of head that goes in for a profession—I can't dig hard enough. But I'm not a dunce; I learned a few things. I liked history pretty well—the parts with wars in—but of course I didn't learn enough of it to teach or to write books about; and nobody seems to think I'd be any better shipping-clerk because I am interested in Alexander and Napoleon. I liked the political economy work, too; I think I'd like to be a governor or a mayor or an alderman—something where you get into hot scrimmages with a bunch of other men—"

"You might try being a strike-break-

er," Dad suggested; there was a teamster's strike on, just then, and he was having his own troubles.

"—and gain the confidence of the strikers—after feats of unparalleled prowess in resisting them—and become a great labor leader, and come to a terrible issue between my allegiance to labor and my allegiance to capital—that's you! —and think the lovely Imogene would not wed me if I went against 'my own,' but find—when I'd been true to my principles—that she was secretly a Socialist and was testing my devotion. I've read so many novels like that—only the names changed; that's all the difference—that I'm thinking of making a collection of them, if I ever get a place big enough to put it in. But I don't believe I want to be a teamster—it would be kind of *slow*, after I had settled the strike. I don't want you to think, though, that I'm holding out for any bank president job to begin with. I'll take anything where there's a chance ahead—no matter how *far ahead* it is or how foolish it may seem to put four years of expensive college training into an errand boy's job."

"I know you will, Son; you're chuck full of the right stuff. I hope you got some of it from me, to start with; but neither your classrooms nor your athletic fields have taken any of it out of you—that's sure! And personally, I'd far rather have a son full of good spirit than full of dates and formulae and higher mathematics. You may never need the dates; but it's a cinch you'll need the spirit. I don't mind telling you I'm delighted over your refusal to come in here under me, or to take letters from me to my business friends. I'd rather have had that show of gumption from you, than a million in gilt-edged securities. By and by, when you've made good—as you're sure to—I'll be glad if the turn of events brings us together in business. But if it doesn't, I sha'n't say a word so long as we stand together in ideals."

Bill's reply was slow in coming. "If I've got any kind of fine spirit," he said when he could command himself, "it's a cinch where I got it."

And immediately thereupon, Bill went

over to a window and began looking out, intently. Dad polished his glasses unobserved.

"I don't suppose," he began, presently, "that 'tips' are barred."

"By no means!" Bill answered.

"Well, I just thought of this: You know who Adoniram J. Wilson is?"

Bill nodded.

"Go over to see him to-day. I've a kind of notion you and he might hit it off somehow."

"S'pose I could get to him?"

"Maybe not on the first trial; but on the tenth—

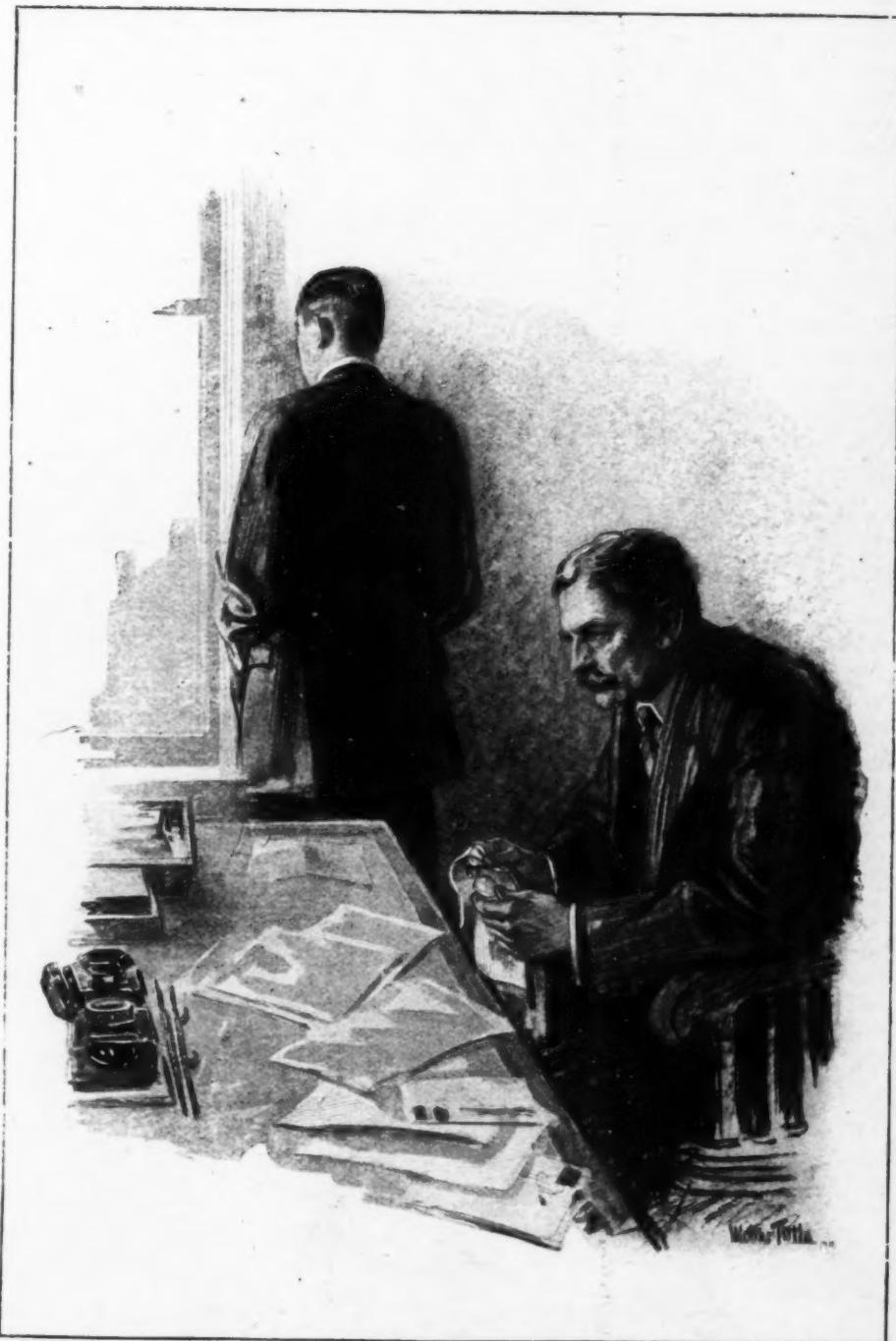
"I'll try," said Bill.

## II

A. J. Wilson's factory lay south by southwest from the business center, out in a manufacturing district so recently reclaimed from the broad prairies as to seem still very little like city property. Wilson and other big manufacturers had bought great tracts of land there when it was actually the prairie, and though the city had grown up to them, and all around them, and far beyond them, the wide reaches of unimproved land continued to surround their factories. Perhaps they were holding the land for a further rise in value. Perhaps they appreciated the reasonably fresh air and abundant sunlight their employees got—business having now begun to realize the health and happiness of workers as an asset in increased efficiency.

As if in support of this latter theory, some of the factories bore unmistakable evidence in the way of recreation grounds. One vast establishment was built around an open space in which were developed a garden and tennis and handball courts. Another had enclosed a square of ground, equipped part of it with out-door gymnasium apparatus, and built a combined reading, rest and restaurant building. The vacant land stretching beyond Wilson's factory was sub-divided into small lots which his employees and their families were allowed to cultivate as gardens.

Bill had never seen anything quite like this district, and he was immensely in-



Bill went over to the window. Dad polished his glasses unobserved

tered. He was told, as he had fully expected to be told, that Mr. Wilson did not receive applications for employment. On his return to town, Bill had the curiosity to do some exploring in the neighborhood. He skirted the edges of Mr. Wilson's garden tract, and watched the little groups of women and children—foreigners, all—weeding and hoeing and watering. Then, moved by a desire to see where these people probably lived, he walked on, and was amazed to find that to the very edges of the open tracts, the surrounding streets were densely-populated city slums or near-slums.

The shop-signs were all intensely foreign—Bohemian, mostly; Bill had noticed, as he came down on the car, how sharply the names changed from Jewish and Greek and Italian, above Fourteenth Street, to Bohemian below. It was a hot summer day, and the streets were full of children. They seemed, for the most part, to talk English, but when Bill

caught fragments of conversation from the women, it was all unintelligible.

Bill made several more unavailing calls when he got downtown. But somehow he was dimly conscious of being glad they were unavailing. His interest stayed persistently in that neighborhood of Wilson's factory.

The next day Bill went back again. The same clerk heard his request.

"I told you yesterday," he said, "that Mr. Wilson does not receive applications for employment." He easily read Bill for a new graduate from college (it needed no mind-reader to do that!) and as he himself had not been to college but had a job, he felt due scorn of Bill who evidently had been to college and couldn't get a job.

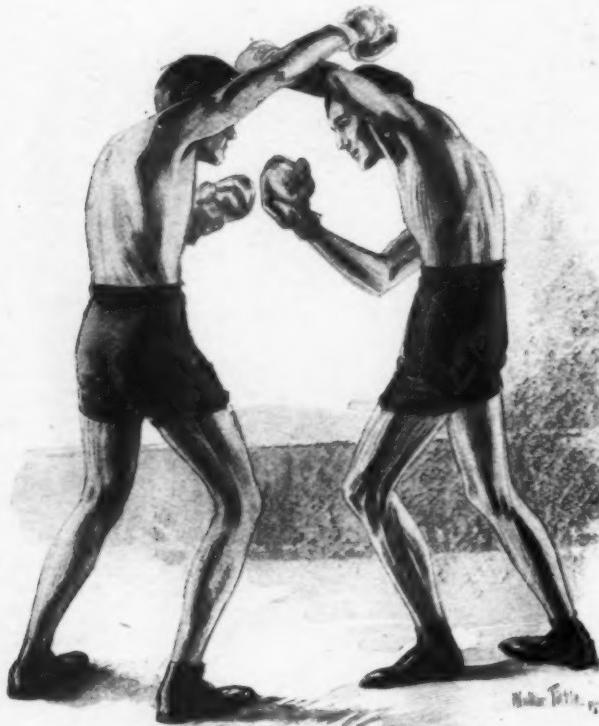
"I know you did," Bill answered cheerfully, trying not to be afraid of this severe individual who earned perhaps ten a week. "But I came back today to ask you if there is any kind of person Mr. Wilson does receive."

"Certainly; he receives anyone who has business with him that his assistants can't take care of."

"That's me," said Bill—he considered this breach of grammar a *coup* in diplomacy. Fancy the "Ten-per" if Bill had said, "That is I!"—"only he doesn't know it."

"And I guess," was the unsympathetic response, "you'll have a time making him find it out."

"Don't care if I do," responded Bill. "It'll be all the more fun when I force him to it." And he walked away with the air of one who is perfectly sure



It became evident to Denny that he knew something of the game

of himself—which goes to show how deceiving such an air may be.

## III

Bill thought he would wait around until "Adoniram J." came out to lunch; then step up and tackle him with so winning and respectful a manner that Adoniram would beg Bill to enter his employ. The only drawback to this was that he did not know Adoniram when he saw him.

With a view to enlightenment, Bill purposed making some acquaintance in the neighborhood. He made overtures to the man who kept the time-clock at the gate.

That person considered himself a wag. "What sort of a looking man is Mr. Wilson?" he echoed. "Why, he's kind o' tall, and stout—stomach sticks out, you know—and florid, and has white side whiskers. He's got on a light gray suit, today, and a Panama hat. You can't miss him—goes to lunch regular, about quarter to one."

Bill thanked the time-keeper, and went out to while away his waiting.

A number of boys were swinging on the bars of the outdoor gymnasium across the street, and Bill's athletic interests impelled him thither. He watched them impatiently, marveling at their ignorance of the simplest forms of gymnastics. And they quarreled among themselves quite viciously.

"Here, youse! Git out o' here!" It was the voice of authority, but the boys mocked at it.

"Aw, g'wan!" they cried derisively.

The noon whistles blew. The boys continued their rough play. It did not seem possible to Bill that they could be enjoying it, but they undoubtedly enjoyed the discomfiture it caused.

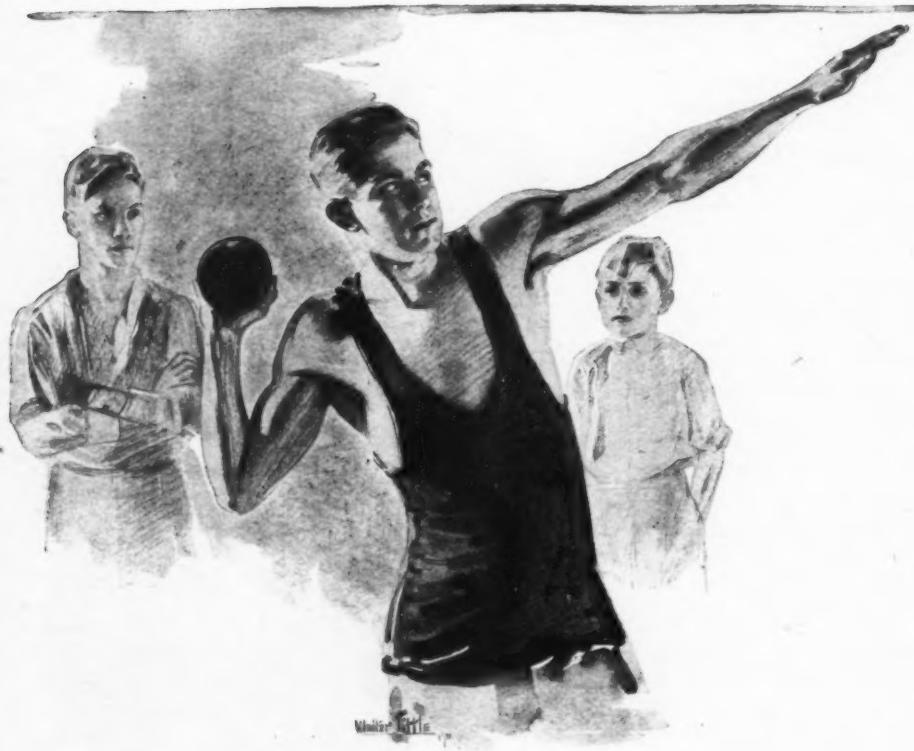


The Major

"There'll be a free-for-all fight here in a few minutes," the attendant confided to Bill—there was no one else present to hear his woes—"and I'll git blamed. When our people comes out, they natchally wanna use their own yard. And them rowdies wont let 'em. These here boys makes this neighborhood more trouble'n all the rest put together."

Bill looked at "them rowdies." They were all under fourteen—too young to get even a permit for vacation work—and school was out, and there was nothing, sixteen long hours out of every summer day, to absorb their energies. Bill himself was not so far beyond that restless age but that he vividly remembered how it felt.

"Fellows!" he called to them. "Come on off—it isn't fair!" That would have



He won them by his prowess

been an appeal in Bill's world. Over here, it was a joke.

"Hear de dude!" they yelled. "Ged-donto de swell guy. Look at Poicey!"

Bill flamed resentfully. It was the "Percy" that hurt.

The crowds came pouring across the street. Bill hoped they would "wallop the rowdies good and plenty." But the rowdies, it seemed, had decided to leave. Bill was surprised. True, they were vastly outnumbered, but he had expected that they would stay and show at least some fight. Mystified, he watched where they went, and followed them.

They went over to the pathetic little gardens beyond Wilson's factory. Most of the women and children gardeners had gone home to dinner, and the tract was nearly deserted. The rowdies began pulling up growing things by the roots.

Bill was enraged. Even in two brief

visits to the section he was beginning to feel what those gardens were to the tenement-dwellers who made and tended them. He dashed down into the sunken plot and grabbed one boy with a grip like steel.

"Quit that!" he yelled. "Haven't you got a spark of decency among you?"

"If here aint Poicey again!" they cried, and began throwing the poor, uprooted things at him.

Out from the Wilson factory rushed two score men and older boys who grappled, in safe superiority of numbers, with the ten or twelve hoodlums.

"Hold 'em tight! Don't let any of 'em get away!" ordered a wiry, little man wearing a black alpaca coat. His face was purple with rage and with heat, and he was panting convulsively from the evidently unaccustomed exercise.

"What are you going to do with

them?" Bill asked—the irate little man was close beside him.

"Do with 'em? I'm going to have every mother's son of 'em locked up! That's what I'm going to do."

"That won't help them any!" Bill was surprised at his own reply. But it seemed to have been forced out of him by something he could not understand; perhaps it was the near-view of the boy he held in his vise-like grip. That boy had dimples, and very big blue eyes, and a snub nose thick-powdered with freckles; he did not look felonious, at close range.

"It'll help the gardens—that's what I'm thinking of!" snapped the hot little man. "There's too little respect for property rights in this neighborhood—and these young rascals are the worst nuisance we have."

"I was arrested once,"—began Bill.

"I don't doubt you deserved it!"

"I did. But I loved it, too. I don't think it's good for boys to be arrested."

"You don't, eh?" The boys were all captive, now, and there was a general movement back toward the factory. Bill did not join it. "What're you going to do?"

"I've got one boy—he can go."

"Don't let him do it!" several voices cried. "That kid's the worst of the bunch!"

Yes; Bill could believe that his boy was a ringleader.

"He's right, Boss," this urchin spoke up, addressing the little man. "I been in de bean-house a'ready, an' it never done me no good."

The little man looked him over; then looked Bill up and down and through and through.

"Hang on to 'em," he ordered the boys' captors; "lock 'em up somewhere during noon hour. I'll talk to this young Buttinsky, here, that's got so much to say."

"I'll keep my boy till I know what you're going to do," said Bill.

"All right; bring him along, if you're afraid to trust us."

"Thank you," said Bill; "I will." And, still clutching his prize, he followed the fussy little man into a large private office.

"Now, then!" challenged Adoniram Wilson, brusquely, "who are you and what do you want?"

Bill ignored the first part of the question. It seemed entirely immaterial who he was—he was so engrossed with what he wanted.

"I was over here looking for a job," he said, "and I happened to see this scrimmage."

"Where did you expect to get the job?"

Bill smiled. "I hoped to get it from you," he answered.

Wilson glared. "A nice way you went about it!" he snapped. "What kind of a job did you expect to get?"

Bill was getting mad. Wilson's manner was most insulting.

"I don't know what kind of a job I expected to get," he replied with dignity. "I was looking for any kind I could get. But I know a job that somebody'd give me—if anybody here had sense enough."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"So do I! A job to mind your own business."

"I don't know," said Bill, "whether this job is my business or not—but I know it is somebody's business, and that it's being neglected."

The urchin who was Bill's captive was unmistakably interested. He had begun to feel respect for "Poicey" when he felt "Poicey's" grip of steel upon him. Some of his distrust melted when he learned that "Poicey" was no "dude" but was hunting a job. And his admiration became positive when he heard "Poicey stand up to de old geezer wid de grouch, an' sass 'im good." He knew the "geezers" for a millionaire; and deep-planted in his young soul was a class-hatred which found violent delight in hearing a millionaire properly "sassed."

Adoniram was indignantly aware of the urchin's delight. His first impulse was to order both these young imps off the premises. But something made him want to hear a little more about that neglected job. Bill had an air of knowing what he was talking about.

"Send that coward and sneak home."

he ordered, indicating the captive, "and I'll give you five minutes to put in your application for that job."

Bill turned toward the door.

"Where are you going?" Adoniram demanded.

"I don't know," Bill answered. "But I know I haven't got five minutes to waste discussing my idea with a man who can talk that way about a boy."

And, without waiting for argument, he went.

Adoniram's small eyes snapped—less in anger than in admiration.

"Have that young fellow followed," he ordered, "and find out who he is."

#### IV

As soon as Bill had got fairly outside he began to feel ashamed.

The captive—captive no longer against his will—was made aware, somehow, of Bill's mental change, though not of the reason for it. He sought to console.

"Don'tcher give a damn," he counseled. "He aint got nothin' on yeh."

"Yes, he has," Bill hastened to reply. "I'm ashamed of myself."

"Yeh needn't be! Yeh sassed him fine."

"I know. That's why I'm ashamed. He's older than I am, and I ought to have had better manners. Sassing is a cheap skate business, anyway. If you're a real man and can do anything, you go and do it; you don't stand still and sass somebody about it."

"Aw," observed the captive, "I t'ink it's a'right t' sass them rich guys. Hardly anybody ever does!"

"No, it aint all right," Bill retorted, "and I'm going back. I'll apologize to Mr. Wilson; and then I'll get very busy and show him that what I said was true. It's a bully who brags. I—I guess it's up to me to *do* something."

He turned about face and walked briskly back—his captive at his heels.

Adoniram Wilson's scout encountered them half way.

"Mr. Wilson's looking for you," he said.

Bill made his apology briefly. Adoniram accepted it with evident delight.

"You're a man, young fellow," he declared. "What about that job?"

Bill looked at his captive as if pondering. Then, apparently, he decided to go ahead.

"The job I'd like to get," he said, "is to keep these boys from bothering you—or anybody. I know how it feels to be a boy in vacation time. These fellows are all right, only they don't know what to do with themselves. There—there seems to be just about one thing I know much about; and that is fellows, and sport. I'd like a job to teach 'the rules of the game.' I've seen enough this morning to make me believe that somebody ought to have a job like that. And I think I could fill it."

"I think you could," said Adoniram, "and I'll see that you get the chance to try."

That was how Bill got his job—his job to teach fair play.

He got, first of all, permission to use the playground of the manufacturer who was Mr. Wilson's neighbor. During the working hours of the factory employees, Bill could have his athletic teams in the fairly well-equipped gymnasiums, indoor and outdoor, of the recreation square. Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and evenings, he must find some other place for his "meets."

It was almost incredible from Bill's point of view that the necessity of his job had never made itself felt before.

"I don't suppose," he remarked to his father, "that I'm what anyone would call a shark on educational systems. But I can't see what any public school system can be about, which busies itself with trying to teach Ignatz Scyzmanski" (Ignatz was the first captive Bill had made) "something about square root and neglects to teach him the first principles of square play. I never saw anything that made me feel sorrier than those kids over there. The poor little cusses don't know the first thing in the world about how to play. And—I don't know whether this is orthodox or not—I can't see how anybody can learn how to work if he hasn't ever learned how to play."

Bill's father belonged to a generation

which took lightly its probable responsibilities toward Ignatz and all he represented. He had a limited enthusiasm for "the poor little cusses;" but he had an unlimited enthusiasm for Bill—which kept him in the way of much new knowledge!

## V

"Well—" Bill smiled at his father whimsically. "I said I was interested in war. And here I am—in the thick of it!"

"Does it look as interesting from the inside as it did from without?"

"Does it? I guess *yes!* But, oh my! Would you have believed there could be anything like this particular war—unless you had it straight, from a generalissimo of your own family? *I wouldn't!*"

Bill's job was two months old. There had been times, during those two months, when Bill had thought scornfully of Hercules and some of the jobs on which he won his reputation. The boys were savages. *All* boys are savages; but these were wild beyond anything Bill had ever imagined. Their class hatred was bitter; they seemed irreconcilable foes of all law and order; they were hideously vicious; they exulted in the destruction of somebody's property; they loved to trespass on anybody's rights; they had no sense of honor—none of decency; they stole and they lied and they committed worse crimes. Bill learned more in those two months than he had learned in four years at college. He was angry half the time and sad the other half. He was amazed all the time. But he was never disheartened. There was something about those boys that held him; and the more he saw of what there was to do, the less he felt like quitting.

He won them in primitive fashion, by his prowess. He was holding them by good generalship.

He had learned enough about their home life to know that most of them were ill-fed; that they got too little food, got it irregularly, and what there was of it was the wrong kind. He persuaded Adoniram J. to try the pacifying effects of one very large meal a day on the Athletic Club. It worked wonders.

Full-fed animals are nearly always peaceable. When every tissue cries for food, a saint will snarl. Baths helped, too. So did outdoor sleeping—camp-fashion, in the play-ground—as over against nights previously spent in crowded, unventilated bedrooms. These things made decent athletics possible. And decent athletics could be made the basis of most of the other things these boys needed to know.

Bill had fought a good fight, and "stood to win," when the Chief of the Opposing Forces woke up and got busy.

The chief's name was Ndinsky; and "he sure was It" in that neighborhood, as Bill phrased it in telling his father. Ndinsky was in politics—of course—and he was of immense value to his party by reason of his hold upon the adolescents of the ward. He was the owner of several billiard and pool "parlors" where boys congregated for their "club" life as their fathers congregated in saloons. The law against selling cigarettes to boys under fourteen had no weight at Ndinsky's; slot machines flourished there undisturbed; crooked gambling of many sorts was laughingly encouraged. There was nothing that Ndinsky wouldn't and didn't do to deprave youth, even to the selling of "coke" (cocaine)—so much to his interest and the interest of others like him, was it that there should be a steady supply of new recruits to the army of those who sell their votes, pay for police protection, and otherwise maintain the power of the political machine.

Ndinsky was gorged to somnolence by the fatness of his spoils. He had been secure so long that he had begun to believe himself unassailable. He was so nearly invincible that he would probably have disdained to take any notice of Bill; but Bill "began it."

Early in the course of his job Bill got wise to the poolroom situation. Bill had "taken" psychology at college; it was denominated "a cinch," so he took it. But precious little of it, in his own phrase, "had penetrated;" although doubtless, with most things studied (!) in school, more had got in than was apparent on inventory. One thing that

seemed to "come back" to Bill had to do with the power of suggestion and the frequent futility of "Don't." He believed this. He could corroborate out of his own memory the class-room illustrations about a child never thinking to put a dried bean up his nose until his mother had cautioned him not to. He determined not to say too much to his "fellows" about the total depravity in pool-rooms. But his psychology became a little confused when he reflected that the fellows knew more about pool-rooms than he did.

He talked it all over—as he talked every problem over—with "Dad."

"Seems to me," Dad said, "that you are doing the best possible thing: giving them something else more attractive than what you want to keep them away from."

"But I can't be with them every minute. And I'm afraid of the fall and winter evenings. I can't have the Company's gymnasium—their employees will want it then. And outdoor athletics will get more difficult—"

"There'll be skating—" ventured Dad.

Bill smiled. "When it doesn't thaw—"

"And sledding," Dad went on, happily reminiscent of his own boyhood winters in a hilly town of Vermont.

"Yes," laughed Bill, "fine sledding! But it'll be in Ndinsky's places. He provides about the only room to 'slide' that there is in those neighborhoods. It's a toboggan slide, all right, all right! But there's no climbing up again."

"Were there no pool-rooms in the problems at college?"

"You bet there were!"

"What about them?"

"Well—some of the fellows *slid*; and some didn't!"

"What helped those who didn't slide?"

"Several things: clean blood in their veins, I guess; and parents like you and mother; and sweethearts, sometimes; and athletics; and ambition to get on. My poor little cusses haven't got much to stand them in good stead. About all I can do is to work on the line of athletics in training."

He did work on this line, and work it well. But it wasn't enough—of course!

It was Ignatz of the ruling spirit who got into the first serious trouble. Ignatz was a born ringleader. He had that disposition which must be "heading something," to be happy. Bill had to work overtime to keep thinking up occupations for the adventurous energies of Ignatz. He realized that Ignatz was of strategic value: that he would always lead a number of his fellows to something good or bad. It was his admiration of Bill which brought "de bunch" under Bill's banner; it was his leadership which kept many of them there. The admiration of Ignatz was undiminished; but he was like Alexander—sighing for other worlds to conquer.

Bill saw this "coming on," and did his best to meet it. But alas! the word went around that a certain "light-weight champion" had been seen in one of Ndinsky's places; and even that he had been familiarly spoken to by some boys, among them a neighbor of Ignatz's whom Ignatz held in special contempt. This boy swelled so in recounting his great adventure that Ignatz felt challenged. "Let a guy like dat put it over *me!* Well, I guess *nit!*"

So Ignatz, merely by way of maintaining leadership and adding luster to the Athletic Club, took to hanging around the pool-room where the champion had once been seen. The champion was like a comet in at least one particular besides his light weight: it took him a long time to retrace his orbit. He didn't get around to Ndinsky's again for quite a weary while. But in the meantime, Ignatz got very well acquainted with a fellow who said he was the champion's closest friend. So Ignatz lived in hopes. And when he entertained what in his soberer moments he called "pipe dreams," he saw visions of himself taking the champion over to the Club and introducing him to Bill.

Ignatz never did meet the champion. But the fellow who claimed to be the champion's friend told Ignatz about a "dead easy" way to get some money. And anybody knows that after a boy has been hanging around a pool-room a good

deal, he has a pretty urgent need to get some money. So Ignatz, in his own repentant terms, "fell fer it," and was arrested. But this wasn't the worst! The manager of the pool-room Ignatz had been frequenting, went to the Police Station and got him out! The advantages of standing in with Ndinsky were thus illustrated not to Ignatz only but to his father and his uncles and his cousins and to the immediate neighborhood at large.

Bill's heart was filled to overflowing with bitterness when he heard of it.

"It's the unevenest fight that ever was!" he cried. "What can anyone do against such power?"

"Young David killed Goliath with a pebble from a brook," Bill's mother reminded.

"I wonder what would happen to me—and to the fellows—if I tried to kill Ndinsky with a brick," Bill mused.

His mother looked so alarmed that he laughed.

"Don't you be afraid," he said. "I know better than to try. I—I'm a bit hazy on that old fight, mother. But is it on record what the other Philistines did to David after he had put Goliath down and out?"

"It is," she answered readily. "They fled. But—" and again Bill had to smile at her, "I don't guarantee it to be the universal habit of Philistines."

"And you don't want your little Billy to take any chances throwing stones?" he said.

His mother's sweet face flushed. "I want my boy to do the right thing and to do it bravely," she replied. "My grandmother sent her husband to defend the Union; my mother urged her sons to fight for the oppressed in the war with Spain. You have opened my eyes to the power of the Philistines. I see that somebody's got to fight them. And I'm a proud mother because my boy wants to do it!"

"Well!" her boy declared. "I've no hope of cutting off my Goliath's head. But I can throw a pebble and declare my fight. Perhaps that's as much as any one fellow can do in this war. But if every decent fellow would do that much—! And every fellow's got a pebble—and

they're all the same weight! Gee!" he cried excitedly. "The simile's a peach-erino. Because the earliest voting (if I haven't got my dates mixed) was done with pebbles—pebbles from the brook!"

## VII

That flash of realization was what sent Bill into politics. And when it got to Ndinsky that Bill was "mixing in," that Goliath of Gath woke up at least sufficiently to "guy" the stripling who came out to battle with staves.

It was tipped off to the police that boys who were known to be adherents of Bill, were always to be "pinched" for the slightest infraction of the law. And no citizen has any idea how many laws he breaks every day, continuing unarrested only because the community couldn't support jails and police and judges enough to take care of all offenders. The way Ndinsky calculated to equalize things was by having the acquiescent police omit to notice the grave misdemeanors of those who were "solid."

"He's making it so darned hard to be my friend," Bill cried, bitterly, "that I'm losing the nerve to ask any fellow to put himself in that jeopardy."

"Not many big reforms would have gone through if other reformers had had your squeamishness, Sonny!" his Dad reminded him. "Read over a little history, and 'buck up'!"

Bill did. He hadn't much time to read, but "the blessed Mater" had, and she read for him, and passed on to him for his encouragement all she gleaned about the grim tenacity of other fighters to whom humanity is in deep debt.

"I guess I've got this once-peaceful household feeling like a camp," Bill said, smiling ruefully.

But Dad declared that it was a lucky household whose cozy middle-age was made to bristle with excitement and adventure. "I've never doubted for a minute," Dad went on, "that war is all Sherman described it to be. But neither have I ever been able to figure where we are going to develop our heroes in the kind of settled peace some folks are working for. I begin to get a new idea.

When we've all stopped warring over international disputes—most of which don't matter a hill o' beans to the world's real progress—we'll have our fighting blood engaged in a battle royal on the common enemies of mankind. Go to it, Sonny! This is the grand day for heroes who can find good fighting to do without battleships or battalions."

"I'm for the fight—to the finish!" Bill declared. "But somebody's got to stake me to a pool-room."

"I will!" Dad cried; "I'll put up the sinews of war."

So Bill became proprietor of a pool-room, with an indoor gymnasium in the rear. He rented an electric piano and a phonograph; he got the baseball scores "by special wire;" he let it be understood that if a fellow was up against it, he could get staked at Bill's place as well as at any of Ndinsky's. But Ndinsky only smiled; he really didn't mind "one o' these kid glove fellas coming down here once in a while. They can't hurt nothin'; an' the jolt they gits learns 'em a good lesson not to meddle with what don't concern 'em." He even passed the word to his lieutenants not to molest Bill's boys so much as they had been doing. "Leave 'im git goin' good," he charged, "before we trun him. That way, he gits more smashed when he falls."

When, however, Bill's prosperity seemed established—and so perfect was Ndinsky's secret-service that he could have told you, any night, how many boys had been to Bill's place, and who they were, and what bait had caught them—Ndinsky sat up and began to anticipate, with keen relish, the "smash."

"Leave 'im git goin'!" he chuckled; "leave 'im git goin' good!" But he moved to some purpose in his preparations for the "smash."

The light-weight champion, fresh from new victories, made a casual reappearance. The night after this happened, Bill's place showed a perceptible thinning. Then the word got around that the exceedingly amiable champion had consented to box a little, at one of Ndinsky's places, one evening, just to illustrate a few of his telling points.

Bill had been surprised, but not deceived, by the apparent cessation of hostilities. He was beginning to understand, now. Baseball scores and other sporting news were easy to get, anywhere; so were the briefly-satisfying delights of electric piano and phonograph. And what chance had a punching bag in a back room, against a real "pug?"

"My opposition is about done opposing," Bill reflected, "unless I wake up."

He considered one possibility after another, and the best he could think of was to see if he could bring any pressure to bear on a baseball celebrity. With this hope in mind, he went down to the Athletic Club where he had no great difficulty in finding some fellows he knew. They had a keen interest in what Bill was doing—those fellows, among others that he knew—and there was hardly one of them that had not helped him with more than sympathy.

The ones he found to-night listened eagerly to his news from the seat of war. (One of the best things about Bill's job was the eye-opening effect it had on a lot of people who were in sad need of more vision.) But they shook their heads and said "nix" to his baseball proposition.

"It might work for once," they said, "but not for twice. The slugger's the thing!"

"But I don't know any slugger," Bill bemoaned.

"You know Cheesebro!" they cried.

Bill's lip curled. "An amateur!" he said.

"Have you seen him box, lately?"

"No; I don't know that I have."

"Wonder if he's here to-night? Somebody put in a call for Cheesebro!"

Somebody did; and he was located. Bill had no confidence in the proposition, but he couldn't make the fellows realize why an amateur like Cheesebro wouldn't do at all as opposition to the champion.

It was they, not he, who proposed the thing to Cheesebro, whom they found sparring around in the gymnasium in that unsatisfying way into which a man is forced when he can find no adversary worthy of his interest.

They asked Cheesebro about the champion. Cheesebro knew all about him.

"Could you lick him?" they wanted to know.

"Well—I could give him a pretty good fight."

"Would you do it—nice and private-like?"

"Would I love the chance!" cried Cheesebro.

But Bill's heart was very faint within him.

However, it was arranged that Cheesebro should go over to Bill's place for a few evenings, as a teacher of boxing. And such was the interest, even beyond ordinary, in the manly art, that word went quickly round declaring the new guy at Bill's pool-room was "some boxer." Attendance picked up encouragingly; so much so, that Ndinsky considered it worthy of notice. There was something too tame for his taste in letting Bill's little opposition "peter out," Ndinsky preferred to smash it.

It was he who suggested boxing contests among the boys. And it was from him, finally, that there emanated the idea of an exhibition match, to begin with preliminary bouts between some of the boys, and wind up with a complimentary "demonstration" by the champion.

Bill could hardly restrain himself from showing his delight, so neatly had Ndinsky fallen in with their desire. He still trembled for Cheesebro; but he realized that this thing had to be fought to a finish, and that even defeat—which would mean only that he would have to start all over on another line—would be better than more temporizing.

So the exhibition was scheduled to take place, as Ndinsky suggested, in a large hall on Blue Island Avenue; and to defray expenses—including that of a testimonial to the champion for his kindness—an admission fee was charged.

The affair was under the auspices of a physical prowess association leal to Ndinsky; it was supposed to be given to encourage interest in the manly art. But Bill was fully conscious of the real design, which was to demonstrate to the

youth of the neighborhood that their athletic as well as their every other welfare would be most zealously looked after by Ndinsky and the powers he represented.

The announcement was that the champion would box with any amateur; the expectation, of course, being that the "high-brow" meddlers who were so anxious to "run the ward" would either send a futile defender of their claims to consideration, or would, in failing to send, confess themselves unable to compete.

The hall was packed, on the appointed night. Ndinsky got an ovation when he came in. Bill slid in unacclaimed. The preliminary matches elicited a rather forced and impatient applause; everybody was eager for the champion's appearance. Bill wondered how many of those present, besides Ndinsky and Cheesebro and himself, had any idea what was involved. He turned, from time to time when there was a lull in the program, to look back at the rows of faces, mostly young, all interested. The fight was for them; and how little they realized it! Not even Ignatz, sitting beside Bill, had any notion of the game that was being played, least of all of himself as a part of the stakes.

Bill did not dare to hope. He kept his faintheartedness from Cheesebro; but he did not try to deny it to himself.

The excitement grew intense as the great moment approached. To the audience it meant only that Champion Denny Dillon was going to show himself and his art; but that was sufficient cause for excitement in almost any degree.

When Denny stepped onto the stage he was greeted with howls of admiration which lasted for fully a minute. His announcement, which everybody knew by heart, was repeated with as great gravity as if it were expected to dumfound the audience with its unexpectedness. Then one of the assistant managers, wearing a badge and an important air (besides other things) stepped into view and was applauded—probably for the admirable effectiveness of his entrance. He handed the gen-

eral director a card, and from this card the director read that Mr. Charles Cheesebro would try a round with the champion. More applause. The champion signified his readiness and approval; the assistant manager retired to convey this assent to Mr. Cheesebro; and a moment later, Mr. Cheesebro appeared. Divided between admiration of his nerve and a rude sympathy for his foregone defeat, the audience received him with shrill whistles, and yells of injunction and encouragement: "Don't let 'im kill yeh, Charlie!" "Go to it, Chuck!" and "Denny! he's after you!"

In the first few sparring passes, it became evident to Denny and to his audience, that he had a fellow to deal with who knew something of the game. And—Well, Bill said, afterwards, that about that time his heart stopped beating. When it resumed activity, he was struggling mightily to realize what had hap-

pened: that Charlie had outboxed Denny and the crowd had gone stark, screaming mad.

It was a great occasion. Ndinsky was not beaten; oh! not by any manner of means. But he was astounded. This fellow who came into his camp and fought him on his own ground, was not to be despised.

On the night after the Exhibition, Bill's pool-room was crowded; even some of Ndinsky's faithfulest were there to meet Charlie and to pay him tribute.

Ndinsky sat in the quiet back room of one of his places, and thought hard. This was the first time he had trembled on his throne.

Bill was encouraged, but not elated. When friends inquired: "How's your job, Bill?" he answered:

"Well! it's something that I'm still there. Wars are not settled in a single fight."

## The House at the Cross-Roads

BY ROBERT ADGER BOWEN

Author of "A Venture in Flats," etc.

KENDRICK suddenly brought the big car to a standstill just nosing the angle made by the three roads, and looked sharply about him in the thickening dusk. His wife leaned forward in the tonneau.

"What is it, Geof?" she asked.

"Which is it?" he countered. "I haven't the faintest recollection whether we turn to the right or left, or keep straight ahead."

"I wanted you to bring Pierre, and not drive yourself. Isn't it the road to the right? I know it is, Geof!" A note of decision gathered strength in the tones. "I remember that queer old dead house with the gables, on our left, and its doctor's office attached. I wonder, by the way, if there is any old furniture in it I might pick up. It doesn't look as though a human being had ever lived in it."

"Are you sure, Bess? We haven't time to go running several miles out of our way to find out we've gone wrong. Why do you accept invitations to these long-distance dinners, anyway? Forty miles for an appetizer, and forty back for a digestive 's too much for my stomach."

"Never mind, dear. It isn't forty now. We are nearly there, and I am sure it is the road to the right."

Kendrick bent over the reversing lever.

"On your head be it, then. I'm clean out of reckoning."

"Wait!" cried his wife, who had stood up for a final reassuring glance about. "Here comes some one who may know. How funny! He seems to want to dodge us!"

She raised her clear voice, calling to a man behind them who had abruptly cut off from the main road at an im-

possible angle. At her question, the man paused, hesitated, finally came slowly back toward them, seeming in some strange way to gather confidence as he drew nearer.

"The road to the Munson place?" he queried. "That one. To the right. You've a good eight-mile run yet, before you reach the gates."

"Thank you," said Kendrick. He looked the man over. In spite of a certain furtive expression of his eyes which Kendrick attributed to embarrassment he seemed a gentleman. The offer was hazarded.

"May I give you a lift, if that is your way?"

But the man shook his gray head with emphatic denial.

"Thank you," he said, gruffly, "but I do not go that way. Good-night."

The car started. The old man melted into the dusk. Bess Kendrick, looking back over her shoulder, saw him turn down the cross-road away from the house with the high gables.

"What an odd old fellow," she called to her husband. "I'm rather glad he didn't happen to be going our way. I didn't fancy his eyes."

The incident passed. Kendrick at least might never have thought of it again but for the subsequent events of that night which were destined to stamp it and all its attendant circumstances, as though with a branding iron, upon his memory. For it was just at the meeting point of the three roads that, on their return ride that night, it happened.

It was late, and Kendrick, fatally sure of having that lonely stretch of road to themselves, gave the car all its speed. He knew that Bess had no fear. She sat beside him, braced to the wild flight, her satin slippers white upon the dark floor, one hand holding about her throat the loose ends of her veil. Dimly she was aware, to the right of them, of the near approach of the gabled house. She even wondered, if so swift a flash of thought were wonder, why her husband did not check their tremendous speed to make the necessary turn into the cross-road ahead. Then, for one flaming, eternal moment she knew that something

was wrong, even before the violent swerve of the car that sent her headlong into black nothingness.

Kendrick, struggling with the machine, stopped it at last, and bounding out, ran to his wife. He could not tell that she lived. When he tried to move her, the lifeless droop of her head made him cease, shudderingly. He stood up in his helpless despair, dazed, impotent in the shock of his grief and horror. His eye caught the outlines of the silent house, and some vague memory stirred in his benumbed brain. He remembered something about a doctor. An instant he hesitated, looking down at the huddled form of the woman; then he turned, and made for the house.

His heart sank as he drew near. There was no vestige of life about its shabby walls. Along the sunken flags the grass grew tall and dank. The shutters, all tightly barred, gave no hint of human occupation. Yet in sheer desperation Kendrick ran through the deep grass to the wing of the house which still bore beside the door the sign of a doctor. Kendrick rang the echoing bell, knocked on the hollow door; in his nervous impatience he rattled the loose handle, shouted aloud.

He thought he heard a muffled step inside. Scarcely crediting his overwrought senses he called, knocked again, and listened. He was sure now that through the cracks of the ancient shutters a faint light made its way. He continued his knocking. And then the door opened cautiously for a finger's breadth.

"For God's sake, man," he cried, "open the door and let me speak with you."

"For what reason? What do you want?"

"You are a doctor?"

"I am."

"There has been a terrible accident. My wife is—seriously hurt. She may be dead."

"I can do nothing for the dead. Where is she?"

The door opened wider. Cautiously the doctor revealed his head and shoulders. So dim was the light behind that his face was in deep shadow, but Ken-

drick felt the stirring of professional interest in his question.

"She is down there, under the tree, at the cross-roads. She is unconscious."

"Ah! Bring her here. I shall prepare for her."

The door closed, even as Kendrick sprang to do the doctor's bidding.

It was a deplorably dingy, even dirty outer office which Kendrick a few minutes later entered, his wife a dead weight in his arms. Even in that agonized moment he felt the horrible inadequacy of the place; but the gray-headed doctor moved quickly through the musty room to a sliding door beyond.

"Bring her here," he commanded, and the tone was curt, even masterful.

Kendrick followed with his burden into a brightly lighted apartment, windowless, its tiled walls and floor bare and cold. An operating table stood in the center of the room, which, though bearing all the evidences of long disuse, was apparently efficiently fitted for its purpose. He placed the woman on the table, the doctor helping with skillful hands the adjustment of the pliant body. Kendrick looked up, starting back amazed as he recognized the man who had directed him earlier in the evening.

The doctor nodded, brusquely, saying nothing. In another second he was intent with his examination, Kendrick looking on with bated breath. After a few moments the doctor spoke.

"You did your best to kill her with that infernal machine. You may have succeeded even. Depressed fracture of the skull—concussion—trephining necessary—an immediate operation imperative."

He held his head bent, as though considering.

"Well!" cried Kendrick, almost beside himself. "Can you do it? Is it money? I am rich."

The old man drew himself sharply erect.

"Money!" he shrugged. "Money is nothing to me. Time—opportunity, is everything! The operation is a most serious one. That is nothing to me. I will do it. My fee"—he caught Kendrick's eye—"will be to be carried by you

to the city, and to the first boat sailing for Europe."

"That or anything if you will save her life."

The surgeon nodded. His demeanor underwent a sudden change. All trace of uncertainty vanished. He went about further preparations; boiling water; sterilizing gauzes and instruments; arranging the patient. He covered himself with an operating apron, handed another to Kendrick. The younger man blanched.

"Not afraid? I shall absolutely require your aid. Remember, she will not suffer."

As he spoke, he had with marvelous dexterity shaken down the beautiful coils of the woman's hair, cut clear a large surface of the scalp with scissors, then shaved the spot. Kendrick trembled like a palsied man.

"Brace up, brace up, man," admonished the surgeon, examining closer the now exposed scalp. "You may be thankful that your wife is alive at all with that fracture. How did it happen?"

Kendrick groaned.

"My folly. We were going fifty miles an hour. When I went to slow down to make the turn into the Post Road she wouldn't respond—went wild. We swung around at a fearful sweep, and she—" He nodded to the insensate figure, "—must have lost her balance. Can you save her, Doctor?"

The surgeon bowed his head.

"If anyone can. Are you ready?"

He handed Kendrick the cone for the administration of the ether, more carefully adjusted the light, placed his instruments in readiness. Kendrick was ghastly pale. The old surgeon eyed him with much disfavor.

"A good deal depends on you, sir," he said, plainly. "I must rely on your intelligence and grit."

Kendrick mastered his emotions. The fumes of the ether nauseated him. He dared not look at the first, scientifically detached steps of the operation, horrible to him in their cold, methodical precision, fascinating him in spite of his repugnance. He shuddered.

"I can spare you for a few moments,"

came the preoccupied voice of his companion, after what had seemed to Kendrick an eternity of time. "Go out on the porch until I call. Then come at once. You've done very well."

Kendrick, loath to leave his wife, nevertheless obeyed the injunction. He staggered through the outer room to the little porch beyond, densely black after the high light he had left.

So far he had had no time for thought, scarcely for feeling. It had all been a hideous unreality in which, like an automaton, he had clumsily done his obvious share; but now in this slight lull of activity the mental agony began. His first doubts assailed him as to the wisdom of having permitted this queer old surgeon to perform the operation. Cold sweat came upon him at the pernicious questioning of his awakening mind. Who was this old man? What did he know of his vaunted profession? Kendrick clenched his frenzied hands, groaning aloud. Then, suddenly, he stiffened, listening.

He thought he heard a cautious step out in the black void of the night, and almost instantly the figure of a man sprang up beside him on the low, railless porch. Kendrick felt his arms pinioned to his sides, while the flash of an electric pocket light in the hand of a second man was turned upon his face. And at that both of the men started back, leaving him free, almost before he had had time to think of resistance.

"Who are you?" demanded the first, who had seized his arms.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" Kendrick questioned in return. The men did not seem to him dangerous, notwithstanding their uncemonious arrival.

He heard them speak to each other in quick, low tones. Abruptly the first one turned to him.

"Do you live here?"

"I am here at present—with my wife." Kendrick's voice shook strangely.

"We did not know anyone was living here," said the man. "We are guards from the Rivington Asylum. We are looking for an escaped inmate whose home this used to be."

Kendrick gripped the speaker's arm with fingers of iron.

"An old man?" he thundered. "For God's sake speak quick!"

"Yes; an old surgeon. This was his office. That's his sign."

Kendrick flung the man off; he wheeled for the door. He was seized in the arms of the second man.

"Say, what's all this?" the man cried, suspiciously. "What do you know about it?"

"Know about it!" Kendrick, struggling furiously now, threw off his assailant with a powerful thrust against his chest. "Know about it!" he cried again. "Why, man, my wife is in there on that madman's operating table. Concussion of the brain—fracture of the skull. Merciful God!"

He started again for the door; the men stopped him gently this time, but with meaning.

"Steady, my friend," urged the first. "Steady, let us think a minute. Lord! what a situation! But don't on your life—on *her* life—disturb him now. His mind's as clear as a bell when a knife's in his hand; but if he suspected we were here after him—"

An eloquent gesture finished the unspoken sentence.

"What's that?" asked the second man, for the old surgeon was calling for Kendrick.

"He wants me," Kendrick groaned. "He said he would need me in a few minutes."

They let him go, reeling in the horror that was upon him. They themselves fell back in deeper shadow, until he had gone, then followed stealthily into the outer office, managing to slide open the folding doors between the two rooms almost on the same click with which Kendrick had shut it. In the brightly illuminated inner room the old surgeon awaited him, pointing to the ether cone. He glanced at the young fellow piercingly from under wrinkled, shaggy brows.

"Be a man," he said, curtly. "All goes well so far. A beautiful case, but difficult, very difficult, even for me. And they say I'm not fit—"

He checked himself on the breath, muttering inaudibly as he bent to his work again.

To Kendrick, forcing himself to look at his wife, it seemed that she was already dead. What if she were! If all this thing were a ghastly jugglery—the horrible play of a madman—worse, perhaps, even than that—slow murder! His eyes turned to the old surgeon's face, absorbed, intent upon the thing he was doing—the scientist become artist, the man himself, sane or mad, entirely forgot in the exercise of the highly trained faculties. Kendrick could not but draw comfort from the assured mastery of the operator which even to his untutored eye carried conviction. He might almost have been lulled to comparative ease after the past moments of distraught horror had not a slight sound at the door made him aware of the professional espionage of the two guards. They cautioned him to silence, but all of his racking fear returned. However skillful the old surgeon, he was a maniac. At any instant his unbalanced mind might assert itself over his saner impulses, and cause him to do some unthinkable thing.

Yet all went well, and presently the surgeon motioned Kendrick away. The final touches were done, the stitches taken, the wound dressed, the bandages applied, the instruments laid aside. Kendrick, following suit, laid off his apron. For some minutes the surgeon was busy in jotting down in a memorandum book careful notes of the injury, the progress of the operation, a succinct history of the patient, derived by short, pointed questions of Kendrick. Then he laid the book down, and turned to his companion.

"I cannot promise you," he said, quietly, "that your wife will come to for some time yet. It may be hours. If her mind is then clear, all may be well. If not—"

He bent above the deathlike woman, gently adjusting her position, preparing her against her awakening. Kendrick's glances wandered to the crack in the door. A cautious nod of one of the men's heads, an imperious expression of the dimly discerned eyes made him turn.

At a small cupboard on the tile wall the old surgeon was standing, holding in his hand a wine glass of water into which he was dropping a white tablet. As Kendrick watched, he drained the contents, frowning as he became conscious of being observed. In a few minutes he spoke.

"We surgeons," he said, brusquely, "have nerves like other men. It will be some time, Mr. Kendrick, as I was observing to you, before our patient recovers from the ether. The unconsciousness from the concussion may last longer yet. I may not offer you a bed, but in the other room you will find a couch, should you care to lie down. My house is in sad disorder, sir. Yet it is as I left it—this room—the tools of my trade. It is an ingrate world; the more you do for it, the surer it is to turn against you—and that, sir, is not the maundering of an insane man, but the word of one who knows."

Kendrick nodded affirmation. He dared not in any way oppose. Whatever the drug the old man had taken, and by the significant gesture of the keeper Kendrick judged it a potent factor in the madness of the surgeon, its effect was almost immediate. His taciturnity became almost garrulosity; the suspicion and distrust of his manner, when he had not been absorbed in his professional work, relaxed into a geniality that gave tragic hint of a charm now too sadly clouded. He held Kendrick a distracted listener to a flow of conversation that not infrequently fused and sparkled into brilliancy. And through it all he never seemed to forget the death-like presence of Kendrick's wife upon the table.

Kendrick wondered at the restraint of the two men outside, and blessed them for it. He did not seek to disguise to himself the feeling of protection their near presence afforded him, shut up thus alone with a madman the evidence of whose intelligence and physical strength he had in more than one way been made aware of. Would his wife never wake? The long strain of the hours was telling on him. His face, ashen and aged, drew the attention of the surgeon, who rose,

went to the medicine cupboard, poured something in a glass, and brought it to him. Kendrick shrank.

"Take it!" the old man ordered. "I should have given it to you before."

"I want nothing," Kendrick protested.

"I am the judge of that. Swallow it down."

Their eyes met and held each other's.

"What do you fear?" asked the surgeon. "Have I not proved myself your friend at a cost to myself which you little suspect?"

Kendrick swallowed the drink.

"Ah!" exclaimed his companion, "had you refused I should have become very angry."

Shivering, Kendrick lay back in his chair. In sheer nervous exhaustion his eyes closed. This terrible suspense was torture unendurable. He must have dozed, for he found himself after a lapse of time starting to his feet bewildered. His wife had stirred, moaning in her disquiet. About her hovered the old surgeon, once more the creature of trained acumen, of ready resource.

Kendrick waited in a fever of uncertainty. It seemed to him interminable hours before the old man, holding himself proudly erect, summoned him by an imperious inclination of the head.

"She will know you," he murmured. "She will live. And it is I who have given her back her life!"

In the outer office the two keepers, springing forward as he entered, closed the doors, and held the old surgeon, surprised, but ready on the instant, grimly at bay. With the cunning of the insane he raised an admonitory finger from his position behind the wide table.

"Hush!" he whispered. "I have a patient in there at the point of death. Any shock, any disturbance, and I shall hold you responsible."

"There will be no disturbance, Doctor. You are coming with us quietly, like the wise man you are."

"You are mistaken, Smythe. I am a wise man, but you and your kind call me a mad man. I shall never return with you alive to that death in life you held me in. The real death is preferable."

He sprang suddenly, as a tiger springs, not at the man to whom he was speaking, but upon the other, for the instant off his guard, bearing him backwards, over the table's edge, firm, strong hands upon his throat until the tortured rattle of the strangled breath filled the room. He threw his victim off, and wheeled upon the other keeper, grappling with him in maniac frenzy, and, though the fallen man, reviving and getting to his feet, lent his fellow his aid, it was not until at the sound of a shrill whistle a third man came running in from the waiting ambulance that the madman was subdued, strait-jacketed, bound hand and foot, and carried to the padded wagon outside.

An hour or so later, the same ambulance returned to the gabled house, bearing with it the attendant surgeons of the Asylum. They went speedily into the room where Kendrick waited by his sleeping wife. Later they assured him, after examination of the patient and the notes which the old surgeon had made, that it had been a wonderful operation, that the result was all but marvelous, a case to go on record among the triumphs of specialized surgery.

"Probably no other man alive could—would have *dared* to do the thing," the elder of the two surgeons said to Kendrick, just before they started to the Asylum with his wife until she might be carried to a hospital. "Are you aware, sir, that it was the world-renowned Dr. Fox, the greatest known authority on the surgery of the brain—before his own great brain gave way under his intense application to his specialty and his use of drugs—that you ran across in so providential a manner last night? He gave his keepers the slip last evening, and must have found his way back here to his long disused home—once his private hospital—to do his last operation and perhaps his greatest!"

"The last!" queried Kendrick, rousing from the growing apathy that was fast claiming him at some sinister meaning in the surgeon's words.

The surgeon spoke sadly.

"He died before they got him back this morning, sir. A great man gone!"



## Evening's Quiet End

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS

Author of "Barefoot Days," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

YOU were just in your prime at sixty—both yourself and Molly. And at seventy you were a brave, hardy couple as young as the youngest of them. And you showed it to them, too, the pair of you, at the christening at Parrah Mor's when, disgusted from looking at the young people of nowadays thinking they were dancing, you swept the loiterers from the floor in your righteous wrath, and led out Molly as cavalierly as you had done on that very same floor half a century before. Amid the wild applause of the other enthusiastic youngsters of your own era, you showed the

humiliated moderns what real dancing was and only sat down when the fiddler, crying Mercy, let his paralysed arm drop to his side.

The speed of the dance brought the blush to Molly's cheek again and the gleam to her eye; and as you looked at her, her head tossed back, her skirts held gracefully, and her feet going twinkle, you saw there only the fresh-lipped *cailín* who a half-century before had proudly paraded with you the harvest fair of Glenties. And when the fiddler collapsed you took young Molly Gilbride in your arms and gave her a hearty kiss, while you thought the thunderous applause would bring the rafters down! By the hand, again cavalierly, you led

This is the fourth and last of a group of memory stories of Ireland written for The Red Book Magazine by Mr. MacManus.

the radiant Molly to her seat, and made her your best bow, and announced for the benefit of the nervous, beardless boys: "There's a copy cut for ye, lads. Follow it, first and last!" But they daren't do either, for the house now scorned them, unworthy the traditions of their fathers.

Thenceforward, it was a night, jubilant and boisterous, for the frisky youngsters of three- and four-score. And you and Molly, having done your part, sat around the walls with old comrades comparing historical notes, enthusing over long-gone days and deeds that were great, and lamenting the pitiable little men and women that Providence had now provided for filling your shoes—the tops of which they could barely see over! 'Twas sad and sad! But, somehow, it was a sort of sadness that brought with it inward elation, even if outward depression.

No matter—yourself and Molly, as I have said, were a brave handsome couple at seventy. And no one ever mentioned age to you till you passed your four-score mark. Indeed you had never dreamt that age could come to you; for both of you, somehow, as you did your share of work at seventy-five and seventy-eight, unwittingly took it for granted that you were children of Tir na'n Oig.\* Molly still spun, and milked, and washed, carried great pots of potatoes to and from the fire, and tripped like the gayest of them six miles over the hills to the market with her basket of eggs on Saturday. You were yet able to give a lead to the most conceited young fellow of them all at the potato-setting or the turf-cutting or mowing of the hay.

Curious it was how the old age called on you at last!

'Twas on a Saturday night, after you had returned from your twelve Irish miles, walking and jumping to and from the market.

You had got up extra early that morning, of course, and done your day's work back-loading fertilizer to the South Park before you gaily took the hills for the town. There was a bit of a halt on you,

you thought, as you returned from the market, but when you sat down in your own chimney-corner you stiffened entirely. Neill Moran was there to learn from you how the markets went, and to Neill you remarked that you didn't know from Adam what was the stiffness that was in your legs the night.

Says Neill, says he: "I'll hould you a bad ha'penny 'tis the Age, Johneen. You know you have turned the frosty side of four score, a while back."

Your first impulse was to grip hold of your stick, and smash a handful of Neill's ribs for him. But that wouldn't have been hospitable in your own house. You only said some caustic things to him and let him know 'twas ill his coming to your own house to insult you. And poor Neill went away much mortified, and all apology. But, when you thought it over as you tossed sleepless, through the night, and found yourself still stiff at getting-up in the morning, and far from as nimble as you had used to be, it struck you that there might be something in what Neill had said, after all. Molly that night confessed to you as you talked the matter over that, in troth, she had been feeling a bit stiffish herself after coming home.

Old Terry Mullan dropped in on Sunday night, for to borrow from you the loan of a harrow, which he and his little grandson were going to pull the next day on the hazel-brae (because it was too steep and difficult for a donkey).

With Terry's aid you plunged into chronology, and calculated that, as you were just five years of age the Night of the Big Wind, and as Molly was born midway between the Day of the Strays and the night the Sickymoor-tree fell at Tom Kerrigan's, you were four-score-years-and-three, and Molly just four-score—barring a month more or less.

"Well! well!" you, at length, conceded, "I suppose myself and Molly must be wearin' on in years, after all."

And Terry Mullan sided: "Faith, Johneen, 'tisn't younger either of you'll be gettin' from this out."

Both Molly and yourself nodded grave acquiescence.

When you closed the door on Terry

\*The Land of Everlasting Youth—Gaelic paradise.

that night, and went back with a sigh and took your seat and your pipe in the chimney-corner, opposite to Molly, who was gazing into the fire, you were an old man looking across at an old woman, sure enough!

Well, God be thankit for His blessings and His mercies! Sure, you had had your day, and it was a good day and a full one. Why should you not now make way for your youngers and your betters? Molly and yourself, brave hearts ever, were quickly reconciled to the new aspect of things. Moreover, old age, when ye got used to the thought, wasn't such a terror after all as it looked at the first blush—when Neill Moran threw it in your face. It had its compensations, its own joys and gratifications.

Henceforward, extra care was bestowed on you, extra respect tendered to you. You had your pipe and your ease in your own chimney-corner when you

chose, and Molly her ease and her snuff-box in the opposite corner. But you didn't always choose this. For the most part, you fought Old Age a good stiff stand-up fight, for you weren't the build of a man who could bear to drop his hands to his sides while still a spark of the old fire remained.

You still went to the field, spade over shoulder, or scythe on arm, and worked foot by foot with the youngest of them. Only, you didn't go out now till after breakfast, and during the day you had more frequent occasion to light your pipe and sit to smoke. Very soon they half-dissuaded, half-coerced you into dropping both the spade and the scythe and wielding instead a shovel and a rake. You did not know why they should do it, and strenuously objected—but the weight of public opinion broke your resolution.

By and by, to your disgust, they took



With Terry's aid you plunged into chronology

even the shovel and rake from you, and gave you a stout hazel-staff—with which implement the cleverest of them could not work wonders in a hay-field or a potato-patch. After experimenting for months with the stick you discovered that its use was to herd and drive cattle—and help a man climb over a fence, too. Little by little, it dawned upon you that you were *de trop* in the work-field, both because you were too old and the world too new. Modern ideas which did not harmonize with yours were creeping in there—and at your time of life there was no use raising a row about it. Anyhow, you were needed for nursing at the fireside now—for there was none could better soothe and please Larry's little children, and none they were fonder of, than yourself and Molly.

You had riddles and guesses, unending, to keep them amused and amazed for the length of a summer's day and a winter's night; and sweet, crooning, old songs and ballads which were in esteem when you were young; and stories—oh, such stories!—stories of ghosts and of fairies, and of the wonderful giants of old—entrancing stories that the spellbound children could listen to for a lifetime—and with their last breath still beg for more.

Yes, your stories were both inimitable and inexhaustible. You were now one of the great *Shanachies*\* of the countryside. It was not little children alone who loved to listen to your stories, but big

children, very big and old also. You fascinated the gray children as easily as the green. Those were wonderful tales that you had in your *répertoire*, surely, and it was well known that you could never tell yourself out. Besides, none of those stories ever knew what it was to be confined between the two covers of a book. Neither were they made yesterday. Through your father and his father's father and so on backward for a few thousand years they had been handed down to you—this rare heritage of grand old tales.

A thousand times, on a winter's night, when they knew you would be story-telling, the neighbors gathered from far

\*Story-tellers.



At seventy you were a brave, hardy couple

and near—both young and old, crowding your house—to listen once again to the astounding adventures of the brave, heroic King of Ireland's Son; or to the side-splitting tricks of tricksome Jack, the lucky, witty, son of the poor widow-woman; or to the magic romance (which it took two of the longest nights in winter to tell) of the wonderful wanderings of the King of Connaught's Thirteen Sons.

The whole house so held their breath at the excitement of it 'twas oftentimes you wondered that many of your more highly-strung auditors didn't drop of heart disease.

To add to the charm of your storytelling, every single word of every single tale was, as both yourself and your audience well knew, gospel-truth, and every single happening just as you had heard

it from your grandfather who had himself retold it as it "actually and really happened" in the wonderful, mystical, magical, old, old times. Therein lay the great value of your stories.

On a night when the *Bacech* (wandering beggar-man) arrived at your house, and made himself at home there till morning, and the word of his arrival spread over the countryside, your kitchen was sure to be crowded with the crowd that came to hear the pair of you tell stories one against the other, till either exhaustion or daybreak put an end to what seemed an unendable contest.

Your power as a *Shanachy* was frequently invoked at wakes in the kitchen, when the night, seeming long, needed cutting—for time always went on wings, they said, when you were story-telling. You were great at wakes, anyhow, and



Old age, when you got used to the thought, wasn't such a terror after all



Molly tramped six miles over the hill to the market

you never missed one within a radius of five miles. When you entered the wake-house, and, as customary, the while sympathetically shaking the hand of the bereaved one, said, with downcast eyes: "Mary" or "Neill"—as the case might be—"I'm sorry for your trouble"—getting reply—"Thanky, Johnneen, I know it, but it's a trouble that must meet all of us, God prepare us for it!" and then, proceeding to the door of the room where the corpse was, you knelt down and with bowed head prayed three Patern-and-Aves for the soul of the departed, a flutter ran around the gathering.

All knew now that they would be treated to something more than usually interesting. When you had prayed your prayer, and had taken your seat among the young men and women of only sixty who envied you for your mature years, you were

immediately asked to tell the age of him that was dead. That immediately set your memory working, and as on all such occasions it worked aloud—rambling over a vast deal of mighty fascinating ground—all the house hung on your soliloquy. Having calculated the age of the deceased, synchronizing the various crises and phases in his life with other notable parish events, you then, at the instigation of some of the cronies present, calculated the ages of everyone in the country-side whose age had heretofore seemed uncountable—and entrancing reminiscence became the order of the night.

Reminiscence ran riot round the house, and young and old were whirled into the maelstrom. Every doubt, however, was referred to you—or to yourself and Molly if she were present—and your verdict was unquestioned. Your position

was an enviable one. You were a proud man, and no wonder. "Yes," you acknowledged—in your glory forgetting the body on the bed—"tis a grand thing to be an old man."

A very grand thing. The proof is being forced on you at every turn. The young reverence you, the middle-aged venerate, and admire you. At your own fireside, or at the fireside of the stranger, at the cross-roads or in the chapel-yard, every ear is pricked to get your comment upon the subject under discussion. Your views on politics and politicians must be the correct views. You can by your slightest word exalt the fallen man, and by a mere shake of the head tumble from his tuppenny pedestal the hero of the hour. You quickly convince your audience that politics are not what they used to be—there's too little *do* and too much *say*, in Ireland now. In your day you aimed to argue politics in an entirely different fashion. To "the pathos of a pike and the logic of a blow" you pinned your faith. Young men sigh and wish that old days and old ways would come again.

When Dan Timoney and Conal Moohan dispute about the possession of a turf bank, or Condé Dorrian claims a right-of-way which Micky Cannon denies, or Murty Molloy asks additional dowry for his wife when he discovers, too late, that she's a bad butter-maker—it is to *you* the disputants come for decision. And your word is law—as much because of the honor due to age, as the superiority of wisdom that must accompany it. All questions of genealogy, chronology, and history are referred to you for settlement. If a stranger, purporting to be learned, comes into the parish, it is contrived to bring him through the fire of your presence, and the neighbors watch you narrowly to see how he has stood the test. If friends quarrel, or there be a family fall-out, it is, of course, your duty to go to them, hear both sides, gently reprove all parties, and make them shake hands in your presence and promise to be nearer and dearer to one another than ever. When you speak at a gathering all pause to listen—the very young watching their

elders to see how they take your words, and their elders watching you with the utmost reverence.

Against the spirit of skepticism, that, even in your remote world, would, if it dared, lift its head, you bravely and scathingly did battle. You vindicated tradition, and upheld beliefs that came to you sanctified by the centuries. If, at one of your astonishing illustrations, any cynic in the company, so far forgot himself as to smile, the elder most convenient to him forthwith knocked him down. The ghost had reason to be grateful to you; the fairy had in you a champion indomitable; and all the beautiful old beliefs of your people were secure while you walked abroad.

And the fairies recompensed you. All men saw that. For you were lucky in everything you turned your hand to. The world went well with you. And your children's children were bringing honor to your gray hairs—joy to your soul. That you had never known pain or ache was, of course, not a personal fairy favor, for there wasn't a couple, lucky or unlucky, in the country-side, who could not say the same of themselves. There was, indeed, a family over the border, in the next parish, on whose grandfather the doctor had attended three times, and the tongue of scandal told it against them yet.

Still, you had worked out in the fields, summer and winter, wet and dry; and had often come home from a day's work in the ditches with the seven streams of Egypt running from your clothing, sat down to a hearty supper, and then gone "raking" to a neighbor's house, sitting in his corner for the lee-long night with a reek like that of a burning turf-stack ascending the chimney from your rain-sodden clothes, causing the *vanithee*\* to remark that you were damp. Yourself would slightly reply that you'd be dry before the new day. And the man who would have suggested changing your clothes would have been looked at by everyone as if he had two heads on him!

Thank God, even now in your old age you know very little of pain or ache,

\*Woman of the house.

either, barring, maybe, a very distant rumble of the rheumatiz in your bones, which made your son Larry and his wife insist that neither Molly nor yourself should get up in the morning.

You had first laughed at this preposterous proposal and then stormed. But Molly consented to take breakfast in bed. By and by you were seduced to the luxury also, and actually found it good. You would have your breakfast and a draw of the pipe, and then turn over for another snooze, before getting up and getting into your duds, and beginning to nurse and croon to the children or potter about the house and the haggard.

You turned up, though, for all the other meals—whereat the tit-bits were singled out for you. You now helped to break Molly's spirit so that she would accept coddling—and thus paved smooth the way for your own downfall. You were being coddled yourself, directly, and were luxuriating in it.

Without putting it into words, yourself and Molly—each nursing one of Larry's littlest children—acknowledged to each other across the fire that slipping into age wasn't such an unpleasant thing, after all.

At bed-time, as usual, you led the Rosary. That was a prerogative you never resigned. But the nearer you approached dissolution, the longer did you draw out the trimmings and the more plentiful were the petitions you were inspired to put up, not for yourself and Molly alone, but for God's protection and

blessing on all the dear and loved ones who must very soon be left without *your* protection.

You had well turned four-score-and-ten when at length you dissolved, leaving behind you Molly, whose hand you held to the end, and on whom you bestowed the last loving look—a look, too, that plainly said, "Come soon, *a choroidhe*!"\*

A great wake you had surely! Your thousand friends came from far and near to smoke a friendly pipe at your house, and to pray a prayer over you, and sit for a few hours by your bier, lamenting that the parish would never see the likes of you again. And the funeral was something that you would have justly been proud of, had you only been able to see it. In relays of four, the finest men of the parish shouldered you over bog and moor, hill and dale, road and river, to your final field—with five hundred men walking behind. And when you were lowered to your last rest, and Father Peter, in feeling tones, had committed you "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the boys who filled your grave and sodded it said with the last sod:

"With all our sorrow we're proud. For, from this day henceforth, we'll boast that we helped to plant the best man Killymard ever knew—God rest you, Johnneen."

A hundred bowed heads muttered a fervent "Amen!"

\*O Heart!

## Pelletier, the Unashamed

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

THE Maison Pelletier was a select boarding establishment in a convenient and choice locality. The efforts of the proprietor to supply those seeking home comforts had been crowned with success and from the humbleness of one dwelling, requirements had increased until three adjoining houses now provided

accommodation for the clientele of Mr. Pelletier. At the same time the importance of his position grew upon him, signified by the expanding of his chest, the increase in his waist measurement, a more vivid adornment of his person and added assurance of manner.

Brown might have been Mr. Pelle-

tier's aura. In a criss-cross pattern it marked his linen; brown was his suit, enlivened by fine stripes of green; brown were his shoes and spats and pock-marked skin, set off by a center-parted toupee a shade darker than the pale brown of his eyes.

When receiving guests into his establishment, Mr. Pelletier diffused a welcoming hospitality, as though remuneration in the matter were the last consideration, instead of the first. It was so in his dining-room where with dinner, wine was served and included in the weekly rate. From table to table he flitted smiling, rubbing his fat, brown hands, inquiring if each guest were plentifully supplied with everything, insisting that they call for more and without waiting to hear of demands made in vain, flitted on. Vexation with a landlord so debonair was futile; his cheerfulness was contagious and with the red wine included in the weekly rate—well, the red wine was everything to the Maison Pelletier.

But one weakness had he. Passion for the theatre obsessed him; there was he frequently to be found when his establishment needed him. Having witnessed a play from the front of the house, he hurried then to the stage-door, waiting there until each performer departed before his fascinated gaze. These moments glorified existence for him, while at home, Madam Pelletier, frail faded wife, indulgent of this failing, awaited his return to the business responsibilities.

There came then on a bright morning one Miss Pansy Mae, seeking suitable quarters. To Pelletier, entering the parlor where he had been summoned to attend the guest, her brilliance flashed upon his vision like a flower—like the name upon the card he fingered, Pansy Mae. He bowed before the little lady with a smile that displayed his wealth of gold tooth-fillings.

"I'm an actress!" This announcement made without warning, seemed in no way shocking to the gentle Pelletier.

"I'd have said as much, any place I'd seen you," he replied, beaming upon her.

Miss Pansy Mae, accepting this as a compliment, tittered prettily and swung

her feet. Upon her marcelled, blonde locks rested a hat, huge, velvety black, from which swung luxuriously a chandelier plume.

"I'm playing at the Comedy Theatre and I want to get located right about here," she stated. "It's out o' the Tenderloin and not too far to get to after the show; got anything that will suit me?"

Pelletier rubbed his hands and grinned, while mentally he evicted a well-paying widow from a choice room and therein installed the fair creature before him—an actress, living, breathing under his own roof, to chat with, to confide in his admiration, his passion for the profession she adorned. Heretofore such a ray of brightness to light the long, lonely years of his boarding-house proprietorship had been denied him by Fate or Madam Pelletier.

"Of course, some people object to professionals—" Miss Mae's lip curled.

"Ah," breathed Pelletier. "Wait and hear. I will tell you my feelings for the stage and the people upon it."

His look, his voice were enough; her smile returned.

"I prefer a back-room, so I can't hear the racket mornings."

This desire saved the well-paying widow. He had vacant a pleasant back-room with bath.

"About twenty-five a week?" he asked.

"Nothing like it," Pansy answered. "Ten's more in my line."

The proprietor lifted his faint brows until the toupee above them moved. Pansy swung her feet.

"Then you do not require board?" he said.

"Why, certainly I do," she answered. "Now, if you can't accommodate me, say so; I can't fool along here." She made a move to rise.

He held out a detaining hand, lowered his voice to a whisper.

"All I ask is that you'll not let it out, and the room and board's yours for ten; the real price is twenty-five."

Pansy looked up quickly and winked a long-lashed blue eye.

"Trust me!" she giggled. "And you'll



Nellie swung out a blow that sent the toupes soaring

never regret it. It takes all a girl can earn to live in New York an' I gotta kid out west to support."

"You're only—"

"Yes, I'm young," babbled Miss Mae. "If I wasn't I couldn't 'a' got this job at the Comedy. They's five girls of us wearin' swell gowns and with a line each, only I've got two lines—one of the girls couldn't speak loud enough—stage fright, you know—so they gave hers to me. I'm nix on the fright. Say, I want breakfast at eleven, and I dine at six sharp."

Mr. Pelletier acquiesced; whirled along giddily by Pansy Mae's entrancing prattle, the rules of his house were forgotten:

No breakfast served after nine-thirty A. M. Lunch twelve-thirty to one-thirty. Dinner at seven.

This statement placarded in each room was adhered to by all guests, by kindly compulsion, if necessary.

"And you'd better send my breakfast up," continued Miss Mae. "I never feel like getting dressed early."

Thus Miss Pansy Mae, of the Comedy

Theatre, became a guest of the Maison Pelletier. That afternoon her trunk came—one poor little trunk and a suit case marked with J. S. in black letters. There were fifty cents to be collected by the expressman. As Miss Mae had not yet arrived, Mr. Pelletier paid.

"Don't forget to put that on the books," said Madam Pelletier, gliding down the stairs behind him. "Funny she couldn't have paid in advance. That's a poor looking trunk for an expensive room too. What'd you say her name is?"

"Guess I haven't told you," Mr. Pelletier replied. "It's Miss Mae, Pansy—Miss Pansy Mae."

He spoke fatuously.

"She's an actress!"

"Well, I never!" Madam Pelletier's frail body sank to the bottom step. "And this a respectable house and the way I've worked to keep it so; well, I never, Pelletier!"

Her despair failed to touch him.

"Sam," he called to the colored waiter who lurked near, listening, "take up this trunk to the second-floor back. Place it with the lock out, so it can be opened, and untie the rope."

Samuel advanced obediently, an eye of unsuppressed merriment upon his master.

"Taint heavy," he ventured insinuatingly from the first landing.

Just then the door-bell was rung with energy and Mr. Pelletier opened the door to Miss Pansy Mae. She tripped in, nodding her chantecleer plume.

"Trunk come?" she inquired.

Mr. Pelletier smiled assent. His wife rose to speak, but was silenced by his impressive presentation of the new arrival.

"How'd do?" chirped Miss Mae. "My, you look tired; you ought to go lay down a while; don't you get time?"

"No," came the answer, coldly.

"I s'pose not," smiled Miss Mae and started up the stairs, trailing the heavenly scent of some new perfume.

Like one in a trance, climbing to Paradise, followed Pelletier.

"I'll have Sam unlock your trunk if you wish. If there's anything you want—"

Miss Mae's door closed upon them. Soon it re-opened and leaving it ajar Samuel came down, muttering about the ease with which some people forgot to tip a poor fellow. Through the half-open door the chatter of Miss Pansy Mae sounded, then her laughter, echoed by the bass guffaw of Pelletier. He came out and on down stairs where Madam Pelletier awaited him.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she inquired.

He seemed hardly to have heard. He tugged at his waistcoat, a far-away light in his eye and a pink flush suffusing his brown skin. Plainly he felt no shame.

"It's pretty near six," came the silvery voice of Miss Mae from above; "don't forget my dinner. I'll be down in a minute or so!"

Her door banged.

"Tell the cook," Mr. Pelletier said to Madam, "that there's dinner to be served at six to a new lady, at six every night from now on."

After a speechless moment she replied:

"You tell her!"

"It was only yesterday," reminded her

husband as he impatiently consulted his watch, "that you asked me not to interfere with Nellie."

"All this is just awful," Madam moaned wearily. "I don't believe Nellie will stay. I honestly believe you're crazy." She moved away and then turned slowly back. "Is this woman such good pay that you're doing all this?"

"Sure she's in a good play," said Pelletier, hazily. "She's at the Comedy Theatre."

Madam Pelletier trailed away downward to the kitchen. A moment later with descending bounds Miss Pansy Mae reappeared and her landlord, who awaited her, ushered and seated her cozily at a corner table in the dining-room. Rubbing his fat hands, he stood over her, beaming happily, circling about that part of the room with long-drawn breath. Glory diffused by Pansy Mae's presence made inhalation a pleasure.

"It's five minutes past six," the lady said, eyeing the clock on the mantelshelf.

Mr. Pelletier hurried from the room and at the head of the basement stairs, called sharply.

"Wont be long now," he assured her, returning.

"I always get into the theatre at seven," Miss Mae said. "When you haven't been on for a long time you kind o' lose the hang of making-up. I like a nice, even make-up, too."

Pelletier listened rapturously.

"And it's no cinch getting into a swell, sheath gown that's as much as your life is worth if you tear it or anything, and every girl is ready to be hooked up at the same time and mad if she has to wait."

In the other end of the dining-room the Pelletier menials huddled, grinning, attentive and unperceived.

"I shall go to the Comedy," breathed Mr. Pelletier.

"Yes, you'd ought to," she answered. "I'd like to have the opinion of an acquaintance on my make-up, too; you could tell me how I look from 'front.'"

Samuel, bearing a tray, above it a glowering black countenance, approached, sullenly.

"H'm," mused Miss Mae, with a critical eye, "you serve cold suppers instead of dinner—"

Mr. Pelletier scanned the food, and angrily turned upon Samuel; but sudden forethought—a disadvantageous glimpse of himself as a result of inquiry into the matter—cowed him to pause.

"Every night a warm dinner with wine, Madam," he said. "Just tonight—"

"Oh, all right!" Miss Mae began upon the meager supply cheerfully. "You might let me have a sandwich and a glass of milk in my room after the show, though; what?"

He agreed readily.

"Sit down," she suggested, possibly irritated by his restlessness.

He slipped into the chair opposite her. "Your profession is the grandest in the world; there's nothing like it!" he burst out, passionately. "The feeling I have for the theatre, the way I enjoy being in it, is something I can't describe; I've never tried to—before. I never mention it, or let on how I feel."

"It's love of art," she told him, simply; "nothing to be ashamed of."

"Yes, that's right." He leaned over the table. "It's love of art, that's what it is. I've always had it. If I'd been let I'd 'a' tried for the theatrical profession myself when I was a boy—then I got married and I wasn't even let keep a theatrical boarding-house."

"You wouldn't care for that," answered Pansy, quickly. "You get all kinds in such places. You can be a lady in the theatrical profesh—"she spoke not of Mr. Pelletier—"as well as in any other."

"Sure, you can," he answered. "Can't I see you're a lady?"

"I've always been one," went on Pansy. "It's that made me leave Jake—my husband, Jake Smith. He knew what I was when he married me, right here in New York. He was an amatoor prize-fighter. I had true love for Jake then and I took him and forgave him his past when he promised he'd take to honest work if I'd be his. We honeymooned around on his savings before we went to Illinois to settle down." Lost in mo-

mentary reminiscence Pansy sat toying with her fork. "All of a sudden, after living a respectable life for two years, he got the fighting fever and took to training again and—" She shrugged her plump shoulders. "I stood it awhile—anything for peace—but as I just said: I *am* a lady! I told Jake I didn't want a battered, black and blue, lantern-jawed tough for a husband and my little girl's father. I said what I'd do too. He told me to do it, so I did!"

Pansy Mae pushed back her plate, folded her arms and tossed her blonde head.

"It's lucky I had a profession. I took the baby to ma. Jake got home one dark night and found us among the missing." She smiled only faintly.

"If there's anything I can do for you," breathed her listener, ardently, "tell me."

"Thanks," Pansy answered. "I liked your looks from the start. Maybe I can get you a pass to the show later on, or—" She thought a moment. "Some night I'll take you round back and show you behind the scenes. I'll ask the stage-manager; he's quite pleasant to us girls, too."

As she rose, he, like one charged with joy, sprang up, and babbling words of gratitude followed her to the door, whence he watched her departure. He pictured her entering the mysterious little side entrance, and at last—was it true—that door was to be opened to him! He should enter there upon all the fascinating secracies of life behind the scenes—Like the slow blossoming of a flower, his future—a new life—unfolded to him. He was always going and coming through little side-doors, while people thronged the sidewalks for glimpses of him. Sometimes he bowed, or satisfied a longing soul with a smile; his pockets were full of money, his clothes the model of fashion; in short, Mr. Pelletier saw himself an actor. He nodded and sighed and turned back into the house, where the going and coming of his guests and the odor of food, seemed sickeningly prosaic.

Sniffing the air, he descended to the kitchen.



it was always the same—the little, confidential chats, through the crack of the door

"I smell burnt meat," he said, with the ferocity of a Jack the Giant Killer.

"We can all smell it," replied Nellie, the cook.

Madam Pelletier looked up from the vegetables she was dicing out.

"Don't let's have any words now," she said.

"Then clear the kitchen," Nellie demanded, in her rich brogue, "of those which is here to hinder and not to help."

She paused, with hands on hips, eyeing her master.

"I don't buy meat to burn," he said. "I've told you about it before, Nellie; don't let it happen again. And now un-

derstand this too—there's a warm dinner to be served at six, sharp, every night, to one lady, from this on. No more cold leavings; you can start the roast earlier—"

Nellie emitted a strange sound by blowing out her cheeks; to her mistress it seemed a warning.

"Paul," Madam said, "wont you please go up and 'tend to the dining-room?"

"When I've finished here," he answered. "Now, I want breakfast sent up at eleven every morning, to Miss Mae's room—you'd better make fresh coffee, too."

With her head thrust forward, arms

akimbo, Nellie advanced. Pelletier waited, eyeing her fiercely.

"You don't run this house; I run it! You're a great, big, fat, good-for-nothing—"

Like the paw of a lioness, Nellie's, with the dish towel in its grasp, swung out, landing a smarting blow that sent the toupee of Mr. Paul Pelletier soaring among the vegetables upon the table.

"Now, Nellie," Madam Pelletier cried. "You go too far."

She sprang between them, pushing the enraged and suddenly hairless victim, backward to the table. She seized his toupee and shaking it free of crumbs replaced it on his head.

"I'm leavin'!" said Nellie. Twice had she been dismissed and twice given notice. She reminded Mr. Pelletier of this last fact, now, as she walked to a closet and from it extracted a small black bonnet with a single, nodding rose. From the dining-room came waiters imploringly for food. Bells rang above stairs and loud complaints descended to the kitchen.

"Oh, Paul!" gasped Madam Pelletier. "Oh, Nellie—"

Pelletier waved a fist at Nellie. She stepped back eyeing him, then suddenly her face changed; a smile, though somewhat forced, appeared.

"I wont do a dirty trick even to *you*!" she said. "I'll stay the month out, and," she added meaningly, "I'll see this thing through!"

Not trusting himself to answer, Mr. Pelletier swung jauntily out. At eleven, precisely, the next morning, he found upon entering the kitchen a delicate breakfast prepared for the new guest.

"Everybody being so busy an' I not fit, sir," prattled cook, "perhaps you wouldn't mind walking up with it to the lady's door yourself, sir?"

Plainly, Nellie was repentant; she had her good points. It was a natural and polite suggestion, and why shouldn't he, Mr. Pelletier, take up the tray? At his knock upon her door, the cheery voice of Miss Mae answered, then the door opened and her blonde head, in picturesque disarray, looked out.

"Aren't you good!" she said. "I s'pose

no one would bring it up, so you *had* to."

She took in the tray, kicked the door shut and, as reluctantly he turned away, she looked out again.

"Thanks awfully! The coffee smells heavenly."

"Tell you something funny," he began quickly. "Last night I dreamt—I never dream either—but last night I did. I was—well, in your profession, getting on too and all this"—he waved his hand, indicating the Maison Pelletier—"over and done with."

"Mercy!" gurgled Pansy Mae. "Well, I guess stranger things *have* happened. So long!"

She was gone. In a soft pensiveness, Pelletier descended the stairs. Nellie, scuttling clumsily just at the foot, did not strike him as strange. The week rolled on like a dream, pleasant, undisturbed—encouraged rather—by Nellie. Nellie in chastened mood, with delectable dishes paved the way to his riper acquaintance with the brilliant Pansy, whose guiding hand was to lead him to his goal.

Every morning Nellie prepared the same appetizing breakfast, and, by her encouraged, Pelletier conveyed it to the door of Miss Pansy Mae. It was always the same—the little confidential chats through the crack of her door, then the hour with her at dinner—a nice, warm dinner—when, with the red wine, he poured out longings for the future, regrets of a too prosaic past.

With Madam Pelletier confined to her room—on the night of the ignominious revelation of her husband, un-wigged, she had suffered a relapse of a recent illness—he found himself free to dwell in rapt contemplation of a glowing future.

He went to the Comedy twice and took standing-room. There was nothing livelier nor prettier in the whole show than Miss Pansy Mae; she had not much to say, but she found in every few moments upon the stage a lot to do; she made people notice her being there—just a romping entrance or a dancing exit was delicious. Watching her, the breast of Pelletier swelled with pride; he felt akin to her and to her associates; he glowed with the joy of their success.

"Connected like this, with a great, big New York success!" he sang in self-praise within him.

He went round and lurked near the stage-door, watching the celebrities come out. Pansy Mae appeared, flashed forth brightly into the dark street, tripped toward Broadway and boarded a car with such dexterity that Mr. Pelletier lost her company homeward.

"Anyhow she might not like it; she didn't ask me to call round for her yet," he mused as he took the next car.

He let himself into the house softly; Nellie was there in the hall.

"Not in bed?" he asked, fretfully.

"Just going, sir," returned Nellie. "Been to a show? The young lady has come in and her lunch is in her room; I put it there."

Mr. Pelletier usually saw to this. He dismissed Nellie now and stole up to Miss Mae's door. She was stirring and crooning softly a cradle song. He knocked; she came and looked out at him.

"Have you got your lunch in there?" he asked.

"Yes," Pansy answered. "I got it, thanks."

He hardly noticed the touch of melancholy in her manner.

"Say," he whispered hoarsely. "I saw you to-night, from front."

She brightened a little.

"You did! You know I haven't been able to get you a pass, the show's drawing so. How's my make-up?"

"You're grand," he answered. "You're the whole show!"

"Oh, get out!" Pansy tittered.

"Anybody can see you're born to it," he went on. "It's like me. You're crazy about it and so am I! There's nothing in the world like it—"

"I dunno," Pansy murmured.

She stuck her little slippered toe out, gazing at it thoughtfully.

"Maybe if I had the kid here—" She sighed. "Then, of course, I liked Jake."

"Lord!" It was a cry from Pelletier. "They don't amount to anything compared to *this*, do they? You wouldn't give up your art for anybody, would you?"

He spoke excitedly, his eyes upon her, wildly.

"Pooh," Pansy shrugged, with an effort at bravado, "I s'pose not, a good profession and all! A man can't play fast and loose with a woman that can earn her own living—not that Jake ever looked at another woman or anything like that. Mercy no!"

"Well, you don't need him any more than I need—" he paused.

He hardly knew what he meant. Of course, when he became a star, Madam Pelletier should never want; he would even buy her diamonds. It *was* her money that had first started the boarding-house business. He meant to remember it.

"Well, I'll see if I can't take you round back some night soon," Pansy said. "Good-night."

He was glad he had seen the play. He could tell, when introduced by Pansy to each player, just what he thought of them. There were a few little suggestions he would make to the star—if he, Pelletier, were playing that part—he fell asleep playing it *his way*.

"Say," Miss Mae said upon receiving her breakfast next morning, "I been here a week, haven't I? I got my salary last night, too, but d'you know what I'm going to do?"

Mr. Pelletier waited in pleasant expectancy.

"I want to send some money to ma for the kiddo and if you don't mind—"

Gallantly he saved her any further explanation.

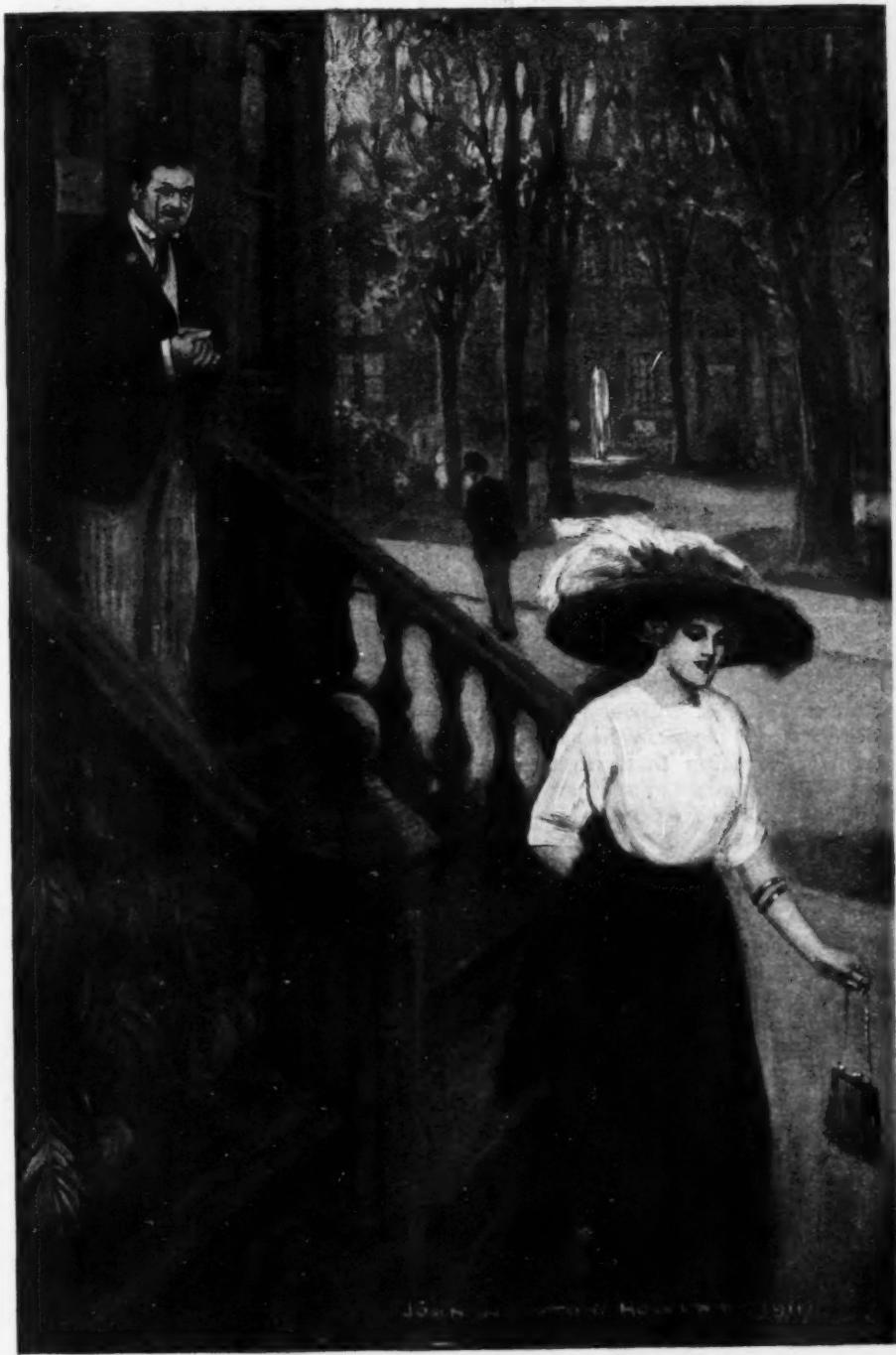
"You can pay me next week for the two weeks," he said. "We wont quarrel about that. I guess that's what was worrin' you last night."

"I don't want it said I can't take as good care of little Pa'sy as her father did," Miss Mae answered.

Mr. Pelletier held up his hand and the subject was closed.

"How's your wife?" inquired Miss Mae, kindly.

"There never seems to be any let-up to that inflammatory rheumatism," he fretted. "She ought to go 'way for it; anyhow, she'd be happier in the country. New York don't mean anything to her;



He followed her to the door, whence he watched her departure

only for me she wouldn't be here at all. Now, *she'd* like to sell out here and buy a farm."

"Poor thing," murmured Pansy.

"Well, when the change comes; when I—you know—why, she *can* live on a farm." He threw wide his arms with the generosity of his sentiment.

"Poor thing!" Pansy Mae reiterated, slowly.

The Poor Thing in a faded *peignoir* met him at the bottom of the stairs as he descended. The cook, for one so stout and slow of movement, was moving rapidly away.

"Well," said Mr. Pelletier, "you are able to get up, after all?"

"That poor woman on the top-floor can't pay her board this week, Paul. She came to me about it, and—"

"Out she goes!" Mr. Pelletier had a hard and fast rule in the matter from which he had never deviated, that is, never except once.

That was a thing apart from all else.

"This aint a poorhouse," he added. "I need all the money I can get just now, too."

Madam Pelletier, without more ado, trailed away up the stairs in her faded pink. Her behaving thus, always annoyed her husband; it meant she would act independently. As he stood pondering the situation Miss Pansy Mae, dressed for the street, sped down the stairs and flashed past him. Through the window he watched her go; the bright sunlight gleamed upon her yellow hair and the Chantecler feather. She would probably walk along Broadway. To walk along Broadway with her—He turned back quickly, found his hat, coat and stick and in a minute was following rapidly.

With surprising quickness, the frail form of Madam Pelletier descending from above and the stout person of Nellie, the cook, ascending from the basement below, met in the hall. There were a few whispered words and Nellie led the way up the stairs. At the door of Miss Pansy Mae's room, they entered. After a quick glance that proved her eye accustomed to the contents therein, Nellie grabbed the most desirable of the

absent one's possessions, thrust them into the little trunk, locked it, and, waving aside her mistress, bore the baggage easily down the stairs to the basement.

With a quick glance around, the languid eye of Madam Pelletier brightened; she sighed and dragged away after the trunk-bearer.

It was long past the lunch hour when Mr. Pelletier returned to the business of his establishment. A crimson carnation tinged the lapel of his coat, a faint pink tinged his cheek and dreamy was his gaze.

"There needn't be any early dinner this evening," he told the cook, as he jauntily entered the kitchen. "Miss Mae is dining out. I met her and a lady friend on Broadway; I walked a little way with them."

It would out. Pelletier seemed not to mind cook and Sam and all of them knowing.

"I gave her and her friend lunch, too—a man in my position and meeting them, face to face, like that!"

He sauntered around the kitchen and went out, dreamily absorbed in loftier matters than the business of the dinner. During the process of serving it, he wandered through the dining-room from habit, but deaf to all complaints of his guests, seeming hardly to realize their presence. Immediately after it was over he retired to his room, presently issuing therefrom in clean collar, a tie that blazed in rivalry of the feather on Miss Pansy Mae's hat, and loudly scented. He went out, stealthily.

Cook was standing in the shadow of the area-way, just within the basement door. She returned to the kitchen singing softly, "The Wearin' o' the Green." In less than an hour she had left a kitchen, unequalled in her time for neatness, and dressed; the finishing touches to Nellie's toilet were muff and stole of white and the bonnet with its single nodding rose. By the dusky Samuel she sent a message to her mistress, stating that she was going out unexpectedly. Madam raised upon her couch and an apprehensive glance rested upon the silver-framed picture of Pelletier adorning her bureau.

"I almost hoped Nellie wouldn't no-



One by one they came out through the little door—  
Pelletier among others

tice he'd gone out to-night," she muttered, anxiously. "I've let her go too far, I'm afraid. I can't have her following Mr. Pelletier—if that *is* what she's doing."

Madam lay back weakly. After all, he was the man whom she had promised to love. A slight flush colored her white, weary face and she smiled. Love him, she did, if honor and obey him she did not.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself, going on so," she sighed.

Nellie found it not an unpleasant walk along Broadway dressed in her best. She arrived at the corner where the Comedy Theatre loomed brilliantly and, by some chance for which she thanked her patron saint, she espied, before he saw her, the familiar form of her master adorning the pavement there.

She had just lurched into a door-way when Mr. Pelletier consulted his watch, nodded and started briskly around the

corner. His pursuer sprang out of hiding and followed. She was none too quick. He stopped, reached out a diffident hand, opened an unobtrusive little door, and was swallowed up within. The bewildered gaze of Nellie lifted for enlightenment. Round the globe of the gas-light above, she spelled out the words, "Stage Entrance." She moved back into the depths of a shadow.

Nellie could not tell how long she waited. Her gaze hardly left the little door; figures flitted in and out, but not that of Pelletier. A tall young man with heavy jaw and aggressive stride hovered persistently near; he did not go in; he, too, seemed to be waiting. Of a sudden the slight calm of Broadway broke; the roar of traffic, the babble of people sounded again. The show was over. Nellie waited on. The young man stopped, not far from her in the shadow. Then, one by one, they came out through the little door—Pelletier among others. He

paused under the light, lit a cigarette and waited. The door opened again; the tripping form of Miss Pansy Mae burst forth. Mr. Pelletier raised his hat; side by side they walked to Broadway. Behind them, slowly, crawled Nellie.

"Say, let's walk up, my head's splitting," urged Miss Mae.

She set a pace difficult to her escort, more difficult still for the plump one who trailed them. After going some distance Nellie became aware of persistent footsteps behind her. She looked back. It was the heavy-jawed young man; he was endeavoring to ease his gait. With every forward step, he seemed to take two backward, to curb his eagerness. Thus accompanied, to the Maison Pelletier tripped Pansy Mae.

Mr. Pelletier stepped ahead to open the door for her. Nellie slipped softly through the basement gate and behind her, actually treading upon her heels, the young man forced his way. A huge, firm hand of iron stifled her scream.

"Keep quiet," he said. "I wont hurt you! That gurl"—he pointed with a bent thumb—"is my wife."

Nellie's nerves instantly calmed. He released her.

"I want to get in the house and up to her room, see?" he said. "Are you the cook or something here?"

Nellie grinned at his intelligence. She tapped his great chest and he followed her noiselessly in through the basement door. Their understanding, each of the other, seemed to be perfect. The young man found himself in a dimly lighted upper hall, where presently the cook, shorn of her street attire, came carrying a plate of sandwiches.

She motioned him to wait and climbed the stairs.

"Here sir, Mr. Pelletier, is the lady's lunch," purred Nellie, above.

Then a door was pulled to, followed by a loud hissing that was unmistakably a signal. Three stairs at a time, the young man took in ascending. The cook sprang aside releasing the door, whereat, the tugging Pelletier within fell backward and before he could rise the lithe, wiry person of the young man had pounced upon him.

"Jake!" shrieked Pansy Mae. "Oh, my Gawd, Jake, don't! He aint anything to me!"

"You shut up," Mr. Jake Smith answered. He had gagged his victim with one hand, while with the other he pummeled him thoroughly, yet exercising some restraint. He lifted him into the hall, then, raised him over the stairs and like a great soft ball, Mr. Pelletier landed at the bottom. In her pink *peignoir* glided Madam; everywhere doors were opening; guests listened on the landings.

"Get up quick," Madam pleaded. "Nellie says it's her husband come after following you both home from the theatre! Oh, Paul, aint you ashamed?"

She dragged at him until he rose and just then down the stairs came Pansy Mae on the arm of the young man. They were chattering happily. They paused before the Pelletiers.

"My trunk and all my things—" began Pansy, accusingly.

"Your trunk's out on the steps, ma'am." It was the voice of Nellie.

She motioned them forward and opening the door, pointed. There on the doorstep stood the little trunk marked "J. S." in black letters. Without surprise Mr. Jake Smith rewarded what seemed to him the clever maneuver of his friend the cook and hurried his wife out into the night.

"I'll get a cab," he said. "Stand here, kiddo, till I come back and we'll drive to a hotel near the station; the train leaves early in the morning."

Nellie closed the door upon them. She turned to her master. He was apparently unharmed, unruffled. His expression bespoke not suffering, but the experience of recent joy, a joy so profound that the sense of it could never be marred or wholly pass.

"Paul, where was you with her?" Madam asked in tones of awe.

"Behind the scenes," he whispered in the same voice. "On the stage, behind the scenes."

"Aint you ashamed?" she said. "Oh, aint you ashamed of yourself!"

He did not answer. What need? For clearly he was not.

# The United States Livery

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "The Persistent Type," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. POTTER

IT would not have been so bad if Frederick Mason had ever in his life worn a collar either a fraction of an inch too high or a fraction of an inch too low; if he hadn't had his shoes made at a special place; if, indeed, he had ever committed, during his youth, any one of those little solecisms of the kind that a boy might commit who had to find his own way around the world of clothes.

That he had done this unconsciously and unthinkingly didn't make matters better, for unconventional as he might have been in other things, he yet suffered acutely at the sight of fellows who wore what Frederick termed "Hoboken collars." When his friends reasoned with him and tried to make him realize that the wrong kind of waistcoat might conceal the right kind of heart, he agreed, but added further that there was something wrong with a man who grew up and still continued to wear green-looking clothes. Shabbiness, he explained, was all right; he could stand a chap whose clothes were falling off him; he could admire and love a man who was never seen except in ignominious trousers and a sweater—that was Character, but the chap who tried to dress up and did it wrong was not only a stupid ass but lacked delicacy of the spirit.

Chance and pull combined with a desire for a prolonged residence abroad had given Frederick the post of Vice-Consul in Florence. It had all been done with the turn of a hand; the Senator who had appointed the Consul was Frederick's maternal uncle. The idea of being Vice-Consul struck Frederick as quaint, and while the position of Vice-Consul in Florence is no sinecure, Frederick, al-

though a lily of the field, was not averse to toil.

His chief, a blonde and childish individual, who masked an executive disposition under a singularly frank and boyish smile, and his efficiency by a frivolous manner, encouraged Frederick in the belief that he was the whole thing; thus Frederick settled down to his work with a keen appetite for it and also with great amusement at the passing show.

When able-bodied ladies with many offspring in attendance came and demanded that the Consul lead them by the hand to a good boys' school, Frederick's chief swore softly and melodiously. His former position had been on the North coast of Africa where the Consul is a Consul and where affairs of life and death come into his hands. Having played god from the machine for some few years—albeit frivolously—it didn't amuse him to be treated by his country-women as a sort of superior Cook's Agency. But it amused Frederick, and moreover, attending mothers who sought circulating libraries or boarding places or wanted to know when trains left, were many pretty girls, so that the first months of office life stretched fair before him—fair and most diverting. Also, life had its poignant moments, for Frederick, under the eyes of the Consul's wife, carried on a muffled flirtation with her niece, Lillian Breckenbridge.

Lillian was beautiful, had money, and it was her manifest destiny, if not to marry a titled Italian, to raise the hopes of several, thereby aiding materially the social aspirations of her aunt, though "social aspirations" isn't exactly the term for Mrs. Breckenbridge's penchant for titles; a "collector" would be a juster

term for her. They amused her; she didn't respect them. She knew to the fraction of an inch their worthlessness, but as a superior mind may smile at its own weaknesses and yet indulge itself in them, thus did she. And as for Lillian's attitude, no one knew what that was, being, as she was, an elusive, still-eyed girl, her heart a lovely, somber mirror in which the men who tried to look into it found their own faces reflected. Frederick had already gotten to that interesting place where he told himself he must not fall in love with her.

One morning, without a thought of guile in his heart, without a premonition of brooding trouble, Frederick took his position at his desk. His chief came in arrayed in clothes suitable for a prolonged trip in a touring-car. He turned a guileless and friendly eye on Frederick:

"By-by, my boy," he said. "I'm off! Business! It was written in the book of Fate that to-day I should see Lucca—perhaps Pisa."

Frederick had already learned to suspect this flippancy of manner in his chief and turned a weary eye upon him.

"Yes," he continued speculatively, smiling upon his colleague with a smile of boyish candor, "yes, the fair cities of the plain call to me. Dress clothes at noon—full dress, mind you, such as I would be forced to wear were I here—irk me, and I'll be hanged if I'll drive in 'em through the streets of Florence at high noon to attend the funeral services of any monarch dead. I've been trying to do my duty, Frederick, my boy—trying to do it all—I've been wrestling with that Delilah of a six-cylinder outside, but when my siren calls I must follow."

This prolonged facetiousness on the part of his chief was getting on Frederick's nerves; he smiled perfusorily.

"You remember what day this is, Frederick?" pursued Mr. Breckenbridge. "It is the day of the funeral services of Edward the Seventh—peace be with him! Were I here, inevitably I must attend those services, representing our Government, dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, my child. I think I have a provin-

cial streak in me, Frederick, that will never become accustomed to wearing evening clothes at high noon. You—you are young—you can learn. I will leave the representing of our Government to you." He nodded to Frederick lightly, smiled his boyish, trusting smile—Frederick would have liked to throw an ink-bottle into it—and paused at the door:

"Have you ever worn evening clothes in the daytime, my Frederick?" he inquired gently. "No? Well, you have a new sensation before you. Enjoy it to its full. In this sad world I have found new sensations fewer and farther between as the years go past."

His eye traveled with maddening approval over Frederick's attire—over his irreproachable morning suit, lingered upon his sleeve-buttons, took in the cut of the tan shoes.

"A real sensation," he murmured. "You'll be the only representative of Uncle Sam and the only one there, I dare say, dressed in full evening garb. The others will have uniforms or what not, so on your shirt front alone will the pitiless noonday sun beat down."

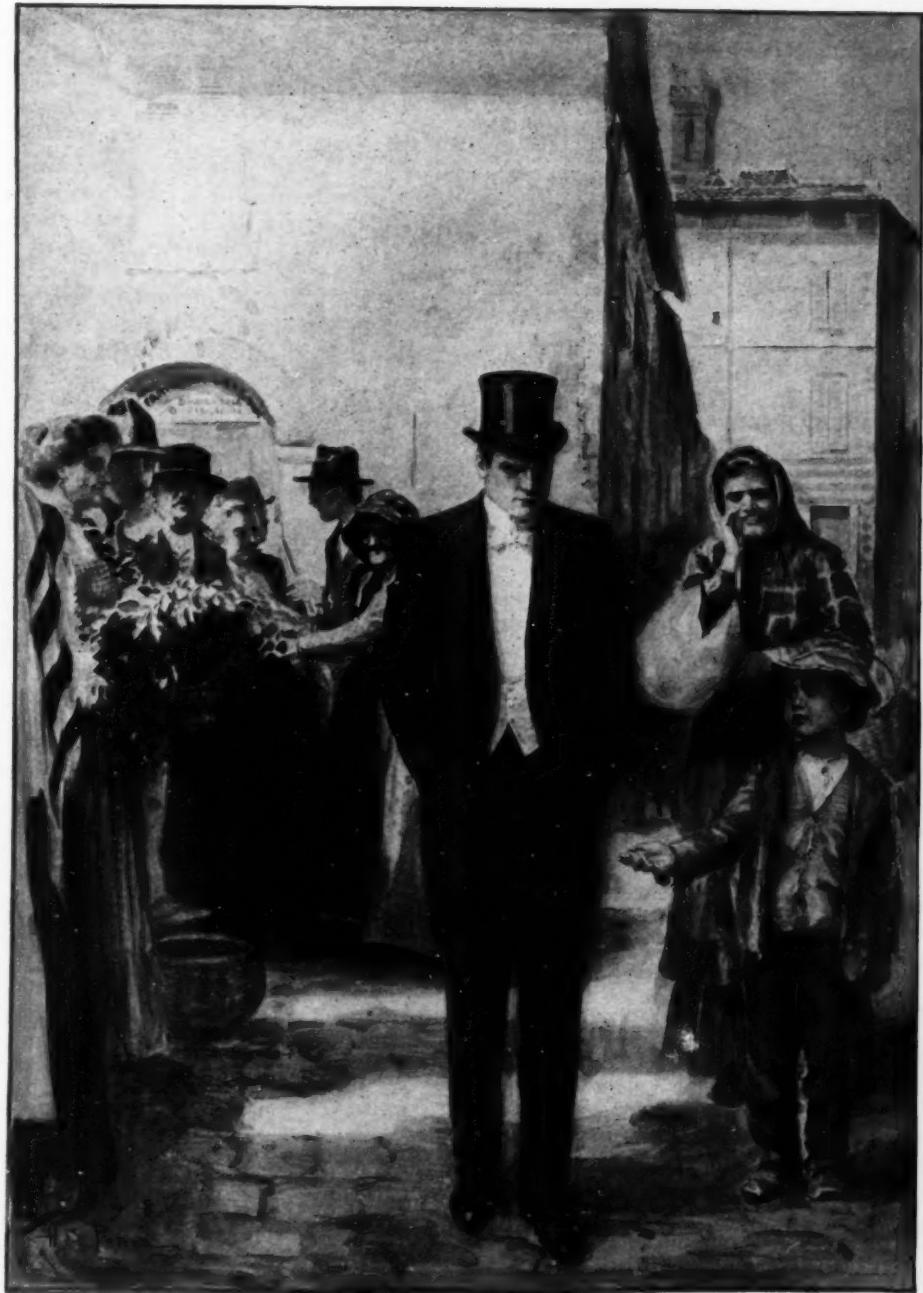
"See here!" cried the wretched Frederick. "Do you think it's kind—do you think it's straight to describe to a man what boiling in oil feels like when he's going to be It?"

"No, Frederick, I don't," returned the other. "My little winning ways get the better of me sometimes. I shall think of you, at Lucca!" He was gone at last.

Frederick was a young man with presence of mind, and his first thought was to have himself conveyed to the church in a closed cab. He sent forth to the private livery where his chief engaged carriages, but it was clear that at that special hour of the day, all closed coupés had vanished from the earth's surface. Open cabs—cabs in which his shame would be flaunted—were innumerable as the sands of the sea, but coupés there were not in all Florence—all engaged!

"I'll have to brazen it out on foot," thought Frederick as he dressed, the bright spring sun of Florence shining mockingly upon him.

There are various sickening forms of



He felt as one does in those ghastly dreams when we suddenly find ourselves in a public and well-dressed assembly clad in the scantiest of garments

shame. One has heard of the emotions of the modest girl who appears first in public in a cruelly décolleté gown; one knows how she shrinks from view. One has heard of the martyrs of the stage who appear for the first time before the footlights in abbreviated costume. We all know the lovely mythological ladies who turned into tree or bush at glances from unwelcome eyes, but all these emotions were insignificant compared with those of Frederick Mason walking along the streets of Florence to attend the funeral services of a king. The old crone who asked for *clymosine* seemed to him to have a cynical twinkle in her eye; tourists stared at him frankly, and a well-dressed young Italian standing at a street-corner, whose gaze happened to have been turned on Frederick, he would have run through them and there had he had anything to run him through with. Shame and fury battled in his breast beneath the fatal expanse of white shirt-front with its faultless buttons.

"My God in heaven! What a country to belong to! What a nation that can expose its servants to such ignominious situations!" he groaned.

He felt as one does in those ghastly dreams that have haunted the nights of most of us, when we suddenly find ourselves in a public and well-dressed assembly, clad in the scantiest of garments and where we search frantically on tables and chairs to discover our missing raiment.

During the services, of which he heard nothing, he argued with himself. He tried philosophy; he perceived his writhings to be unmanly.

"It isn't as though it were my fault," he consoled himself. "It's the fault of that nation of spinach-chinned old Rubes to which I belong! It's the fault of the plain people! It's the fault of that old, dead Dodo—"

He salved his wounded spirits by telling himself that he was some one else, that he was in disguise, and by the time the service was over, he had soared to philosophical heights that made him come to the resolve—and this will show you of what stern stuff he was really

made—that instead of sneaking pusillanimously to his rooms, he would walk broadly through the streets—a modern Lady Godiva, performing his little feat of obscure heroism, not for the sake of a city, but for the strength of his own soul.

That was why we find him lingering on the Ponte Trinità. He no longer noted the curious gaze of the bystanders. A strange aloofness from his own personality seemed to have seized him and he drowned himself in its elusive oblivion.

Then he realized that two ladies were staring at him. One was a little, fussy, elderly lady, the type of woman that naturally wears all the wrong clothes at the same time. The far-off consciousness of Frederick noted that she wore fringe on her clothes where there should have been none, that knobs of jet adorned a garment which he vaguely called to himself a "dolman," though not knowing exactly what a dolman was, and that the feathers of her bonnet—she wore a bonnet—were poised at such an angle that they quivered at every passing motion. These absurd, little feathers, shaking nervously, seemed like the barometer of the wearer's spirit.

But the girl with her! A lovely thing, youth incarnate—blonde youth of the Botticelli type, made divinely pretty. Laughing innocence was in her blue eyes. Frederick could see that, even from the heights of spiritual isolation where he now stood, and although the eyes were troubled and perplexed for the moment.

They stood at some paces from him, but the wind carried their words to him distinctly. The girl was saying:

"Are you sure he's one, Aunt Martha?"

"Why, of course I'm sure, child," the little lady replied, her feathers shaking. "Dress clothes in the middle of the day, Paula! What else?"

"But he looks nice," the girl objected.

"Is there any reason why a waiter shouldn't look nice?" returned the older woman with severity. "How snobbish, Paula! Some of the handsomest men I have seen in Europe are waiters. They

pick them out for the best families, no doubt."

"But to go up to a strange waiter, Aunt Martha—"

"Whoever we have will have to be strange," rejoined the older lady with querulous sharpness. "It's no time for hesitation. The worst he can do is to refuse."

Fascinated, Frederick stood rooted to the spot. He knew to the last inch of cloth the wide gulf that stretched between his immaculate evening clothes and those of the best-dressed waiter that ever turned out an open bottle; he knew the thousand and one little differences of his toilet, but there was no doubt about it, that was what they thought he was. And all of a sudden youth and humor came to his aid and it was as if his whole spirit were filled with loud and uproarious laughter. Fate had flung down the glove to him and he accepted the challenge. With mirth in his heart of the kind that makes strong men double up weakly and weak women cry tears of joy, he decided to act the part for which Fate, the Day and a glorious Republic had cast him.

Meantime the ladies had approached him and the elder one was saying in Italian:

"I beg your pardon—Are you a waiter?"

Frederick removed his hat with the obsequious briskness that he had observed in servants of the class of which he was supposed to be.

"I told you so, Paula," the older lady said.

Paula was regarding him thoughtfully, speculatively, with the puzzled air of one who tries to catch some memory that is escaping.

"We are in trouble," the older lady went on. "We are giving a ladies' lunch to-day, and our *major domo* left suddenly. You see," she continued—unnecessarily, Frederick thought—"his wife ran away and he ran after her. Do you know of another waiter not engaged for this hour? Just for a few hours—just for a few hours!" The old lady's feathers quivered convulsively.

Here the girl added gently:

"This luncheon means a great deal to us—a great deal."

"We would give anything—pay any price in reason," the older woman said. There was a sort of suppressed anguish in her tone that found its echo in the troubled look in the girl's eyes. She was undoubtedly lovely; her gravity was adorable. And while he was touched for a moment, inner laughter again echoed through him.

Adventure, grotesquely garbed, but still adventure, had come forth and beckoned to the youth in him. Besides, there was something in the girl that played in his heart a melody that he had not heard before. It wasn't only her pretty looks or her soft voice, her modest bearing—she beckoned him mysteriously and irresistibly, spoke to the depths of him. It was as if his heart had always known her and yet known her without meeting her, and to his imagination, already excited by the morning strain, it seemed that unless he embraced this situation, time and space that had kept her actual visible presence from him so long would again close the door on him. Something within him argued whimsically, "A man can't, you know, put on dress clothes in the middle of the day to no purpose. It must have some meaning." This girl, then, was the meaning. He must follow her. And he found himself murmuring:

"If I could be of service—"

"Oh, would you?" cried the older lady. Relief spoke in her face as if he had offered her a reprieve from death.

So in silence they walked together, retracing their steps to the left bank of the river. The baser part of Frederick's brain murmured to him consolingly that it was impossible that this little old lady in her dolman and quivering feathers should know any of the birds of Paradise to whom he had been presented by Mrs. Breckenbridge. Presently he found himself going up many stone steps to the top floor of an old palace and into a cool and spacious apartment. A frightened maid opened the door.

"No one has yet come, Nina?" the old lady asked.

"Signora, no. Thank God, no one!"



The girl sat down in one of the high backed chairs and turned her face to the wall

She was evidently in a state of panic, and at the sight of Frederick, cried: "You have one then, Signora? Praise be to the Madonna! I could not have done it—never, never! And Orestes left, breaking all as he went, a knife in his pocket, screaming with rage— No, I never could have done it!"

"I'll stay here in case anyone arrives early," the older lady said, removing her bonnet and dolman, "and Paula, you

take—" She hesitated for the name. Frederick supplied it. "Take Frederick to the kitchen and show him things. You know all about it. I never could learn the hang of elaborate courses."

As one in a dream Frederick followed to the kitchen, where a capable-looking woman was putting the finishing touches on various dishes. Without stopping her business she addressed him in a voluble Italian, telling him of the sudden and

dramatic evacuation of the *major domo*. Meanwhile Paula, a vision in pale green, moved smoothly back and forth, explaining to him the wines and the menu and the position of the silver, and the older woman, who hadn't been able to keep to her original purpose of remaining in the drawing-room, hopped about, making comments in English on Frederick's appearance and manner, which embarrassed him sorely and made him feel as if he were listening at a keyhole. And noticing that he didn't understand all of her niece's fluent Italian—

"Are you German?" she asked him.

This was the final blow to Frederick's vanity.

"Or French?" she supplemented, for Frederick was dark.

"South German," he lied nimbly.

He was in the little butler's pantry busying himself with his duties when he heard the voice of the cook raised in a sibilant whisper.

"Signora," she said, "we don't know who he is. Watch him carefully. Me—I like not the looks he gives our Signorina. There's something I don't understand about him."

"You are a fool," replied the older woman sharply. "I am sure he has served in the very best families."

"But, Signora," the cook explained, "*camereras* who have served in the very best families don't look at Signorinas as he looks."

Here there was a tinkle of a bell; the first guest was arriving. The bell tinkled again, and a third time, and the voices of ladies were heard rising and falling—American voices and Italian voices—in the feminine chatter which is unrestrained by the presence of the male.

Paula was still explaining to him the whereabouts of everything. It gave him a curious little sense of intimacy to be talking about plates, the sequence of courses and small household matters. What would she think when she found out what he had done for her sake? Lillian Breckenbridge would have thought him grotesque. Thank God, this girl looked as though she had no sense of humor! She would think that the days of chivalry were not yet dead. There

were more ways of being Sir Walter Raleigh than one. Perhaps the fate that had brought them together would separate them, but he would always carry her face in his heart—a memory of the pureness of Spring!

His dreams were broken in upon by a fourth tinkle of the bell and the voices of other feminine arrivals—voices that sent a strange chill up the backbone of Frederick Mason, voices with a familiar ring. And now the axe fell as Paula said, as tranquilly as though she were not severing his head from his body—said it as though she were speaking to herself:

"That must be Mrs. Breckenbridge and her niece; I must go to them."

She moved to the door. And here, in English, Frederick cried:

"Stop!"

She turned and faced him, her eyes open wide with surprise and something of almost terror in her face, and Frederick heard his voice saying these absurd words:

"I am not what you think I am!"

Then, seeing the look of distress that crossed her face, he continued in a more natural tone:

"What I am is the fool of the ages! I am not a waiter; I am Mason, the Vice-Consul!"

And here, to Frederick's horror and dismay, the girl sat down in one of the high-backed chairs and turned her face to the wall and he saw her shoulders shaking—whether with laughter or tears he didn't know; he dreaded one as much as the other. Then, in that awful moment, he saw exactly the picture he made, as clearly as that of a cinematograph across a wall; he saw exactly how his conduct would appear in the eyes of Lillian and her aunt, and—worse still—in those of his chief. He ground his teeth and called upon Heaven to curse him for an ass. He didn't mind—oh! he didn't mind, not in the least, the outraged dignity of the American Republic; it served it right for sending its servants forth dressed like waiters in the middle of the day! In his mind's eye he mentally put his thumb at his nose towards the whole vast expanse of our Republic; no man wants to be laughed at. He thought

of his chief and his facetiousness. If only Breckenbridge would be angry at him! But he knew very well Breckenbridge wouldn't be angry, and that this would only lend wings to his wit. He knew—and for the first time, feared—Lillian's sense of humor. Who would wish to be caught waiting on table for obscure Americans before a girl with whom one has had a flirtation of the most subtle kind? And does one wish to be seen in a ridiculous position by a lady of Mrs. Breckenbridge's elegance? One doesn't, if one is twenty-five and of the temperament that leads one to seek the height of perfection in one's garments. Oh, no, one doesn't!

The girl's emotion, were it laughter or tears, was only momentary. She turned around and faced him:

"What is to be done?" she asked him. "It is most important, you know. Mrs. Breckenbridge's coming means everything to us. I give monologues—we are awfully poor." She brought it out with difficulty. "If she takes me up, why it means everything to us!"

Frederick's face darkened. Oh, the horrors of this world—that Mrs. Breckenbridge, worldly and cynical, should have it in her power to make or unmake this Springtime creature! That Lillian and her aunt would sit there and listen and criticise and perhaps laugh and be able to make or unmake her destiny! And this child's peace of mind during the luncheon would make her do well or ill! He decried his first cowardly impulse, and now he saw he would have to face it out.

Here Paula's aunt came in.

"My dear," she began, "Mrs. Breckenbridge—" Then she stopped and looked from her niece to Frederick and back again and exclaimed in English:

"What is it? Oh, what is it?"

And this little cry more than Paula's halting explanation gave Frederick a vision of how much, indeed, this luncheon meant to these women. He felt it a thing unbearable that anything as sweet and lovely as Paula need recite monologues in Florentine parlors to be gaped at and stared at and criticised. But Paula was explaining to her aunt.

Frederick's mind hadn't jumped at any solution, but the old lady now spoke with a decision that he wouldn't have expected of her:

"You have put us into a most terrible position," she said accusingly. "We might have had time to find a real waiter. Our whole"—she choked—"future depends on this luncheon. You have got to see us through! There's got to be some kind of a disguise!"

"Disguise!" murmured poor Frederick.

"Certainly," said the lady, "disguise! If your face were blackened—"

"I should prefer walnut juice," said Frederick miserably. "Don't they always put on walnut juice?"

"Young man," cried the old lady, "this is no time for flippancy! There's not everything in this house for a disguise; there's stove-blacking and there's shoe-blacking, but I am afraid they might come off on the dishes—"

"Don't you think," asked Frederick, "that asking me to become a colored waiter is a good deal?"

But the little lady gave a cry of despair.

"You have done this for a joke. I don't know why you've done it, but you don't know what we have suffered and how we have plotted and planned—it isn't a bit like us to do this sort of thing, but you don't know the sort of humiliation women have to go through, who get their living in this way. And now just for the whim of a light-minded, unpractical young joker we must go to the wall—we must starve! Wait as you are and explain afterwards, if you choose—though I prefer to have a real waiter!"

Here Paula gave a cry of triumph:

"I know!" she exclaimed, "my water-colors!"

"Be quick, Paula!" her aunt warned. "The Marchesa is sure to be late; you'll have just time!"

Deftly and with practiced hand Paula transformed Frederick Mason into a young mulatto and left him to battle with his own stage fright as he announced luncheon.

Now, colored persons in Florence are an uncommon sight. No one would have



With practiced hand Paula transformed Frederick Mason into a young mulatto

glanced at him with a white skin. As it was, Mrs. Breckenbridge turned to her niece:

"What an extraordinary resemblance!" she said. "Where did you find him, Mrs. Carleton?"

And here he was to see a new Paula—a Paula very much pulled together, a Paula that could earn money by mimicry and monologue.

"He's an Algerian," she lied with cheerful swiftness, "lent to us by a friend. Our own *major domo* departed suddenly." And then with a most astonishing play of feature she gave the little

drama of the dramatic departure of Orestes.

"Still," said Mrs. Breckenbridge, "don't you think, Lillian, he looks most astonishingly like young Mason?"

Lillian's light glance brushed Frederick's face with indifferent gaze.

"I think he looks more intelligent," said the perfidious creature. "He's got a look of Oriental subtlety about him and poor Frederick, you know well, has a heavy hand—but he's a good boy."

"Yes, a good boy," said Mrs. Breckenbridge, "and very useful."

"You don't have him for hours at a

time," said Lillian. "As for me, I prefer this Arab. You never know what Orientals are thinking about, and as for Freddy Mason, you always know beforehand." Lillian's voice was tinged with deep sadness.

"He's a good, useful boy," Mrs. Breckenbridge repeated.

Thus they disposed of Frederick Mason, whose eyes scanned Paula's face. No hint of laughter was there; he blessed her.

"Useful!" Certainly he was that! And having been so disposed of, he sank into the oblivion of waiters and servants and moved back and forth in the room as though encased in an invisible mantle, as far as being noticed by any of the ladies, but an invisible mantle that had a fiery lining, for he burned with rage and indignation: what did Paula think, and did she laugh, and did she think him stupid? He meditated thus as he washed the paint from his face and made his escape while she was still reciting. He

hurried to his house, dressed himself with care, spurning from him the garments of his humiliation. Before he was arrayed a note came to him, borne by Nina, the little frightened maid. It read:

Come back as soon as you can, so that my aunt and I may thank you.

He found her alone in the big room. Her face was flushed, the happiness of triumph in her eyes. He had no need to ask her how the recitations had gone. Impulsively she threw out both hands to him.

"You were splendid," she told him. "If I could act like that! But why—why did you do it in the beginning, and why did you stay?"

Frederick's eyes burned hers; he pressed one of her hands to his lips.

"You ought to know why it was," he told her. "There was just one reason." What else could he say? There are some situations for which there is only one way out.

## Aunt Coruna

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

*Author of "The Whiggin," "The Snuffle Sneeze," etc.*

WHEN Mr. Fanning had had a properly solid chimney built on his made-by-the-contractor suburban house, to replace the one that had fallen and had had the shingle roof ripped off and a new and water-proof one put on, he began to feel that his house, into which he had moved after long years of flat life in the city, was fit to live in. Sometimes a whole day passed without anything happening to the house. It was at the close of one such day that he suggested to Mrs. Fanning that it would be a good time to invite Aunt Coruna for a visit.

"With all her faults," he said, "Aunt Coruna is my only living family connection, and I owe her some attention. Aunt Coruna has always had a poor

opinion of me, and I think it would be a surprise to her to visit us and find me the owner of a handsome, substantial house like—"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the Snuffle-sneeze (so they called their maid) as she poked her head in at the door, "but I've just been down cellar, and seems like a strip of cellar floor is sinkin' down out of sight. Of course, sir, it aint none of my business what cellar floors does, but I aim to do my duty, and when a cellar floor begins sinkin'—"

"All right, Ardelia," said Mr. Fanning, "I'll go down."

"That floor," he said to Mrs. Fanning when he returned, "is sagging in the middle. It has sunk about a foot, and I don't know why. But I don't care. Let

her sink. As I was saying, when Aunt Coruna sees that I am the owner of a handsome, substantial house like this, she will change her opinion of me."

"And leave some of her money to you, George," said Mrs. Fanning hopefully, "instead of leaving it all to the Home for Friendless Maltese Cats, as she threatened."

"Well, I do think that a man that buys a house like this needs legacies quite as much as Maltese Cats need them," said Mr. Fanning. "A house like this is a constant expense, but I think if I spend a couple of hundred on it next week, and have Aunt Coruna come the week after, the house may behave until she leaves."

"But, George," said Mrs. Fanning, "Aunt Coruna hates babies."

"You will go away for a week with the baby," said Mr. Fanning. "That will be my reason for inviting her. I'll write that you are going for a visit, and that I need a woman's presence—all that sort of thing. It ought to appeal to Aunt Coruna, don't you think? She likes to boss things."

"But what about the Snuffle-sneeze? Aunt Coruna detests any one that sniffles."

"You will take Ardelia with you," said Mr. Fanning.

"Very well," said Mrs. Fanninng, with a sigh. "But there is one thing you had better consider, George. Aunt Coruna cannot exist without her hot bath every morning, and the water-back of the range broke yesterday. You must have it fixed, and you must get up every morning at four and start the range fire, so Aunt Coruna can have plenty of hot water when she gets up at six."

"Humph!" said Mr. Fanning glumly. "A built-by-the-contractor house—" Suddenly he brightened. "I know what I'll do!" he exclaimed. "I ought to do it anyway. I'll have one of those new gas water-heaters put in. One of those that begin heating the water steaming hot the instant you turn the faucet. It is a shame to make Ardelia perspire over a coal range this hot weather, anyway. I'll have a gas range and one of those gas heaters—"

"Don't they cost quite a little?" asked Mrs. Fanning.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Fanning gently, "when you consider what a huge sum Aunt Coruna can leave to the Maltese Cats, and that a mere fraction of it would be far more than this whole house cost us, or ever will cost us, you should not mind a little thing like a gas range and a water-heater."

So Mrs. Fanning and the baby and the Snuffle-sneeze went to the sea-shore for a week, and Aunt Coruna came. It was easy to see she was impressed.

"George Fanning," she said, when she had seen the neatly cut lawn and the newly papered rooms and the erect, substantial chimney and the crisp, fresh roof, "I always said you were a reckless, careless ne'er-do-well, but I am inclined to change my mind. And your care in choosing a well-built house is what makes me think you must have changed. I shall have a little money to leave when I die, George, and I'll leave it in safe hands. I'll say no more. Has this house got a cellar?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Fanning enthusiastically. "Wouldn't you like to see it?"

He dreaded the moment when Aunt Coruna took a look at the sway-backed cellar floor, but she was not inclined to go down cellar.

"No," she said. "It is probably as first-class as the rest of the house. Houses without cellars are damp. You get colds in 'em. What kind of neighbors have you?"

"Next door we have Mrs. Whiggin-Plipp," said George. "I suppose you know all about the Whiggins, and the Plipps. The Whiggins are our oldest family. She was a Whiggin, and she married a Plipp. The Plipps are also one of our oldest families."

"Humph!" said Aunt Coruna, evidently pleased. "What's that affair?"

They were in the kitchen, and she pointed to the water-heater Mr. Fanning had just had installed. He explained it.

"So you see, Aunt Coruna," he said merrily, "we have every convenience. Indeed, yes! You can have your hot bath

every morning. Porcelain bath-tub—open plumbing—all that sort of thing."

He led her to the upper floor and showed her the immaculately neat built-by-the-contractor bath-room.

"Tiled floor," he enumerated glibly, "tiled walls, marble basin, and—no, that door doesn't close very easily, Aunt Coruna. You must give it quite a push. You see, in this damp, sea-air climate we have on Long Island, wood swells at first. All the doors swell. Then we have them planed off. I'll have that done to-morrow. I've been waiting until that door was fully swelled."

He got down on his knees and examined the door critically.

"Yes," he said, "that door is fully swelled now. I can have it planed. You see," he said eagerly, "after they have swelled, and have been planed off, they never bother us any more."

"Humph!" said Aunt Coruna suspiciously.

"Now, there is just one thing," said Mr. Fanning merrily, "I must tell you, Aunt Coruna. This house is on such high ground—I looked out for that, there is no malaria on high ground—that we don't get very strong pressure of water through the pipes. Ah—you see, on the second floor we don't get quite enough to have both faucets run at once. It is quite immaterial. But if the hot water is turned on full the cold water won't run, and *vice versa*, Aunt Coruna. So, if you want it mixed, you turn the hot on part way, and the cold on part way. Ah—now, this is your bed-room—"

He hurried Aunt Coruna away from the bath-room.

On the whole Aunt Coruna seemed deeply impressed. Certainly George Fanning had become a different man. Instead of the careless, thriftless fellow who would buy the first thing that came to hand, he had developed into a careful, thrifty husband—a man it would be safe to leave a snug sum of money to.

That evening, while Aunt Coruna and George were sitting on the porch he saw the Whiggin-Plipp approaching. He knew that in three minutes of her usual conversation Mrs. Whiggin-Plipp would recite all the faults of the contract-built

house, all the mortgages and liens that rested on the property, and all the bad points of the neighborhood. He excused himself hastily and headed the Whiggin-Plipp away from the gate. There was but one way to do it. He told her about the sinking cellar floor, and he felt sure she would offer to see some Whiggin or some Plipp who made a specialty of repairing sunken cellar floors. He was right.

"I'll see Jonas Plipp at once," she said. "He married Ann Mary Goshen, who was a Ragbody before she married Oronto Goshen, and her father, Samuel J. Ragbody, was the first man in Westcote to do cement work. Many a cellar floor he had sink after he got it done, and Oronto Goshen inherited the business, and died of liquor, and Jonas Plipp married the business just as it stood, widow and all. He'll be up in the morning, first thing, or my name is not Whiggin, although he's marrying his third wife to-night. I wasn't invited to the wedding, but business is business, and I feel it my duty to tell him about that cellar floor, at the altar or elsewhere."

That got rid of her, and Aunt Coruna being weary after her trip, prepared to retire early. Mr. Fanning offered to assist her upstairs, but she said she was quite capable of finding her own way, and he sank back into his chair with a sigh of satisfaction, and lighted a cigar. For quite a while he sat there, watching the moonlight on the maple trees (the trees were about ten feet tall) when suddenly, between the chirping of a cricket and the shrilling of a locust, he thought he heard his name called.

"Imagination," he said, and smoked on, smiling to himself over the conquest of Aunt Coruna, when he did hear his name. There was no mistaking it, and it was followed by a sudden and violent pounding on a door inside the house. He sprang from his chair just in time to hear a shriek, and he went up the stairs five steps at a time. Aunt Coruna was in the bath-room.

"Don't come in! Don't come in!" she cried.

"No! No! I wont!" he shouted. "What is it? What is the matter?"

"Don't come in!" she cried again. "My bath robe is soaked and boiling. I'll be murdered."

"Now, now!" said Mr. Fanning, reassuringly. "It is all right, Aunt Coruna. Did something frighten you?"

"I can't get that door open, that's one thing that's the matter," said Aunt Coruna bitterly.

"I'll open it," said George. "I'll push it open, with my eyes shut. Shall I, Aunt Coruna?"

He did not await an answer, but threw his full weight against the door, turning the knob as he did so. The door did not budge. He tried again and again.

"Aunt Coruna," he said at last, as calmly as he could, "I think the reason I cannot open the door is because you have it bolted on the inside. If you will slide the bolt back—"

"How can I slide that bolt back from where I am?" asked Aunt Coruna sharply. "A pretty thing to ask me, and me sitting cross-legged atop of the wash-basin, George Fanning; and being steam-b'iled to death this minute. Don't stand there like a fool, George Fanning. You don't suppose a woman of my age is sitting atop a wash-hand basin, four feet from the floor, for pleasure, do you?"

"Now, Aunt Coruna," said Mr. Fanning, "just tell me, as calmly as you can, what happened."

"I'll tell you, George Fanning," said Aunt Coruna angrily, "and this will be a blessed night if I get out of here alive and not b'iled until the meat drops from my bones. I come in here in my bath-robe, and I slammed the door, and I bolted it. Then I turned on half hot and half cold, like you said to do."

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Fanning eagerly. His hand could feel the heat through the door. It must have been very hot in the bath-room. He could imagine his tall, haughty aunt, perched on the marble hand basin, gasping in the steam. He could hear her gasp.

"And all at once the cold stopped running, and the bits of red-rubber washer came out of the hot water faucet, and the hot came out full stream."

Aunt Coruna's voice was full of un-

repressed indignation. Mr. Fanning could not help grinning.

"Why didn't you pull the stopper out of the tub, Aunt Coruna?" he asked.

"Stopper? Do you think I'm a fool, George Fanning?" she asked angrily. "I pulled the stopper out of the tub, and little good it did. Do you mean to leave me here until the water comes up to my neck? Do you mean me to be b'iled to death?"

George Fanning stopped grinning. In an instant he saw what had happened. The sinking of the cellar floor had broken the drain pipe, and had stopped it. The water could not run out of the tub!

"Aunt Coruna," he said, "is the water running over the side of the tub?"

"Over the side of the tub?" she said angrily. "It's three feet deep on the floor of this bath-room and rising every minute, and one foot more and it'll be scalding my feet, and you stand there and talk to me."

"Howdy do!" said a voice in the hall below. "Jonas Plipp wont come to-morrow, because the old idjit has gone on a wedding tour—"

It was the Whiggin-Plipp. Mr. Fanning dashed down the stairs.

"My aunt is in the bath-room," he gasped, "and she's being boiled in hot water—"

"Why don't she open the door and come out, like any sane pussin would do?" asked Mrs. Whiggin-Plipp calmly. "I was late for the weddin'—"

"Auntie is on the wash-hand stand, and the door is bolted and she can't reach the bolt," said Mr. Fanning. "Where is the what-you-call-it you turn off the water with?"

"It's in the left-hand corner of the coal bin—"

Mr. Fanning groaned, but he made a dash for the cellar. The left-hand corner of the coal bin was the far corner of it, and he had just had his full supply of winter coal put into that bin, because the coal rates were low in summer. He shed his coat and vest as he flew down the cellar steps, and grasped his coal scoop as he crossed the cellar. With the haste and energy of a man saving a life he

began shoveling the coal out upon the floor of the cellar. The perspiration ran down his face, coal dust stained it. There were fourteen tons of hard coal piled on top of the shut-off valve, and boiling water rising toward Aunt Coruna, inch by inch, as he worked. Suddenly the awful thought came to him that he could never reach the valve in time to save Aunt Coruna. As he threw down the scoop an inspiration came to him. From her perch on the wash-hand stand Aunt Coruna could reach the bath-room window, and the bath-room window was low. If she opened it the water would run out of the window. In the meantime he would bore holes in the lower panel of the door and let the water run out of the bath-room. On his way up he seized his brace and bit.

At the door of the bath-room he paused a moment in fear. Mrs. Whiggin-Plipp was gone, and no sound came from the bath-room. Had the Whiggin-Plipp gone for some Whiggin plumber, or Plipp locksmith? No matter, but what had happened to Aunt Coruna? Had she suffocated and fallen off her perch into the boiling bath-room? He shouted her name, but she did not answer. With frenzy he began boring holes in the door. The hot water spurted through hole after hole, and ran into the hall, falling between the balustrade into the hall below in miniature cataracts. Then he grasped a chair and battered at the door. The fore legs of the chair fell off, a panel of the door caved in, then—Thank heaven! The bolt gave way and the door flew open. Mr. Fanning dashed into the room. Aunt Coruna was not there!

The water—it was cold to his feet—still ran over the rim of the bath-tub and splashed on the tiled floor, but the window of the bath-room was open. Had Aunt Coruna thrown herself out in an agony of fear? Mr. Fanning walked to the window. Then he remembered that the kitchen roof, tinned and flat, was just on a level with the bath-room window, and that Aunt Coruna's room opened on the same roof, and that it was but a short

step from the wash-hand stand to the bath-room window. No doubt, the Whiggin-Plipp had assisted Aunt Coruna out of the window and into her own room. But where were they now?

Voces below told him where they were.

"You go right upstairs, Ebenezer," said the voice of the Whiggin-Plipp, "and get the trunk out of the first room to the left at the top of the stairs."

"Oh, Mrs. Whiggin-Plipp," said Aunt Coruna, "I feel like you had saved my life! Never would I have thought to be in a hot box like that bath-room was."

"Humph!" said the Whiggin-Plipp. "Boiled to death in a bath-room aint the worst you can expect in a built-by-the-contractor house. Lucky if the house don't fall down on you in the night, or the walls cave in. This house was skimped from cellar to attic, and nothing but the paint holds it together, and I ought to know, for I hold the underlying mortgage—"

"Is this house mortgaged?" asked Aunt Coruna sternly.

"Mortgaged!" exclaimed the Whiggin-Plipp. "Well, I hold the first mortgage, and the contract-builder has a lien, and the owner holds a third mortgage, and I'll be lucky if the thing don't fall down before—"

"Mrs. Whiggin-Plipp," said Aunt Coruna, "have you ever been interested in the Home for Friendless Maltese Cats? I'm going to leave all my money to it. Let's step outside. I don't want this house to fall on me—"

Ebenezer Whiggin had reached the head of the stairs. He glanced into the bath-room and stood a minute looking at the water splash over the side of the tub. Then he went into Aunt Coruna's room and shouldered her trunk. But he did not see Mr. Fanning. Mr. Fanning had tip-toed up the attic stairs. He did not care to bid Aunt Coruna *adieu* from his built-by-the-contractor home. And only after Ebenezer had gone, and the Whiggin-Plipp had gone, and Aunt Coruna had gone, did he wonder why he had not shut off the water where it enters the water-heater.



"We are— How say they here? We are in the same boat!"

## The Recruit

BY ETHEL TRAIN

Author of "Son," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER

HERR AMSLER opened the door softly, and shut it behind him with unusual deliberation.

On the center-table with its white cover of crocheted lace, the lamp was burning; beside it sat Frau Amsler, knitting. The table cover, the cushions on the sofa, the tides on the chairs—in fact, all the comforts, the little luxuries placed about here and there in the tiny flat, had been wrought by her hands. Herr Amsler's glance fell on the bit of worsted embroidery carefully framed and hung on the wall—a cherished me-

mento of that far distant girlhood of which the two sometimes spoke in hushed voices, as aging people will.

"*Nu, Brautchen!*" he greeted her as he came into the room. He always said "Brautchen," when, on a more than ordinarily trying day, he had become impatient for the hour of meeting. After ten years in his adopted country his English was still elementary, for he spoke German both at work and at home.

In response to his greeting his wife laid her knitting on the table, and, looking up with her beaming smile, allowed

herself the luxury of folding her hands in her lap. They spoke peace, those still, clasped hands: this was his evening benediction.

"*Geh!*" she said to him in her rich contralto. "You come with that word forty years too late."

"*Doch nicht!*" he protested, and without removing his overcoat, drew a chair toward her and sat down.

"But take it then off!" she cried, with the rising inflection of expostulation. "In all these years have you nothing learned of care? It is hot in the room."

He got up obediently, and she, following more slowly by reason of her greater weight, took a firm hold on the frayed velvet collar and helped him.

"It is not more good enough," she said, after a critical survey of the shabby garment. "Next week, when the money comes, must you have a new one."

"*Ach, was!*" he retorted, trying to speak angrily. "One could think I was a prince! The coat is even now good—so warm as ever. Years lasts it yet."

She did not see the shadow in his eyes, the just perceptible line of care between his brows. She was fully occupied in arranging herself once more in her rocker. Stealthily she took up her knitting.

"But no!" he said, pleadingly, patting her swiftly moving hands with soothing fingers. "Please not yet!"

In the bend of his shoulders as he leaned toward her there was an irresistible boyishness that never failed of its appeal.

"Foolish thing!" she said, and let him take her stocking away from her, holding it humbly between his hands.

In the pause that ensued, both were thinking of the past, she with tranquillity, he with anguish so poignant that he felt she could not but guess it from the shaking of his fingers as they toyed with the coarse wool. He was living through a terrible moment as he sat there quietly beside her. Truth had been the foundation of their relations—truth in every detail. The inevitable result had been a joint life so rich in confidence and companionship that worry and disappointments had barely ruffled the surface of it. But now had come a

cataclysm. In a few seconds, if all was to continue as it had been between them, she must receive a crushing blow, dealt by him. Truth at all costs; without it, he could not continue to live.

"Maddelena," he began, trembling.

She looked up. "How went, then, the day?" she asked.

The sympathetic inquiry, so loving and so commonplace, came to him with a shock. He realized at once that he could not tell her; that he would never tell her. This fact was final, indisputable.

"Never—never—never," groaned his soul. Truth had gone under.

"Good—good," he answered her judicially, and his own words seemed to come from a great distance and penetrate his ears.

"So," she rejoined, gratified.

Early on the following morning, while his wife slept, Herr Amsler stole from her side, made himself a cup of coffee in the little kitchen and went silently out.

In the strictly fireproof passage he hesitated, stopped, turned, and letting himself in again noiselessly with his latch-key walked back into the sitting-room and picked up his violin. No burglar could have used greater caution. Tucking the case under his arm he retraced his steps, shaking his head sorrowfully as he fitted the key and turned it very slowly to avoid a possible click.

Once more he was face to face with the cheerless hall, tiled from top to bottom to meet modern requirements, even of tenants of modest incomes. It looked cold, but felt stifling. Through the narrow elevator-shaft uprose draughts of hot air, heavy with subterranean odors. Herr Amsler hurried, as he always did when he found himself in the public part of the building, and bounded down the slate staircase two steps at a time.

Outside, the morning was clear and blue, a day to make men move briskly on their way to work. Herr Amsler turned up his coat collar and sallied forth. He had progressed about a block when a man who had been loitering in a doorway slunk up to him and began mumbling his formula. "Lost my job,"

the musician made out. Stopping, he laid a hand on the tattered sleeve.

"That is hard for us—*nicht wahr?*" he said.

The man stared while Herr Amsler was fumbling in his pockets, from which he extracted a coin and tendering it gravely, went on:

"I too. We are—How say they here? We are in the same boat. Good luck, comrade."

"That was a brother," he reflected with his little smile, as he went on. "A brother soldier in our army."

He knew that it took all sorts of soldiers to fill the ranks of an army, especially that great army in which he had newly entered—the army of the unemployed. He began to hum a song about a recruit, so cheered did he feel by a moment of companionship, however feeble the companion.

As he had no destination he had plenty of time to think over the events of yesterday.

It could not be denied that his orchestra had begun to run down during the last years of the old director. When the latter had resigned on account of ill health, there had been much curiosity among the men as to his successor. He had come, and at the very first rehearsal had been recognized and welcomed. Here was new blood! Just what had been needed. Herr Amsler, full of excitement and gratification, dreamed of greatness, not for himself, but for the organization. With such a leader, marvels might be accomplished.

Yesterday the director had sent for him, summoned him to his house. He had ascended the steps trustfully, wondering a little, perhaps; no more. Even when the director had begun to speak hurriedly, as soon as he had entered the room, Herr Amsler had feared nothing.

"I did not want to write to you," the director had said. "It is easier to talk things over than to write them."

Herr Amsler had stood waiting patiently, hat in hand, for the things that were so easily said. But nothing had followed this brisk beginning save an awkward silence.

After a while it had come to him,

just what the director meant. He had felt so sorry for him in his embarrassment.

"I understand," he had said, very gently. Then, with a low bow: "Sir, I offer you my resignation."

With much courtesy and hand-shaking the director had accepted. Not a word of explanation had been asked for or volunteered. Herr Amsler had made it very easy for the director.

On the threshold of the room he had stopped and come back, interrupting the latter's moment of relief. "What does he want now?" the director had thought, uncomfortably.

"*Herr Direktor,*" Herr Amsler had said. "If you would not mind to tell them—to please not tell my wife. I should wish her to hear it from me—"

"Is that all?" The director had rejoiced inwardly. And aloud he had promised to bind the men to the utmost secrecy.

It is difficult at sixty to adjust oneself to a fresh point of view. Difficult, but not impossible. Forgetting the crispness of the morning, Herr Amsler lessened his pace and continued his walk lost in thought.

"I am too old—that is it," was his conclusion. "I do not see the score so good as earlier."

He was too fair-minded to falter in his appreciation of his superior's ability—an ability that he could never have emulated, even had the golden opportunity offered. To imagine himself in the position of leader savored of the ludicrous.

"It would not have been a success—my orchestra!" He smiled. He saw it composed of old and young, the able and mediocre, kept on for no better reason than that they had been there before his day. He saw the sale of tickets falling off, the receipts from the box-office decreasing. "So is it better," was his honest decision. "What shall I look for?" was his next query.

The idea of seeking a place in some smaller orchestra he dismissed at once. His shrinking from the mere thought of it was the only evidence of his hurt pride.

In the midst of his perplexities he was suddenly aware of something hard under his arm. He must have put an involuntary pressure upon the violin-case. He drew it out.

"Yes—you!" he said, softly, with half a sigh. "What is with you to make?"

That was the question. An elderly man with an instrument of music under his arm, looking for work, might create a prejudice in the minds of possible employers. It was like a woman with a baby. But it was only for the day that he could relinquish it. At night he must have it back. It was a necessary part of the network of deception in which he had begun to be enmeshed.

"I can board it out, maybe," he thought. But where was a suitable day-nursery to be found for his encumbrance?

As to many another in like puzzling situation, there came to him the idea of the pawn-shop. He left the bright thoroughfare and hastening eastward, chose another avenue where his meditations were interrupted every half-second by the crash of an elevated train. Under the ugly structure it was dark; he could not imagine homes in such a street. Soon his eye caught what it looked for and he entered a low doorway under the bravely flashing sign.

The pawn-broker is an adaptable individual, equal to all demands, surprised by none, and this one readily agreed to give the instrument house-room for a small consideration.

Where now?

Herr Amsler boarded a down-town subway train and alighting at Wall Street, found it in his heart to delight in this, the quainter part of the city, with the delicate spire of Trinity church steeped in sunlight, and the somber gravestones standing in their antiquity. How silent, these tenants, for so many years unmolested possessors of a valuable spot of earth!

Everyone here walked busily, as if anxious to accomplish something. Herr Amsler wistfully observed the hurrying crowd, of whom he so desired to be one. All he asked was a chance to manifest

his energy and good will. So he began his round of the offices.

He took them at random, and in almost every case his appearance gained him admission.

One young lawyer whose name, freshly painted in black on a ground-glass door, attracted his notice on an upper floor of a big building, received him with marked courtesy. To do him justice, this young man repressed his disappointment when he found that his visitor was not a client, as he had supposed. He was of a nervous temperament, and it was hard to sit here during the sunny hours waiting for them to come.

"So you want work?" he said, biting the inside of his cheek with his white teeth, and thus distorting what in their normal state were pleasant features.

"Yes, sir," replied Herr Amsler, simply.

The young lawyer did not know what to say next. To be addressed as "sir" by an elderly man of gentlemanly bearing who might almost have been your grandfather, and who stood up in your presence, was disconcerting.

"Wont you sit down?" he asked.

When Herr Amsler had complied with this request he continued:

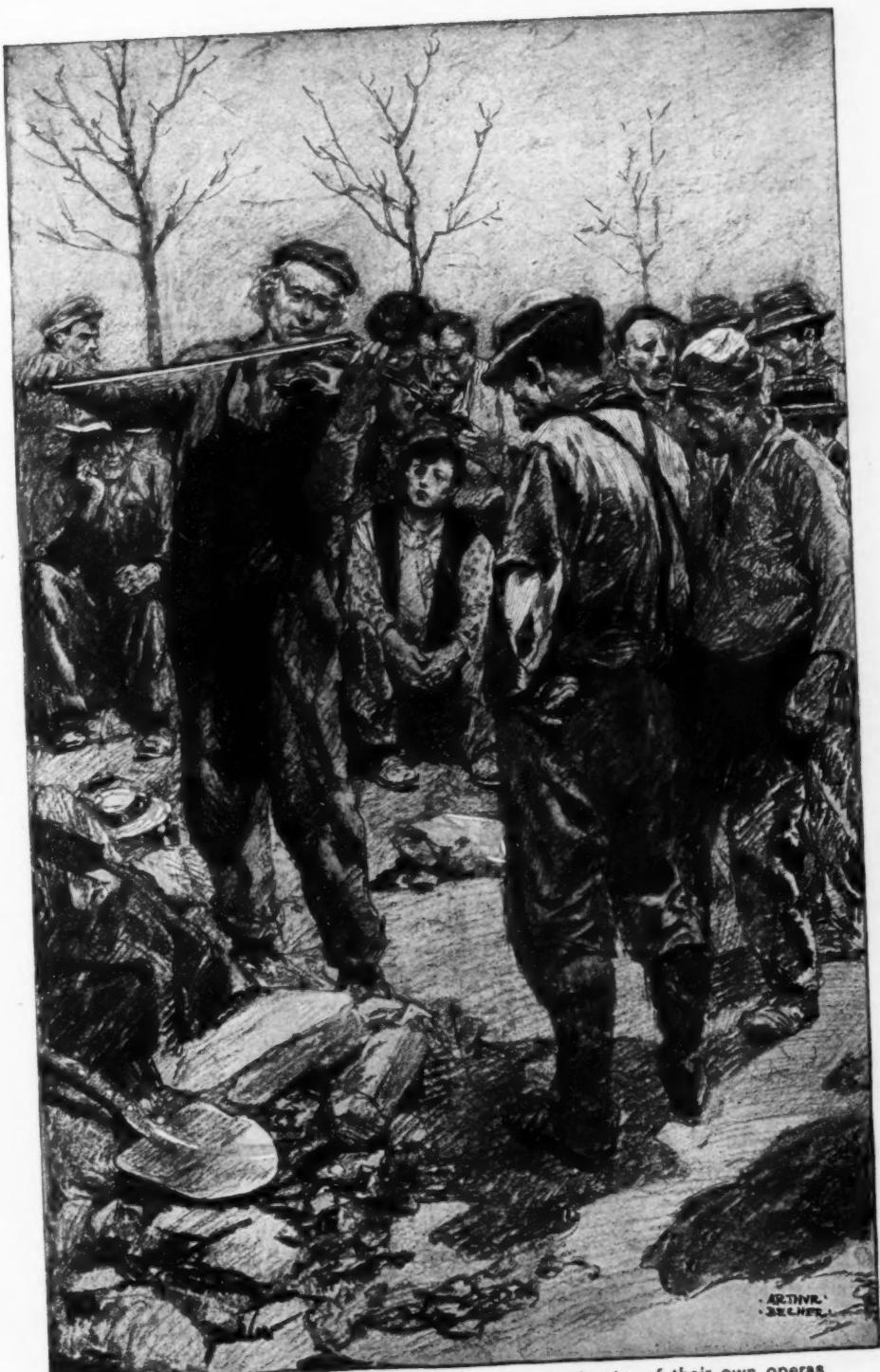
"What sort of work would you like to do?"

"I do what comes," was the reply.

And because the young lawyer did not take him at his word and offer him the vacancy just created by the non-appearance of a delinquent office-boy that day, Herr Amsler found himself once more on the corridor side of the door. He had had too much delicacy to revert to the answer he had made.

At half-past five, having visited twenty offices and stood fifteen interviews since ten o'clock, he got into an up-town train. He was afraid to wait longer lest the pawn-broker's should be closed.

The next morning—Tuesday—he began again early, and continued his canvass throughout the day. On Wednesday he tried the publishers, on Thursday the shopping district, and on Friday more publishers. Saturday was only half-a-



So he played to them, one after another, the simple airs of their own operas

day; it was not worth while to go out on Saturday. So he sat in a chair with his violin on his knees, read his newspaper and watched his wife busy about her household affairs. Glancing at her out of the corner of his eye he reflected that it had not been very difficult to deceive her.

"Lying have I *not* much done," he thought. "Only little lies, quite little, here and there," his mind qualified.

The Saturday and Sunday afforded him a much needed rest.

"A month yet I can the flat keep," was his Sunday night decision. "Thereto reach still the savings."

He regretted for the first time the fact that his bank account was not larger. The consciousness of their age had never been very real either to him or his wife. Their cheeks were still ruddy, and Herr Amsler stood five feet eleven in his stockings, and weighed two hundred pounds. With such an equipment he had fearlessly undertaken the education of his wife's three orphaned nieces in Germany. They were all married now, God be thanked!—else the complication of life at present would have been even more appalling.

On Monday Herr Amsler began the search afresh. It was on Wednesday of the third week that he felt the pressure of necessity. His leeway was drawing to a close.

"I must find it," he muttered. "To-day I must find it."

His shoes were quite worn down at the heels, yet he hesitated to take them to a cobbler's for the necessary repairs. And he had begun to go without his lunches. "To miss the coffee so much, that is foolishness," he told himself.

That morning he caught sight of one of his colleagues in the distance; it was Herscher, the trombone player, his friend for many years. Herscher's red, open face shone benevolently; under his curly, yellow hair the little, blue eyes twinkled. Herr Amsler, at sight of the familiar, short, rotund figure with protuberant stomach, hurried down a side-street like a guilty thing.

"No, those I cannot see," he whispered. "None of those."

He wondered whether Herscher had recognized him. In the sweetness of his nature a tiny seed of bitterness was beginning to sprout. None of his friends of the orchestra had been near him during those three and a half terrible weeks. Yet he had not asked them not to come, but only to guard his secret. The glimpse of Herscher had quite unnerved him; he felt physically weak. This would not do! "*Vorwärts!*" he gave the word of command, and obeyed it with military precision, shoulders squared. "*Wohin?*" cried out his lonely heart of a wanderer.

He had been on his way to the pawn-broker's when he had seen Herscher. Now he could not go. Leave it—to-day—the only friend he had left?

"Where I go this day, come you also," he breathed, holding his violin-case tight in his cramped hands, until they hurt him.

The city with its congested streets had dealt unkindly by him. Perhaps in the open spaces he might find something to do. He took a train out to the Bronx, and then, feeling the need of air, descended and began to walk along one of the great new boulevards that stretch as far as the eye can reach along the outskirts of the district. There was no sign of life about this one save an occasional motor whizzing by in a cloud of dust.

Parallel with the boulevard and only a few hundred feet distant, ran a new street that had just been cut out of solid rock. Herr Amsler wondered vaguely why it was there, and whether it was an example of the "graft" he had lately read so much of in his *Staats Zeitung*. Then he began to take a more personal interest. Sharply there came to him in the winter stillness the sounds of pick and shovel, plied monotonously with hollow reverberation. It was a desolate spectacle, this barren and dusty street, without houses and only a plan of houses in years to come. Herr Amsler, having left the boulevard and walked over to it, watched the gang of laborers at work. They were Italians, and their swarthy faces showed neither content nor annoyance, but passivity only. The overseer, who seemed to be an Irishman,

walked up and down, indicating occasionally by a volume of words which he knew to be unintelligible to those he was directing, the fact that he was not pleased.

"Ye've got ter talk to 'em," he said genially to Herr Amsler; "they're used to it in the auld countree."

He spoke with a certain sympathy that appealed to the sore heart of his hearer.

"So," the latter responded quickly. "They work good?"

The Irishman smiled. "Not bad—fer guineas," he admitted with condescension. "Hurry up, there, Benedetto! Don't go to sleep, now!"

Benedetto applied the pick with fresh energy.

"How much?" asked Herr Amsler.

The Irishman looked puzzled.

"How much do you pay?" Herr Amsler repeated patiently.

"Two dollars a day," the Irishman replied promptly.

"Will you take *me*?" asked the German.

The Irishman stood stock still. "I didn't understand, sorr," he said. "What was you askin'?"

Herr Amsler looked at him.

"I am willing to work," he said quietly. "They will not object to work with me?"

"It's harrd work," said the Irishman, suppressing his astonishment. "You don't look to be used to it."

"But yes," rejoined the musician gently. "I can work good."

And he stood before the Irishman in dignified humility as he had done before the young lawyer in his office.

"Take off yer coat, then," said the overseer gruffly. "We're short o' men."

Herr Amsler removed his outer garments, placing them under a meager tree—one of a row newly set out—as a soft bed for his violin, and when the Italians stared at this astonishing spectacle the Irishman let out at them a torrent of words so intimidating that they desisted at once. It was only for a moment that their overseer experienced a slight reactionary fear. "He might be one of them student fellers," he thought

distrustfully. "Them as studies conditions among the working men. Maybe the fiddle is a blind."

But looking at Herr Amsler's bowed back he hated himself for a suspicious fool.

Benedetto was again staring, quite oblivious of the possibility of calling down upon himself a fresh outburst of wrath. In his soft eyes played a liquid, golden light that changed their hue twenty times a minute. The Irishman, pretending not to notice him, went on down the line.

Left to himself, Benedetto thereupon touched Herr Amsler lightly on the arm with his blackened forefinger. In a series of rapid gestures he indicated the superior quality of the musician's garments, and their unsuitability to the uses to which they were now to be put. Standing back gracefully, with clasped hands, he well-nigh wept over the desecration. Then, having unmistakably conveyed his meaning, he began to remove the overalls he was wearing. With a motion of utter scorn he pointed to his own shabby trousers, and made as if to spit upon them. All animation now, and pouring forth musical vowel sounds in a voice richly melodious, he indicated the desirability—nay, the necessity—of the German's instantly putting them on. It would have been useless to object.

The fit was bad, Herr Amsler being so much taller than his companion, and it was necessary to turn up the German's trousers several inches. This accomplished, the Italian's face seamed itself into millions of tiny wrinkles; he smiled with his eyes, his forehead, his lips and his whole body. Seeing the overseer approaching in a leisurely manner, he presented his back to his companion as if he had done with him forever; his vivacity collapsed like a pricked balloon, and he resumed his work in his former half-hearted way, having calculated to a certainty, long ago, just how much he must do in order to avoid being turned off.

On the following morning Herr Amsler appeared with an outfit of his own, gathered together through the agency of the resourceful pawn-broker.

In that first noon hour he sat with his fellows on portions of rock, eating the bread and cheese he had surreptitiously brought from home, glad of companionship, and of a brief respite for unaccustomed muscles. One by one the men went over to the violin case to look at it; some even ventured to lift it. Herr Amsler, observing them, wondered why it was he had brought it again to-day, instead of leaving it with his overcoat at the shop. It had felt so good to have it yesterday. That was the reason, he supposed.

"Would you like to see it?" he asked, rising.

Those who understood cried out "Si, Si," eagerly. The others followed their example, and when the case was opened they all crowded around with the curiosity of children who are permitted to examine the mechanism of a watch.

"It is not good for it, this cold air," Herr Amsler thought, "but what can that matter now?"

Presently some one whispered in the Irishman's ear; he stepped up, their chosen spokesman.

"The boys want to know," he said, "if you will give us a tchune?"

Breathlessly they waited.

"You would wish," Herr Amsler said, and his voice trembled—"You would wish to hear me play?"

He was answered by a chorus of acclamations.

"Gladly, gladly," he rejoined in full, rich tones, and could hardly wait to get the instrument in tune, so impatient was he to begin.

"They wanted it—these men wanted his music!" His heart sang so loud that it nearly deafened him. Well—they should have it!

So he played to them, one after another, the simpler airs of their own operas, and as he played they wandered over the terraced hills and bathed themselves in the warm sunshine of their Italy, and the tears coursed unchecked down their cheeks, leaving little, white furrows in the grime of their faces. When it was over all went back silently to work, player and audience toiling side by side in a comradeship to which the

comprehension of each other's speech would have added nothing essential.

"I am not yet too old! Not yet too old to work, not too old to make music!"

This was the consciousness that strengthened and sustained Herr Amsler from now on, every morning when he awoke, and kept hope alive.

If it had not been for deceiving his wife—Ah, there it was, the secret cancer that ate into his heart. To look into her eyes, once his refreshment, was now his punishment. He hated to come home at night, after his careful change of clothes and linen in the musty inner room at the pawn-broker's. When he walked out of that dark doorway he felt like a criminal assuming a disguise.

One evening he was very tired. There had been a cold wind on the unfinished road, great clouds of dust had swept one after another up the boulevard, and one of his strings had snapped, putting an end to the music which was now a daily event.

"Franz," said Frau Amsler suddenly, her eyes on her knitting.

"What then?" he answered listlessly.

She paused. Then, "I think I go to the concert to-morrow," she announced deliberately. "The program looks good. It was in the paper."

Herr Amsler heard his doom in her words, spoken thus quietly.

So ended it, then. It had been to no purpose that he had lied.

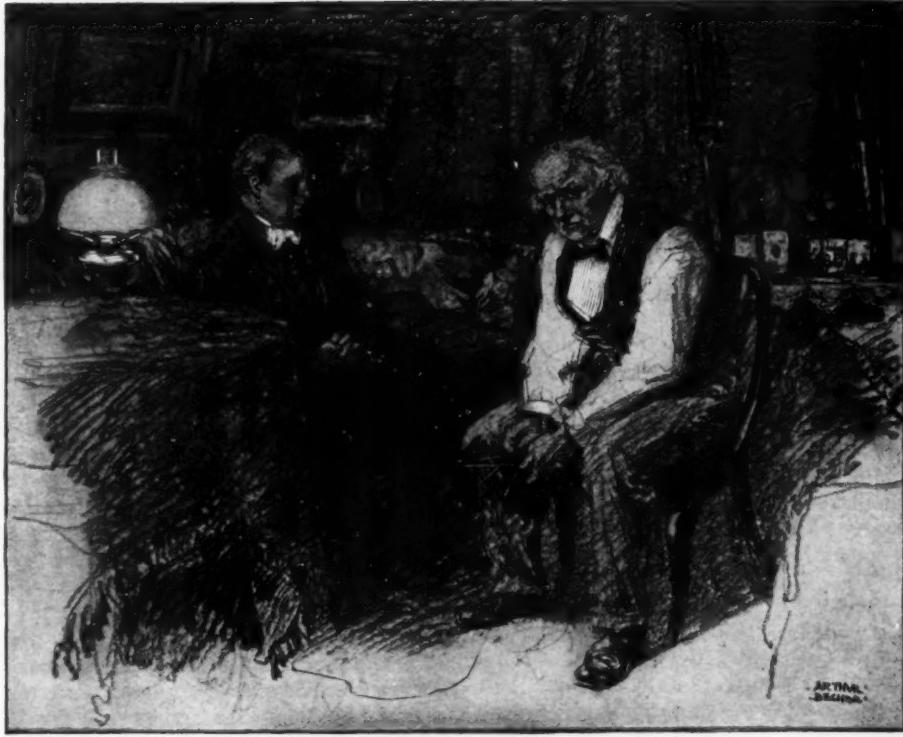
It was two years since Maddelena had expressed any desire to attend one of the concerts given by her husband's orchestra. As she grew older, she went out less and less. She loved music—yes—but who, then, should keep the house? The argument had been unanswerable.

He had deceived Maddelena. For four weeks he had deceived her. *Alles umsonst.*

Try as he would, he could not still the trembling that now seized his body. It seemed that she had not wanted him to still it.

Silently she held out her arms. The big man crumbled, and she enfolded him as though he had been a babe.

It was fully half an hour before she could soothe him into silence. His feel-



"I have lost my place—that, I thought, should kill you"

ings were so compounded of joy and pain, bitter disappointment and exquisite relief, that he knew not which set of emotions predominated.

"How—how did you discover?" he finally managed to stammer. "If it that Herscher was—"

She shook her head, smiling. "Ach, no!" she said. "In two days I knew it."

As he looked his amazement—"How should I not know?" she explained. "At earliest morning you went out, at latest evening returned. Your face grew more and more white." She caught her breath, then resumed steadily: "Came, at last, a day when you found work. Your face reddened itself. You smelled of earth and sweat." She wrinkled her nose delicately to hide the intensity of her feeling.

Herr Amsler hung down his head like a schoolboy. Then a new thought brought fresh bewilderment.

"How you take it quiet?" he cried out. "You are—No!—You, I do not understand."

"That could one know long ago," she said, a little sadly.

"That I have lost my place, that the director did not longer want me— That, I thought, should kill you!"

Looking at him long and earnestly she said: "What can that do to me, Franz? What can anything do, so long as I the half can carry?"

He seized her hands.

"It gives me sorrow," he cried. "You know not how it gives me sorrow that I so stupid was."

Subtly their parts had been changed; it was he who was now the comforter, and his apology healed all her hurt.

"But since you so long concealed it that you knew," he resumed presently, still full of wonder, "how comes it that you just to-night tell me?"

"Because I have good news," she answered at once. "At Ellis Island they need an interpreter. The place is for you."

"Not possible!" he faltered.

"It was Herscher who procured it," she explained. "A friend of him knows well the Commissioner."

"Herscher?" he questioned. "Ah, the good old Herscher! I thought he had forgotten me."

"But what?" she reproached him. "All days came they here."

"Who then?" he demanded.

"Herscher, Grimsel, Schlingstast, Ansbrucher—God knows who—all of them."

Herr Amsler covered his face with his hands.

On the day following he bounded out of bed with a spring that shook the floor, startling his wife into instant wakefulness.

"But where go you?" she asked in surprise, following with her eyes his hasty preparations.

"To my work," was his prompt answer.

"You forget, Franz," she rejoined gently. "To-morrow go you to the Commissioner—not to-day."

He came over, shaving brush in hand, and seating himself on the edge of the bed, leaned over her. "That know I well," he said with the eagerness she so loved in him. "It was my road-making that I meant. Torriani did not yesterday come; he was sick. Who knows if to-day he returns? They already miss one man; all the more need they me. Also I have it them to tell my good fortune. So may I not leave them, without word!"

Even the crude scene of Herr Amsler's labors was transfigured on that glittering day, by the slanting sunlight that fell athwart the broad boulevard, undimmed by dust, for not a breath stirred.

To the Irishman he whispered his news early, but none of the others knew. They worked with a will now, that the noon hour might seem to come quicker.

When Herr Amsler drew his bow across the strings they were all around

him—even Torriani, attracted from a miserable bed by the expectation of this moment.

No one ate, no one stirred, while Herr Amsler played that day. For he played his thanks to his fellow-men who had helped him in his darkest hour to stand upon his feet; who had welcomed him, clothed him and warmed him at the fire of their hearts.

When he had thus thanked them he kept on playing, his whole being lifted in ecstasy as he thrilled to the absorption, the worship in their faces—His long life had been but a preparation for this, the supreme triumph of his art—

It was over—And when the Irishman had told them, as best he could, they wept, and clung about Herr Amsler's shoulders, his knees, and his feet.

The tension was somewhat lessened by the afternoon's work, and when the time came to disband, the musician, in his overalls, was waiting with uncovered head to shake them all by the hand.

"My friends," he said quietly, "it would be to me and my wife a great pleasure if you would pay us a visit to-morrow night at eight o'clock. We will a little party have—no?"

No one failed to understand this. And their faces shone at prospect of the entertainment.

"Give three cheers, boys!" shouted the Irishman suddenly. "Thr-ree good cheers fer Mr. Amsler, the best feller alive to work and play!"

Cheer after cheer rang out on the evening air; they mounted to Herr Amsler's head like wine, and bereft him of speech.

"Till to-morrow!" was all he could stammer in farewell.

He walked much of the way home, that the air might cool his temples.

Outside his door he paused, and his shoulders drooped. As he had done often before, he pressed his violin against his side for comfort.

"For whom shall I make music now?" he thought desolately.

Then his face brightened.

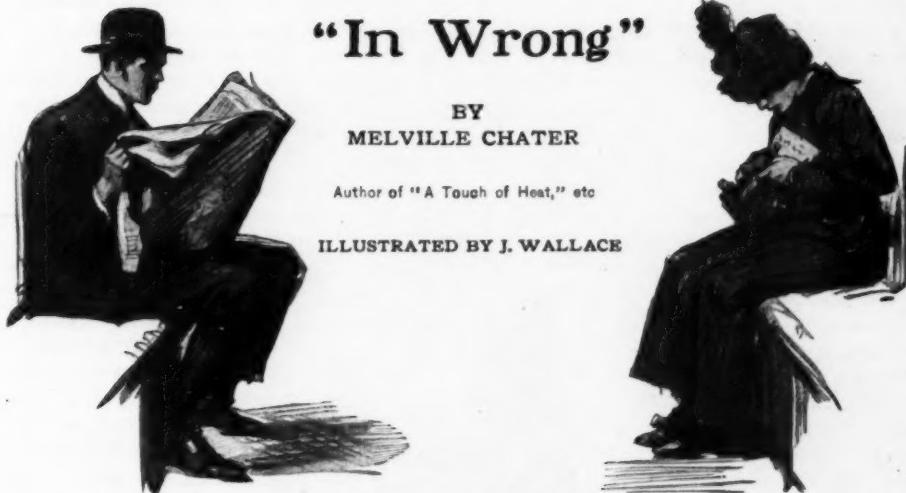
"Perhaps I can to the immigrants play!" he said aloud, and disappeared into the house.

## "In Wrong"

BY  
MELVILLE CHATER

Author of "A Touch of Heat," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY J. WALLACE



The young man looked at Miss Megrue and Miss Megrue pretended not to look at the young man

MISS VIOLA MEGRUE stood at one of the busy spots in the City of Dreadful Height and admired Main Street for the third time in her life. That is to say, Miss Megrue had arrived from Iowa but three days ago and was not yet tired of re-discovering, each morning, that Broadway was exactly the same amazing thing that it had been the day before.

In one's first glance at the metropolitan throng each face stands out individually, a unit of mystery and suggestion. A few months of acclimatization atrophies our faculties, and we regard the crowd as a mass of indistinguishable, commonplace humans, rather tiresome and nerve-trying. Later on we pierce that illusion also and find once more that each passer-by is subtly and secretly different from his fellow, resembling him principally in the matter of coat, trousers and hat.

Miss Megrue was at the first, superficial stage of observation: for her the atmosphere was surcharged with the unexpected, and every man or woman was a spool whereon to wind threads of romance. She had not yet made friends with the great city and was still inclined to believe the worst of it. To her, every boarding-house keeper was an ogress,

every conductor a brute, every red-headed "extra" a lie, every policeman a grafted.

Pick-pockets, swindlers, confidence-men abounded; and she had an especial chip on her shoulder for the first suave, handsomely-dressed youth who would dare to side along, murmuring in her ear: "Pardon me, 'ou're losing your back-comb. Haven't I met—?"

In fact, Miss Megrue was not quite so unsophisticated as to believe that the Flatiron Building, at the base of which she stood, was the home of a trust that controlled the flatiron industry.

Near by stood the "Meandering Manhattan" automobile, and for twenty minutes the megaphone-man had been warning dalliers of its instantaneous departure. To climb atop of the car, to point right and left, to ask questions and stare open-mouthed, was Miss Megrue's primitive instinct. Just at that moment, however, she espied a young man. Tall, well-dressed, pleasant-faced, he stood with a newspaper in his hand, regarding the Look-What's-Here Wagon and its anticipative passengers, with an amused smile. Miss Megrue was no adept in metropolitan types, but whether the young man was a reporter, a Wall Street broker, an actor, an editor, or merely a

gilded butterfly from Fifth Avenue and the Splendid Idle Forties, it was evident, she concluded, that he had found entertainment in the naïve zest which these delightful provincials took in the commonplace spectacles of his Native City. Still, his smile was good-natured—so good-natured, in fact, that she found herself smiling in sympathy.

Just then a dual incident occurred. The young man looked at Miss Megrue, and Miss Megrue pretended not to be looking at the young man. Out of this situation sprang a swift psychological change. Miss Megrue found herself praying that she didn't look quite so ratty and backwoodsly as some of the damsels atop of the car; and no, not for worlds, would she now have climbed the steps of that sight-seeing joy-conveyance. Adopting a bored, cityfied air, she turned her back and walked away.

Her destination was a department store at Thirty-third Street where she was to meet a friend at noon. Luncheon and the matinée beckoned over the horizon. She boarded a north-bound car and was promptly obstructed by the conductor who announced, "Pay as you enter, Ma'am," and at the time inwardly reflected that it took some folks a long time to get wise.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Megrue, "of course."

Hastily drawing forth a coin, she dropped it into the box at the door. Almost at her heels there was a young man who paid as he entered, and sat down opposite her. Again the young man looked at Miss Megrue and Miss Megrue pretended not to look at the young man. It was he of the amused smile. Instinctively Viola's hand rose to ascertain that

her back-comb was in place; but the young man preserved an easy, impersonal air and became at least two-thirds interested in his newspaper. Perhaps their juxtaposition was accidental, after all. Viola opened her pocket-book and grew properly absorbed in its contents—dress samples, some powder-papers, a book of court-plaster, and other feminine baggage of light-marching order. Suddenly with a wave of recollection she beckoned to the conductor.

"I want my change, please."

Replied that functionary, signaling the motor-man with one hand, folding up dollar-bills with the other, and talking with a stack of green transfers between his teeth:

"Phwat change?"

The facts were, that when Viola had boarded the car, there was exactly one nickel and one five-dollar gold-piece in her pocket-book, and that she had absent-mindedly dropped the gold-piece, and not the nickel into the box. The mistake was evident since her pocket-book now contained but one coin—the humble medium of metropolitan travel, a nickel piece.

The conductor searched the car-floor, seat and platform without result.

He admitted having heard her drop a coin into the box, but insisted that it was a nickel. Viola exhibited the nickel and reiterated her story. The conductor's ultimatum was, that that might be all right, lady, but *he* couldn't do nothin'—a reply which in Viola's estimation was based on a self-interest in the fate of the gold-piece. She retorted with spirit. The conductor advised her to ride on up to the barns, where the box would be unlocked within half an hour, and there claim the coin.



Viola

Viola protested that she had an engagement and an immediate need of the money. The conductor shrugged his shoulders and turned away, indulging in a faint smile.

Perhaps the young man saw the smile and deemed it to be skeptical. It gave Miss Megrue no unpleasant sensation to think that he did, and that he resented it. At any rate, he was on his feet in an instant.

"Pardon me," he said, with proper courtesy, "I overheard, just now. I have plenty of time at my disposal, and I shall be very glad to accompany this car to the barns and claim your money when the box is unlocked. In the meantime, allow me to refund."

Viola declined, and the young man protested. Here, thought she, is the true New Yorker, moved by civic pride to fore-stall a theft on the part of a public servant. Naturally enough it was also pleasant to reflect that her New Yorker wouldn't have gone to such trouble for every strange young woman. It ended by her agreeing that this was a bad precedent for dishonest conductors and that justice ought to be done. She took the five-dollar bill which the young man pressed upon her, and descended at Thirty-third Street, while the car moved onward *en route* to the barns.

All this was very pleasant. The unaffected courtesy of the young man lent a genial rosiness to Miss Megrue's holiday mood. The city was sound at heart. To the scrap-heap with Diogenes' lantern!



At the box-office of the West End Theatre she made known her wants

Miss Megrue had found an honest man.

The first cloud on her horizon was no bigger than a man's glove—\$1.17, un-advertised—of which there happened to be a sale at the Thirty-third Street store. There, in the ladies' parlor, balcony floor, she found a note from her friend, saying:

Impossible to wait. Taking Robbie  
to the dentist. B.

Viola walked out, disappointed. She had looked forward to meeting Bella, whom she had not seen since the brave old days when Bella's boast was: "I'd like to see the man that *I'd* live in a city flat for!"

However, the day was bright and Viola enthusiastic. She determined to carry out her half of the program, which was chicken salad and charlotte russe at one-thirty, orchestra chair at the West End Theatre at two—"Beyond the Pale" with the original Broadway cast—and a good cry where he gives her up, in the last act.

This time Viola took the Subway. Her pocket-book contained one unused ticket, and she dropped it into the box with a kindly backward thought of the altruistic young man. She hoped she had not put him to too much trouble.

At One-hundred-and-third Street she surfaced (a much-needed word), walked across to Riverside Drive and, so, to Grant's Tomb. Viola was a splendid walker and loved exercise. Eventually she found herself on Manhattan Street, going eastward with an impeccable appetite. At the box-office of the West End Theatre she made known her wants to a fat man who was smoking his cigar in his sleep. Instead of flipping out a fifth row center-aisle seat, the fat man woke up long enough to push back Viola's five-dollar bill, and say:

"No good."

"No good!" returned Viola, feeling personally insulted. "What do you mean?"

"Just that," returned the other. "It's a counterfeit."

Viola walked forth with a high head. Once outside, she examined the bill. At close view it did, indeed, seem rather faded and the engraving was a trifle blurred, but at arm's length—

Viola decided to try again.

The clerk in the corner pharmacy smiled, and said politely: "I'm afraid some one stuck you, Ma'am."

In a stationery store where the bill was again refused, she heard the proprietor remark, as she departed: "They're passin' an awful lot of this phony stuff, just now."

Viola began to realize that it was a long distance to her boarding-house in Nineteenth Street, and that a counterfeit bill would not buy even a carfare. An unscrupulous thought, born of necessity, entered her mind. She went into

a five-and-ten-cent store and made a purchase of hairpins. The salesgirl accepted the bill—absorbed in dreams of last night's conquests at the Moonlight Glide—and moved to the rear of the store. Viola's dream, even more entrancing, was of \$4.95 cash. Baseless visions, both! The shopgirl returned, severely reprimanded by the cashier, and Viola learned once more that counterfeits, like chickens, generally come home to roost.

Across the way was a cozy looking restaurant where one could buy a five-course luncheon, including lace curtains in the windows and artificial orange trees in pots, for thirty-five cents. Viola would have sniffed at the place, half an hour ago, but now her inner mechanism proclaimed it to be the home of ambrosia and nectar. She had read of penniless people who ate lunch and were thrown out afterwards, but on entering she compromised by showing the cashier-proprietor the bill and inquiring plaintively if it wasn't a good one. He pushed it back, shaking his head.

"But isn't it worth anything?" she asked. "Wouldn't some one allow me something on it?"

"Not so much as the value of a green trading-stamp," the proprietor assured her, adding as he moved away: "The most the Government ever allowed a man on one of 'em was ten or fifteen years, with food."

Near by stood a well-dressed, highly colored, cigar-smoking gentleman who eyed Miss Megrue with no visible signs of displeasure. He took the bill, examined it and said with perfect seriousness:

"Looks all right to me. I'll take it off your hands."

Drawing forth a fat roll of bills, he dallied with one perfectly good five-dollar certificate; then with a glance over his shoulder, he added, conversationally:

"Wouldn't you like to take a little social ride, up Fort George way, in my—?"

Viola seized her counterfeit and fled.

Now, she was, as we have said, a good walker, and loved exercise. This was well. Better still, though, had she realized more accurately the distance she had come by subway, for then she would have fainted comfortably and an am-

bulance would have been called. Viola walked through the Hundreds, the Nineties and the Eighties, and admired the view. But the Seventies and Sixties palled on her, and the Fifties and Forties sickened her soul. New York's streets, it appeared, were laid out like tiny degrees on an endless thermometer. She thought longingly of the cigar-smoking man and the social ride in his—any wheeled thing whatsoever.

During the Thirties she began to experience a dizzy, treadmill-like effect of sameness; throughout the Twenties she felt that she would scream at the sight of one more lamp-post; and when at last she sank into the nearest bench in Madison Square, under the electric-lit dusk, she positively hated New York.

Oh, for a few words with that specious, politely smiling young man who had so deftly disburdened himself of his counterfeit tender and claimed her gold-piece at the car barns! His suave insistence in such a superfluous act of courtesy ought to have stamped him at once as one of the mendacious horde of metropolitan sharpers who lie in wait for the goateed agriculturist. This was her bitterest thought—that she should have been swindled by a good-looking young dealer in "phony stuff" on whom she had vainly imagined herself to have made a pleasant, courtesy-inspiring impression! She hated him, and she did that internal thing—whatever it is—that



"Wouldn't you like to take a little social ride—"

ladies do, which corresponds to a man's swearing aloud.

Just then some one plumped heavily into the adjoining seat, and she heard a man's voice say with three variegated, cumulative inflections:

"Damn, damn, damn her!"

It was the very same young man, minus his smile. The young man looked at Miss Megrue, and this time Miss Megrue waived all pretence of not looking at the young man. Trembling with the suppressed hysteria of three hours, she exclaimed:

"Give me back my money!"

The young man eyed her peculiarly, with narrowing lids.

"I suppose you think I'm going to have you arrested," said he, "and so



"I suppose you think I'm going to have you arrested," said he

you're starting your bluff already. Well, you are a smart one! Yes, I certainly admire the way you worked it on me this morning."

"I don't know what you mean," she returned, "but you needn't talk about arresting *me*. Your five-dollar bill is a counterfeit."

"Counterfeit!" he exclaimed. "I got it in a cigar store last night. Why, it can't be! You—" He stopped abruptly, his eyes on Viola's, then a look of profound admiration passed into his face. "By George," he said, "you almost fooled me again. Pretty neat way to get out of it, that! I'd like to take your picture."

Viola scornfully handed him the counterfeit bill; she strove to goad him to a sense of manhood and chivalry by an epitome of the hardships and humiliations which she had endured that afternoon. But the young man remained singularly obdurate.

"Listen to what happened to *me*!" he cried, hotly. "I was on my way to the bank, this morning, and after I gave you that bill I found that I had just ten cents in change. The conductor said his car would go to the barns in half an hour. It didn't. I rode around on her until it was too late to get to the bank; then I determined to stick it out, because I needed the money, and I've been sticking it out, all afternoon. That's how *I've* spent my day. Half an hour ago the car went into the barns. The box was unlocked and—well, I guess you know. *There wasn't any five-dollar gold-piece.*"

Viola almost screamed.

"The conductor stole it," she protested.

"The inspector told me it was an old dodge," he pursued, never removing his eyes from hers, "to pretend to drop in a gold-piece and to say it's your last cent, so as to flag your fellow-passengers' sympathies. It's called the gold-piece game, and it's worked by a well-dressed girl who is known as 'Sadie the Simp' because she's so unsophisticated-looking that a man will fall for her, every time. How about it, Sadie?"

"And you think," exclaimed Viola, "you believe—? There was a five-dollar

gold-piece in my pocket-book when I got on the car, and if you can find it now you can have it."

She emptied the contents of her pocket-book between them on the bench. There was no glint of gold, but the young man picked up the packet of court-plaster and found it to be heavy. The warm weather had welded two slips of the plaster together at the edges, and the gold-piece was caught fast between them.

"I apologize," stammered the young man limply. "My name is Howard Pickering. I apologize a thousand times."

"I don't know what to say," murmured Miss Megrue, overcome by confusion. "I really *don't* know what to say. There—there must have been two nickels—"

"Then don't try," urged Mr. Pickering. "It wasn't you, it was the court-plaster that stuck me. And I apologize to New York too. Your city isn't as dishonest as I thought it was."

"*My city!*" echoed Miss Megrue. "I've only been here three days. I am from Plato, Iowa."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mr. Pickering. "And this morning while I stood watching that sight-seeing car I saw you smile, and I thought, 'Look at that New York girl laughing at us poor hayseeds!' I arrived yesterday. I'm from Sunflower, Kansas."

"Really!" laughed Miss Megrue. "And I looked at you and thought the very same thing! It's been a funny day."

"And a mighty hungry one," added Mr. Pickering, "seeing that neither of us had the price of a lunch. You said I could have the gold-piece if I found it. Would you lend it to me until to-morrow? I mean, perhaps you wouldn't mind helping me to find one of those German cellars, or French back-yards, or Italian hay-lofts, that we've read about, where they have such good things to eat."

"I wouldn't mind," Miss Megrue admitted; "I wouldn't in the least."

"And after that," he added, "if the money holds out, we'll climb on top of that 'Meandering Manhattan' automobile, and see New York."

# The Blackmailer

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

BOSCAWEN, dressed for dinner, stood, a tall, graceful figure of a man, before the fire in his study, one foot resting upon the curb. The room was in darkness save for the glow of the fire, which played ruddily over the man's clear-cut, resolute face and abundant, prematurely-whitened hair.

Somewhere in the flat an electric bell trilled briskly. He stirred at the sound, and looked at his watch, holding it to catch the firelight. Steps approached, muffled by the thick carpet in the corridor. He moved to the switch, and turned up the lights as the door opened.

"Mr. Loane, sir," Smith announced, and—like the perfect servant that he was—observing the surprised jerk of Boscawen's head and the shade of annoyance that crossed his face, he was quick to add: "Mr. Loane, sir, said that you were expecting him."

The visitor thrust past him into the room. "To be sure you were expecting me, weren't you?" he blustered, to dissemble his doubts of the reception that might await him; and he proffered his hand to Boscawen.

Boscawen looked at the hand, looked at the man's coarse, bloated face under the opera hat which he had not troubled to remove, and then looked at Smith, dismissing him with a glance. The servant vanished, considerably perturbed.

Loane continued to proffer his hand. Boscawen looked at it again, critically. It was a fatter hand than one would have expected from the general build of the man. It was yellowish in tint, and the skin was slightly crinkled; there were diamonds on two of its fingers. It reminded Boscawen unpleasantly of a jeweled toad.

"What do you expect me to do with that?" he inquired, coldly offensive.

Loane flushed to his eyes, withdrew the hand at last, and uttered a sneering laugh to save his countenance. "So, that's your tone, then," said he. "What do I expect you to do with it?" He laughed shortly. "Well—that's for you to say. It can make or mar you."

"Have you intruded here to tell me that?" wondered Boscawen, ice-cold in his anger. "Do you propose to recommence yesterday's arguments? I thought that we understood each other."

"Now, that's just what we don't do," said Loane, and, uninvited, dropped into an armchair.

"As much as is necessary, at least," Boscawen countered, and looked at his watch again. "I am afraid you are detaining me, Mr. Loane. I am dining out."

"Oh, tosh!" said Loane elegantly. "That's not the way to come to terms."

"I am not concerned in coming to terms. I imagined that I made myself perfectly plain to you yesterday. You are at liberty to proceed in any way that commends itself to you. I don't see that there is anything to be gained by prolonging this interview." And with that Boscawen moved towards the bell. Loane thrust out a hand precipitately to restrain him.

"Now don't be hasty," he implored. He considered Boscawen a moment with raised eyebrows, in a patient, tolerant fashion. "I am disposed to be more reasonable than I was yesterday—a deal more reasonable."

Despite himself, despite his nature and his resolve, Boscawen paused; nor could he entirely repress a gleam of interest in his eyes. Observing this, Loane followed up the advantage which he conceived that he had won. He threw back his dress overcoat, revealing a

white expanse of shirt and piqué waist-coat underneath, garlanded by a massive watch-chain.

"Now listen to me a moment. I've been looking into your affairs, and it has become plain to me now that you couldn't afford the price I asked yesterday. If I'd known as much then, I shouldn't have pressed you so hard. I don't want to ruin you, you know. All I want is to—well—to—"

"To levy as much blackmail as you can," Boscawen suggested evenly.

The other scowled an instant; then smiled almost wistfully. "Ah, well! Words break no bones, you know. But, all the same, I don't think there's any call for you to be unpleasant."

"Oh, none at all," Boscawen agreed. "When a perfect blackguard, such as yourself, who has served a term of imprisonment for fraud, and who has been expelled from a third-rate club for cheating at cards, attempts to blackmail me, there cannot, of course, be the least possible occasion for me to be unpleasant. I must apologize, Mr. Loane, if my reception of you appears to lack that warmth to which your social status and your lofty attainments entitle you."

"If you think sarcasm's going to help you," said Loane, flushing heavily, "you're mistaken. I am a patient man, Mr. Boscawen; but you mustn't suppose that there are no limits to my patience."

"Why not, since you appear to suppose that there are no limits to mine?" flashed Boscawen. "Come, Mr. Loane; I think you might be better employed."

Loane rose heavily, his anger mastering him for a moment. "I think so myself," said he, shortly. "But don't blame me afterwards." Then he recovered his impermeability to insult, and checked in the act of buttoning his overcoat. "I wish you had been reasonable," he said, softly. "I want to behave well to you in this. It's no pleasure to me to hurt your interests. I give you my word of honor it isn't."

"With such security who would not trust you?" wondered Boscawen.

"Very well," snapped Loane. "Since you are determined to be offensive, I'll say no more."

He turned as if to go; Boscawen advanced another step towards the bell. Then Loane checked again. "Come now, Mr. Boscawen," he resumed in a wheedling tone. "Say five thousand pounds, and the letters are yours. Five thousand pounds—a thousand pounds a letter. Now, that's reasonable, I'm sure."

"I'll take your word for it," Boscawen agreed with him. "You should know the value of the wares you trade in. But I am not dealing with you, Mr. Loane."

"Why, it's only half what I was asking yesterday. And I wouldn't have come down a penny if it weren't that I don't want to go and break off this marriage of yours and spoil your chances in life."

"Your concern for me touches me profoundly, Mr. Loane."

The blackmailer's pale eyes grew narrow with suspicion as he watched Boscawen. He fancied that the man was too much at his ease. It might, of course, be assumed; he rather thought it was. Still, it was wonderfully well maintained.

"Look here," he broke out, suddenly. "I don't want to be any harder on you than need be. Make me an offer."

Boscawen was trapped into a little gesture of helplessness and a deprecatory smile. "Really, sir," he said, "if you have been looking into my affairs, as you say, you should have learnt that I am not in a position to—"

"Ah, but wait," Loane cut in. "There are ways of raising money when a man is about to make such a marriage as you are making. Now, look here, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. You shall have the letters for four thousand pounds, and you shall have a week to find the money. Now, I am sure I can't be fairer than that. But that's the lowest—absolutely rock-bottom."

Boscawen pressed the bell, without answering.

"I'll wait till the last moment," said Loane, "before—well—you understand. So expect me here this day week at about this time. And if you'll take my advice—"

"Spare me that, at least," Boscawen interrupted. "Ah, Smith, show Mr. Loane out, will you?"

"So long, then," said Loane, genially. "This day week at about this time."

"Very well, then," said Boscowen, almost despite himself, and winced to hear the blackmailer's answering chuckle before the door closed between them.

The next moment Boscowen was an altered man. All the iron self-possession in which he had cased himself fell away from him, and he dropped limp and beaten to a chair, betraying in full the defeat which already he had partly betrayed in his last words of consent to another interview with Loane.

For perhaps half an hour he sat there, staring into the fire, his chin resting on his clenched hands, and when at the end of that time, Smith came to remind him that he was dining out, he found Boscowen so wild-eyed and haggard that he became solicitous for his master's health. Boscowen admitted readily that he was not feeling very well.

"I don't think I shall go, after all," he said. "Give me a telegram form."

He wrote the wire of excuse, and dispatched Smith with it. Then he sat down again to think, and his thoughts were black and evil. To have his life ruined by that social vampire, Loane, armed with those letters, betraying that bitterly repented folly of his adolescence, those dateless letters upon which malice could set any date it chose! It stirred him to a wild, phrenetic rage. He would kill Loane before he allowed the man to work his evil will. The thought shaped itself rapidly into a resolve, and Boscowen found himself rejoicing at the thought that Loane was to return in a week's time. That interview should be fatal.

Then he recoiled in sudden horror from his very thoughts and their pre-meditation of murder. Was he mad? Was he to dash from Scylla into Charybdis? Was he to escape betrayal, that he might be hanged, and hanged for such a thing as Loane?

## II

A week later—three days before the date appointed for Boscowen's wedding—Loane again presented himself at

Boscowen's flat in Hampton Gardens. He was admitted by a strange servant—a swarthy fellow of a certain portliness of bulk, with black glossy hair, black eyebrows and a square, black beard, but shaven upper lip, who, in answer to his announcement of his name, informed him in a nasal voice and in speech vitated by a foreign accent that Mr. Boscowen was expecting him.

He conducted Loane to Boscowen's study, and then, instead of departing to announce the visitor to Boscowen, the man closed the door and set his back to it.

Loane stared at him across the room in surprise. "What's the matter?" he inquired, gruffly. "What are you waiting for? Why don't you fetch Mr. Boscowen?"

The man bowed profoundly, and the voice in which he answered was Boscowen's.

"I am here at your service, Mr. Loane."

As he stood up again, the black beard had vanished, and despite the simulated *cmonpoint*, the stained skin and blackened hair and eyebrows, it was unmistakably Boscowen who stood there smiling with a calm that was almost sinister.

Loane stared at him, frowning and changing color slightly. Then he recovered himself. "Now, what's the meaning of this? What's your game, eh?" he asked, very ill at ease. "Out with it! Let me know what's expected of me."

"Certain letters of mine to which you do me the honor to attach some value, Mr. Loane."

Loane stared again, and forced a laugh. "I dare say! Oh, I dare say! And so long as you put up the four thousand pounds we agreed upon they're yours. But I don't quite see the need for this—er—masquerade."

"But you shall, Mr. Loane. You shall."

"The sooner you make it clear, then, the better. I've no time to waste on you. Are you buying the letters, or are you not?"

"I am not; not buying them."

"Very well, then. There's no more to be said. You leave me no alternative, but

to take them elsewhere." His uneasiness was manifestly increasing every moment, and his assumption of bluster served to heighten rather than to dissemble it.

"I leave you the alternative of surrendering them of your own free will—an alternative I should advise you to adopt; for you shall have no opportunity of offering them elsewhere."

Loane disliked the tone, and disliked still more the tight-lipped smile with which the other was regarding him. "What do you mean?" he snapped. He reversed his cane as he spoke, and holding it firmly within a foot, or so, of the ferrule, he swung the loaded head, and took a step towards Boscawen. Scenting mischief, he was by now thoroughly alarmed. "Stand away from that door," he shouted, between rage and fear. "Stand away, and let me pass, or I'll beat your brains out."

"You're so very hasty, Mr. Loane," said Boscawen, and checked his advance by leveling a revolver.

Loane halted abruptly; paused a moment; then fell back again. He was visibly trembling now; his eyes glared fearfully and his face was pale.

"Wha—what do you mean?" he demanded, endeavoring to make his voice ring bold and challenging. "What are you going to do?"

Boscawen waved him to a chair. "Sit down, Mr. Loane. Compose yourself. In spite of appearances there is not the least cause for excitement. The game has gone rather against you; but you have the advantage of being able to show yourself a good loser. It is in the manner in which we bear our losses, Mr. Loane, that we reveal our true natures. Please sit down again, while I explain the situation to you. You'll not find it without a certain interest, I can assure you."

His scared, unblinking eyes riveted on Boscawen, and mechanically, as if hypnotized by the other's smile and leveled weapon, Loane sank into the deep, comfortable chair, to which his host invited him.

Boscawen lowered the pistol, and came to sit on the arm of another chair where he faced his visitor across the hearth. "I have resolved," he announced

in the most level and unemotional of tones, "to shoot you, Mr. Loane, since apparently there is no other way of saving my reputation and my future from being wrecked at your hands. Now do, please, sit still and don't interrupt me. I have always been a firm believer in the unwritten law. To me the thing that is commonly known as crime is perfectly justifiable and proper where it is committed to prevent an injury to honor, to property or to life. It becomes, in short, self-defense; and self-defense is justified by law—save that the law imposes rather narrow bounds upon what may be considered self-defense.

"When you look back upon your past, when you consider your present, and speculate upon your likely future, you will, I am sure, agree that in—er—disposing of you, as I intend, I am not only serving my own interests, but those of humanity at large. So that from whatever point of view we regard this act of mine, we cannot, unless blinded by personal interest or narrow prejudice, consider it anything but meritorious."

"Are you mad?" gasped Loane, believing that indeed to be the clue to the other's extraordinary behavior.

"Not consciously," answered Boscawen, smiling as if interested in the suggestion raised. "Has it occurred to you that my argument is illogical, or my conclusions ill-founded? Is not my reasoning soundness itself? Can you show me one single cogent cause why I should refrain from carrying out my intentions?"

"You'll hang for it!" spluttered the other, foaming at the mouth in his ever-increasing terror.

Boscawen calmly shook his head. "You do my intelligence poor credit. Of all crimes, it has been shown that murder is the simplest to commit, the most difficult to trace to its perpetrator if he be a man of sufficient intelligence, imagination and self-possession to handle the affair properly. Let me explain to you the reason for this disguise which I have assumed that you may understand how very thoroughly I have laid my plans.

"A week ago, Mr. Loane, I dismissed my man, Smith—a most thorough and

capable servant, who had been with me for five years. On the following evening, a stoutish, swarthy, black-bearded fellow, speaking with a German accent and giving the name Schuhmacher, asked the porter in the hall below to direct him to my chambers. I was that German, in the disguise which you have seen for yourself and failed to penetrate when I admitted you. It is fairly thorough, like the rest of my scheme.

"I left again after remaining up here—presumably with Mr. Boscawen—for half an hour; and thoroughly to establish my identity, I engaged the porter in conversation before leaving, and made inquiries regarding the ways and habits of this Mr. Boscawen, whose service I was entering that very night. The porter was inclined to be superior. I left, to return in an hour's time with my belongings—an artistic little collection over which I took considerable trouble.

"Since then, at least once a day, I have gone out and returned as Boscawen, and every evening—artificial light being so much more friendly to a disguise—I have gone out and returned as Schuhmacher the servant. Thus, and in all other particulars, I can assure you that I have very thoroughly established two entirely different identities. As Schuhmacher I have dealt with Mr. Boscawen's tradespeople. As Schuhmacher I have answered the door, and informed Mr. Boscawen's callers that my master was not at home. So that Schuhmacher has come to be a very real and living figure to whom some dozens of people can testify.

"Let us come now to this evening. I went out two hours ago in the character of Boscawen. As I was leaving, I informed the porter that Schuhmacher was out; that I was expecting a Mr. Loane in the course of the evening, and I begged him to inform Schuhmacher on his return that should you happen to call before I was back, he was to ask you to wait for me. The porter promised to do so. What should he suspect? He had not seen Schuhmacher leave the house; but then he does not see everybody who passes in or out. So it was easy to establish in his mind the circumstance of

Schuhmacher's absence. Presently I returned as Schuhmacher, and I received from the porter the message which I had left as Boscawen. As Schuhmacher I permitted myself a sneer—a very evil, malicious sneer, Mr. Loane—at the mention of your name, which no doubt will leap up in the porter's memory later on."

Livid, horror-stricken, with beads of sweat gathering on his high, narrow forehead, Loane sat and listened to that calm, deadly explanation.

"As Schuhmacher I admitted you to the flat. And it is known to the porter below that you are here at present alone with Mr. Boscawen's servant, awaiting the return of Mr. Boscawen—who happens to be absent. That brings us up to the present moment. Now for what is to come." He paused. "I hope I am not boring you, by the way?" he inquired.

A grimace—its purport entirely impossible to read—twisted Loane's face. He emitted an incoherent growl.

"I interest you? Good." Boscawen slightly shifted his position. "Now mark the sequel," he said, and as he spoke, he rose, and moved round his chair, so that he placed it between himself and his visitor. The movement appeared to be idle and subconscious; but it was not. He leaned now upon the tall, padded chair-back, and thus the revolver—apparently idly held—was, without any effort on his part, covering Loane.

"When our little transaction is over, Mr. Loane," he continued, "the servant Schuhmacher will walk out of this flat, and make a point of speaking to the hall-porter before he leaves the mansions. He will then take his departure, and make his way to a house in Soho in which he rented a room on the ground-floor on the day before entering Mr. Boscawen's service. There he will carefully remove the dye from his hair and face, he will burn his beard, and deflate the air-cushion which now provides him with his *embonpoint*, and by a simple change of necktie and shirt-stud, Mr. Boscawen the master, in the correct evening-dress of a man-about-town, will emerge from the chrysalis of Schuhmacher the servant in the unfailing dress-clothes of his office.

"Being, then, myself, once more, I shall have to see that I slip out of the house unobserved. My collar up and my face in a muffler and shaded by the American slouch hat affected by Schuhmacher will all be of assistance. Before I reach Piccadilly I shall have found some dark corner in which to complete the transformation, by un-muffling my face, pocketing the American hat and replacing it by an opera-hat which I shall have with me for the purpose. Now, obviously myself again, I saunter into my club. I have already been seen there earlier in the evening, and in various other places—purely superfluous precautions; still, I thought it as well to take them. A sort of *alibi* can be established should my whereabouts this evening come to be questioned—which is in the highest degree unlikely. I remain at the club for an hour or so; then I call a cab, and drive home. As I enter I make a point of inquiring from the porter whether Schuhmacher is in. He will tell me that Schuhmacher went out to look for me, as the gentleman I was expecting has arrived and is waiting for me upstairs.

"Need I continue? Very well. I come up, and I discover that a murder has been committed in my absence. I find a shady character by the name of Loane lying on the floor of my study with a bullet through the heart or the brain, as the case may be. I raise the alarm. The police are sent for; a doctor is summoned. Both arrive. The doctor ascertains that the man has been dead at least an hour. The porter instantly accuses Schuhmacher, stating what he knows of the servant's movements. A hue-and-cry is raised, the man's description circulated, a reward is offered—all to no purpose. Schuhmacher has utterly vanished, leaving not a trace behind him. For a while the papers theorize upon the motive; remembering Loane's shady antecedents they have little difficulty in conjecturing one; they will circulate rumors of the murderer's capture to contradict them in the next issue; the crime may have come to be known as 'The Hampton Gardens Murder' or perhaps 'The Valet Mystery.' There will be let-

ters to the press denouncing aliens, and all the usual thrillers. Then gradually the interest will subside; other and more immediate affairs will overlay it; the police, disheartened, will abandon the quest for Schuhmacher, and the entire affair will be relegated to the limbo of unsolved criminal mysteries.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Loane," and Boscawen smiled pensively as he spoke, "I shall not have permitted this unpleasant event to interfere with my arrangements. I shall have been married in peace, assured that there will be no dirty, sneaking blackguard to interfere with me, to threaten my happiness or wreck my future. What do you think of it all?"

The other's answer was something between a roar and a snarl, as he hurled himself forward, swinging his clubbed cane. Boscawen now proved the foresight that had caused him to lean over the back of the arm-chair. He had several times moved it, idly as it seemed, backwards and forwards; his intent had been to get the casters into line, so that at the slightest thrust it would roll forward lightly. He thrust it forward now, as Loane sprang at him. The edge of the low seat caught Loane on the shins, and, thrown off his balance, the fellow toppled forward into it. Instantly the round, cold muzzle of the revolver was pressed to his temple.

"It shall be in the brain, I think," said the cold voice of Boscawen.

"Wait! Wait!" screamed the other. "Wait! I'll make terms. You shall have the letters."

Boscawen drew back, covering his man. He came slowly round the chair, the other watching him, and waiting. "If you move an inch without my permission it shall be the last conscious movement you will ever make. Don't be a fool, Loane. I have you, and I shall need no great inducement to put a bullet through you. I'd prefer you dead, do you understand?"

"I am worth more to you alive," cried the other, fighting desperately in the deadly trammels in which he was caught. "You know I am. You shall have your letters. What more can I do? What have you to fear from me then?"

"I don't know. But I should have nothing to fear from you *dead*."

"The letters would remain. They might be found."

"True," Boscowen admitted. "But I don't attach great importance to them if you are not at hand to use them."

"Still, they will be very dangerous to you. Come, Mr. Boscowen," the fellow implored wildly. "I'm a married man. I have three children. You wouldn't have their lives ruined—you wouldn't have them thrown upon the world."

"So! You have children?" said Boscowen, sharply. "God help them! That is the greatest of all your crimes. And a wife! Poor, poor soul!" His tone changed abruptly. "Of course, you have not the letters on you?"

"Of course not. I—"

"Why, then—"

"But I can get them—in a few minutes," screamed the other in abject terror now. "I have made arrangements in case you decided to buy them. If you'll send a messenger with a note from me, you shall have the letters at once. It isn't far."

A period of silence ensued. In the chair Loane crouched, his little beady eyes glittering with a fire in which hatred and fear were mixed, his skin a pasty yellow. All the blood seemed to have turned to water in his veins as he stared, with trembling breath, at the tall, erect figure of the man before him.

Boscowen measured him with a contemptuous eye. He seemed to put aside his murderous project with the greatest reluctance. "For your wife and children's sake, then," he said, slowly. "There! You'll find what you want on that desk. Write."

Loane obeyed, what time Boscowen stood over him, reading the fellow's message to his wife bidding her deliver to bearer a letter-case which she would

find in a drawer which he described and of which he enclosed the key.

He handed the letter to Boscowen, who—unperceived by Loane—immediately touched the button of an electric bell. Almost instantly the door opened, and to Loane's utter bewilderment, Smith, calm and correct, the perfect servant, who, according to Boscowen's story, had been dismissed a week ago, entered the room.

"Is the messenger boy there?" inquired Boscowen.

"He is waiting, sir," answered Smith, the suspicion of a grin lurking at the corners of his mouth.

"Let him take this letter to that address and await the answer."

Smith received the letter from his master's hands, and turned to go. In that moment Loane woke from his stupefaction and realized what was taking place. With a strangled cry he sprang after Smith. But as he moved, Boscowen thrust out a leg, and the blackmailer pitched heavily forward. Boscowen knelt to pin him down. Smith turned, and came to his master's aid with a pair of handcuffs. The business done, he withdrew. They heard his voice outside, and the boy's answer. A moment later the door of the flat closed with a slam on the departing messenger.

Loane, winded and pinioned, sat huddled in the great chair again, and again Boscowen faced him, squarely, across the room.

"I regret to have to detain you, Mr. Loane, until the messenger returns," he said. "I trust I am not keeping you from any very pressing engagement."

A hideous smile writhed across the blackmailer's livid face.

"Spoofed, by—" he swore. "Spoofed by a fool like you!"

"I'm afraid so," said Boscowen, smiling.



For an hour the wind and rain beat against the side of the vehicle exposed to the sea

## The Fatal Exception

BY JAMES O. CURWOOD

Author of "Steele of the Royal Mounted," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

(See Frontispiece)

MORTIMER CARSON, the famous surgeon, sat in a great leather chair facing the window that looked out into the black and stormy night hanging over the sea. A fortnight before he had stolen away from his brain-fagging work in the city to rest up at his isolated summer home, and two of his closest friends had come with him. They were smoking, and the dimly lighted room was perfumed with the rich aroma of their cigars. Radcliffe, the psychologist and half-mystic, whose strange theories were paving the way to suspension from the college chair which he held, had just finished a weird tale which he said was

true. Bradley, millionaire banker, and a Pyrrhonist in his skepticism, sat with an amused smile on his face, blowing out rings of smoke. Mortimer Carson was staring straight through the big plate-glass window.

It was black outside—intensely black. The roar of the sea against the cliff came with the booming intonations of cannon, deepened now and then by heavy crashes of thunder. The wind beat against the window, at times so fiercely that it seemed as though invisible hands were threatening to burst it in, and occasionally a vivid streak of fire flashed athwart the darkness, lighting up for an instant

the black cliff, the wailing pines, and the frothing lash of surf that tumbled in twisting maelstroms over Blue Rock reef.

"I do not doubt the truth of your story, Radcliffe," said Carson, without looking at either of his friends. "It is unreasonable, and therefore it is sane. I am one of those few who believe in that strange, wild theory that the insane man is not the man who has lost his reason, but the man who has lost all *but* his reason. Do you understand? When one ceases to do unreasonable things he is mad. You go out for a walk, you kick the pebble in your path, with your cane you flip off the top of a weed, you strike a tree trunk as you pass, you shake your fist to see its effect on a squirrel, you whistle—you do a hundred things that are unreasonable. And why? It is because you are *sane* and because your blood is running strong and full of health. God's greatest gift to humanity is this unreasonableness. For when you cease to do those things; when you cease to kick the pebble and strike the tree; when you cease to break monotony by doing unreasonable things, your brain cracks, and you go mad. Unreasonable hobbies have saved more lives than the doctors, and more souls than the preachers. But now and then, of course, there is the fatal exception. Yours is the story of a singularly fatal exception, and I believe it."

"Nevertheless I don't see that you point to a proof of Radcliffe's atrocious yarn," objected Bradley.

"That is because you are an agnostic, and will believe neither one thing nor the other," retorted Carson. "I could tell you the story of another fatal exception, but you would not believe that. Do you care to listen?"

"Yes—go on."

"I will state the facts in a few words. The man we will call 'Brown.' He was born a millionaire, and at forty-five he was many times a millionaire. He was a man of paradoxes. He was a philanthropist, and a robber. His wealth supported two churches, and he was a destroyer of souls. He would smile into your eyes and fondle your hands, and

then ruin you from ambush. And, mind you, he did these things *without reason*. It was not to achieve greater power and greater wealth, for he had sufficient of both. Through some fine bit of financial engineering he would steal a hundred thousand dollars to-day, and give away two hundred thousand to-morrow. And he would consider this a triumph. Why? Because it was his hobby. He loved to corner people, as a cat loves to corner a mouse. He always reminded me of a spider and his web, never hungry, but always killing. It is almost terrible to say that he liked to see people writhe and die, but I believe it is true. He employed two of the greatest and most unscrupulous lawyers his money could purchase, and when the ruin of others was greatest, he was happiest, no matter if he paid exorbitantly for the crash. You may call him mad—a monomaniac. But we are all monomaniacs, and he was as sane as you or I. Bradley, your sport is to go out there on the rice-beds and slaughter ducks—more than you can possibly use. You frankly confess that it is your hobby. Brown's hobby was the slaughter of human hopes, of human, instead of wild, life. He grew poorer in place of richer through his play, and he was satisfied. He was satisfied—until one day—he saw a girl!"

Only Radcliffe perceived the clenching of the great surgeon's fists. Mortimer Carson still stared straight out into the black night.

"He was forty-five," he went on, "and a bachelor. But this girl struck deep home, and he wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything else in his life. I knew Isobel—the girl. We had been playmates. At the time she was engaged to a young fellow just graduating from college, and I believe she loved him as truly as any woman on earth can love a man. Of course, it looked hopeless for Brown. That was where his hobby came into practical use. He weaved another web, with his lawyers in the center. Little by little he lured the girl's father towards that web, and so adroitly did this old eagle of prey accomplish his work that the father was not only ruined, but was made a



"Mortimer," she whispered, "it is over?"

criminal as well. Prison stared him in the face. Do you see the point? This was one of those fatal exceptions to my theory of unreasonable hobbies. Here there was a reason—a prize. And the prize was the girl. Even her lover saw that she must marry Brown, and she did. He—the lover—went to Cuba at the beginning of the Spanish war. When he returned he did not go to his old home, but to a city two thousand miles away. He has never married. For ten years he has not seen or heard of his former sweetheart. It is curious, is it not, that *his* mission is to *save* lives? I have often wondered what would happen—if he met Brown—face to face—in some wild and desolate spot, and at those times I have had a shudder of fear. What would he do?"

"He would kill him, if he is human," said the forceful Bradley. "What is he?"

For a moment Carson was silent. Then he said:

"You know him, gentlemen, as a successful surgeon."

Radcliffe gave a sudden start, but before he could utter the words that were on his lips there came a loud knock at the door.

"Come in!" called Carson, turning slowly about.

The door opened, and a man entered. He was battered by wind and rain. Water dripped from his face as he blinked at the light which Bradley turned up. He drew an envelope from an inside pocket and advanced toward the three men.

"I have a letter for Dr. Carson," he said.

Carson rose to his feet, took the letter, opened it, and turned his back to the light. He read:

My dear Mortimer:

I know that you will pardon me for breaking in upon your iron-bound rule that you shall not be approached for professional service while at your summer place, but this is an exceptional case. I have a patient in the Whittemore cottage who is dying of appendicitis. I have done all that I can, but my skill is too limited for the situation. You, and you alone, can save him. If you do not come I assure

you that he will be dead by morning. It's a fierce night, but I can contrive to send a covered carriage, and my man will drive you back at a gallop.

Hastily yours,  
Dr. Walker.

Carson turned to the waiting driver. "Who is the patient?" he demanded. "I don't know," was the reply. "They've rented the Whittemore house for the rest of the summer."

"Has Dr. Walker operated on him?"

"No—he said he'd wait—"

"Cowardly," interrupted Carson. "That's the trouble with a lot of surgeons—they're afraid, lack confidence." He gave the letter to Bradley. "It looks as though you'd have to excuse me for the remainder of the night," he added. "Make yourselves at home. I'll be back for breakfast, and—Good God, listen to that wind!"

He went to the window and looked out, and Radcliffe joined him there. A flash of lightning lit up the sea again, the roaring surf, and the black cliff with its gaunt sentinel pines, moaning and twisting in the wind. Radcliffe's hand rested sympathetically on his arm.

"Reminds me of that last night at Tampa," said Carson in a low voice, while Bradley was helping himself to a fresh cigar. "Isn't it curious how things come home to us now and then? That was the night of the wedding—a stormy night, that wrecked ships the whole length of the coast. Ugh!" He shook off Radcliffe's hand suddenly, and turned toward the door. "Make yourselves at home," he urged again.

Ten minutes later, with his surgical case in his hand, he followed the driver out into the night and climbed into the waiting carriage.

Never had Mortimer Carson had a wilder ride than that which followed. For an hour the wind and the rain beat against the side of the vehicle exposed to the sea, and at times the force of the storm threatened to lift the carriage from the road and dash it into the ditch. To the wild roaring of the surf and the screeching of the wind, cutting itself to pieces against the cliffs, was added the almost ceaseless rumble of thunder, and between each crashing discharge the



"One chance in a thousand," he breathed

night was lighted up for an instant by a blinding flare of lightning. For half an hour Carson stared through the mica window of the carriage, watching for those flashlight pictures of the tossing sea and the miles of black rocks and foaming reefs that bristled along the desolate coast.

At last he groped out with his hand to discover if there was a curtain to the window, which would shut out the white fire of the lightning. Finding none, he sank back, and lighted a cigar. After that the journey seemed interminable, yet his cigar was still burning when the carriage stopped, and the driver opened the door. Half a hundred paces away were the glowing windows of the Whittemore cottage, and he started up

the gravel path at a half run. He did not wait to ask for admittance, but opened the door. In the hall he stood face to face with the startled maid, who stared for an instant at his dripping figure and wind-tossed hair. Between the carriage and the house he had lost his hat.

"I'm Dr. Carson," he said, stripping off his storm-coat. "Will you tell Dr. Walker that I'm here?"

"This way for a moment, please," said the girl.

He followed her into a large, lighted room. It was empty. A fire was burning in a grate, though it was August. He knew that some one had built it to offset the gloom of the storm. His quick eyes took in the pictures on the wall, a pair

of tiny slippers near the grate, a pile of needle-work on the table. He ran his fingers through his wet hair, and waited, pacing slowly back and forth across the room. Then he stopped before a huge Japanese vase filled with white roses. White roses always made him think—of years and years ago. He heard a step, a woman's step, and he believed that the maid had returned. He still bent over the flowers. The door closed, and he whirled suddenly about.

A woman had entered the room—a tall, slim woman dressed in a simple white gown, with a wonderful head of red-gold hair. He stared, and then a startled, gasping cry broke from his lips.

"Isobel— You!"

She came toward him, holding out both her hands.

"I didn't know that you were so near—until to-night," she said, and though he saw that she was struggling to speak calmly, there was a break in her voice.

He seized her hands, gazing into the deep blue eyes. He did not speak, something thickened in his throat and made words impossible. She was the same—a little older, sweeter, more womanly. Ten years had not changed his ideal. And now there came suddenly into her eyes that old, old tenderness—the light that had first entered into them when, on that summer's day, she had given to him her love. He dropped her hands.

"Isobel," he said, "your husband—"

"He is dying."

There had come a lull in the storm, and in that instant's quiet her words came to him with a terrific meaning. Approaching footsteps sounded again in the hall. Their eyes met, and the hot blood rushed to Carson's head as he saw in her face what her lips would never have dared to utter.

The maid appeared at the door.

"Dr. Walker says for you to come to him at once," she said.

He picked up his surgical case and followed her. From the door he looked back. A flush had come into Isobel's white face. Her blue eyes were glowing, her lips were parted, he saw her arms half reaching out to him again even as he turned away.

The maid opened another door, and he passed through. Walker was at work over a table. His arms were bare; shining instruments were scattered about him. At a glance Carson saw that he was just finishing the operation. Without a word he went to the other's side. The patient's bloodless face stared up at him, old, furrowed, ugly.

"I couldn't wait any longer," explained Dr. Walker. "He was dying when I began. There isn't one chance in a thousand for him."

Mortimer Carson's expert eyes scrutinized the other's work as he rolled up his sleeves.

"One chance in a thousand," he breathed. Already he saw wherein that chance lay. He dipped his hands in hot water, and slipped on a pair of rubber gloves. "One chance in a thousand!"

For an instant Walker glanced up. He was amazed at the look in the other's face. It was one of smiling ferocity. But he could only see the look—and not what was passing in Mortimer Carson's brain. The great surgeon saw not *one* chance in a thousand—but life. He saw where he could save the life of this gray, old, human spider, and he saw that Walker did not see.

He took up the instruments. His teeth came together with a click. Which should it be? Walker would never guess the truth. No one would ever know. Again there leaped before him a vision of Isobel—with all the old love and hope glowing into her eyes, her arms half reaching out to him—

He set his jaws. His eyes glittered. In wonder Walker gazed at that terrible look in his face as he set to work.

An hour later Mortimer Carson strode out into the hall. He was white and haggard. She was waiting for him in the front room. She glided to him as he came in, his rain-coat over his arm.

"Mortimer," she whispered, "it is over?"

"Yes," he replied huskily, "it is over."

"He is—" The question blazed in her eyes. Her hands were clasped upon her chest.

"He will live," he said.

# States' Rights

BY RUTH KAUFMAN

Co-author of "The House of Bondage," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN V. SHEFFER

There's place, and means, for every man alive.

—All's Well That Ends Well."

**I**T WAS, from a detached point of view, a case of poetic justice. When the restless young McNeal presented himself for matriculation at the College of Manhattan, he brought with him an empty purse, a tremendous energy and a letter of introduction to Roger Hollis, holder of the chair of psychology. The lad was prepossessing, and the letter, written by a relative to whom Hollis was greatly beholden, was almost mandatory. Consequently, Hollis, who knew nothing about newspapers, proposed that McNeal should partly support himself by what the *Evening Clarion* called "live tips on college news;" and the long result, though he could never prove it, was, the Professor came at last to be sure, that month-long nightmare which bade uncommonly fair to wreck his reputation and his happiness.

The thing began innocently enough. It was the short-sighted custom of Hollis to permit the students to crowd about him after a lecture and to ask questions and, as the psychologist was myopic and absent-minded by reason of reading late and thinking always and intricately, the young men would occasionally squander this opportunity for the perpetration of some unsuspected *bêtise*. One day, when McNeal, who took the Hollis course, happened to be exceptionally hard up, the seed was sown.

After an hour of difficult explanation of multiple personalities, in which Professor Hollis's active brown eyes and agile fingers snapped with the struggle of imparting, from his well-ordered

mind to the harum-scarum heads before him, what is generally known of a puzzling mental condition, a youth, among others, approached the master. The master was just collecting his papers from the oak desk on its slightly elevated platform.

"Well, suppose, Dr. Hollis," said the student, his voice sufficiently constrained—"suppose that a man known only for his seriousness of purpose, his quiet unexposed life, should suddenly conceive a liking for a pursuit or a person wholly outside his previous tastes and knowledge. Suppose— Such things do happen, don't they?"

"Yes, yes; that is what I have been trying to make clear," said the young Professor, always glad to have excited interest in his too frequently unresponsive hearers.

"Suppose, then," pursued the earnest inquirer, "that this serious man was found taking up with, say, an actress, and perhaps every Saturday evening for a definite time was known to attend her show and take her afterwards to supper. He'd forget this little affair the instant he returned to his proper duties—"

"I see," interrupted Hollis, his nervous fingers playing, by habit, beneath his lowered chin. "I understand you to ask, for example,"—he was likely to put himself or a student into his psychologic illustrations—"if I should, every Saturday night view—eh—some actress—it might be this one we're all reading of."—that Roger Hollis never attended the theatre save for instruction was common scorn among the undergraduates; but he believed in at least appearing tremen-

dously contemporary—"it might be, I say, this Miss Elysia Darling, the chorus lady—"

"Not in the chorus, Doctor," corrected a voice; "she's a star!"

"—Miss Elysia Darling, the star," continued the Professor, "and if I should accustom myself to have her sup with me every Saturday night afterwards, completely forgetting my action and ignorant of the use of my time from the moment of my departure for that purpose until my return, would that be an instance of secondary personality? Is that your question, sir?" The instructor raised his head abruptly to fix the inquirer's eyes.

"Yes, Professor," the student answered promptly and with his previous youthful decisiveness.

"Um. Frankly, I think it an unlikely case, but possible—possible." Hollis's high, pliant forehead creased itself so that the dark, fine-haired eyebrows met. "Yes, that might occur and would, if followed by entire forgetfulness during the domination of the normal personality, illustrate our last lecture. Anything else?"

His look and query were so sharply sudden and conclusive that, although the sheep knew their shepherd—the lambs of a college need not many weeks to discover the crooks in their guide's staff, and more than six weeks had already passed since the opening of this particular semester—their desire for truth was not keen enough to let them flock closer. He was gone.

That same day the *Evening Clarion* came out with this scare-head on the last right-hand column of its first sheet:

#### STAGE BEAUTY AND PROFESSOR ENGAGED?

Roger Hollis, Psychologist Of Manhattan, Rumored Betrothed To Musical-Comedy Star.  
ELYSIA DARLING WONT DENY!

There followed a story of what seemed generally known of the love-affair, mostly to the effect that, during Miss Darling's theatrical engagement in town—already of four weeks' duration

—it was reported that Professor Hollis had been taking her to supper after nearly every performance. It was added that the Professor had not been reached at his rooms in the college, but that Miss Darling's manager had significantly replied to all inquiries that he had, as yet, nothing to say.

The placid Dr. Hollis was not the first to see this notice of his rumored betrothal. He did buy, through mere chance, a copy of the *Clarion* but had tucked it, neatly folded, under his arm while his tall, slim figure beat its staccato way through several miles of city streets.

Miss Kittredge, to whose home his feet led him, was quicker of vision. She had read the accusing column half-a-dozen times and was wondering what in the world it could mean and what she ought to do.

Rachel Winthrop Kittredge was in no sense a small woman. Her eyes were large and round, bovine save in moments of enthusiasm, and her hair, which matched the brown of her glance even to its nearly concealed filtering of red, was a mass simply dressed, parted and coiled above her neck. Curls betrayed themselves in the younger growth about her face. She had a full, low, wide forehead, which appeared whiter than it really was, but her cheeks were satisfying in their health and pinkness, and her lips were very red. She stooped over her work, but when she rose to meet you she was tall, straight, maturely-figured and carried her head well. During four rigorous hours of each day—in the morning—she wrote slowly, steadily, in a slanting hand with a soft pen on foolscap paper; and those daily four hours of creation had now, before she was thirty-five, given to her a name that the newspapers, the anthologies and her little clientele of loyal readers spoke with frequency and approval. As both a poet and a novelist she was pleasantly known.

It was, however, not in the capacity of her self-supporting occupation that she welcomed, two or three times a week, the calls of Roger Hollis.

Almost as long as he had been connected with Manhattan College—and

that was five years—she had been acquainted with him. He had come to her Thursday afternoons at home and had delighted her and her friends with his insight into the characters about him, his treasure of historical and general anecdote and, withal, his shyness, which hid much that was best of him from the passers-on. Rachel Kittredge had asked his help in many an involved difficulty of mental action in her books and, in return, had answered, with soul-searching honesty, his questions of people's motives; and from the increasing proximity of their persons and tastes, there had sprung a friendship dependent on each side. On an occasion the man had concluded, with the abrupt instinct of a woman, that he loved her; on the occasion of their next meeting he had told her so. They realized that they must marry.

So they became engaged, and it was now more than a year since their lives had approached, consciously, a kind of mental union. If they lacked somewhat the ardor of the very young, there was yet open affection between them. Reasons had delayed until lately the formalities of marriage; the reasons now gone, they had arranged, at the first college holiday—during the Christmas recess, which would occur in less than a month—quietly to seek a magistrate or a minister.

Therefore Rachel Kittredge was amazed at what she read in the *Clarion*. She did not believe it—but there it was in all the cold conviction of type! There must be, she thought, some sort of foundation for the story. Never a suspicious woman, she was ashamed of a doubt that a younger girl might not have blushed to own. She even recalled that, when she had once expressed a curiosity to see this Elysia Darling, whose beauty was as famous as her gowns were notorious, Hollis, who limited the modern English drama to Pinero and Shaw, was shocked by his *fiancée's* suggestion.

Somehow, in this crisis, she must reach him. But how? He was never in his rooms, and she had a puritanical dread of the philistine telephone and the gossiping exchange. She was helplessly wondering and was about to fall back on a

note and a messenger when the doorbell sounded.

It was he. With the freedom of his position as accepted lover he came, unannounced, directly to her sunny, second-story-back work-room. Her face, turned from the window, showed him, at the first greeting, none of her confusion; his had cast aside its pedagogic mask and was filled with thin-lined smiles. He would have kissed her.

But: "What have you been doing now?" she gasped, keeping dexterously at arm's length.

"What have I *what*, dearest?" His hands, defeated, dropped to his sides.

She brought it out: "This actress!" "Actress?"

"Yes, yes." Her tone, mellow and usually a little slow, sounded now in soprano impatience. "This story of your engagement to her."

He stood wide-mouthed, speechless. But she misinterpreted his want of action.

"What kind of fool have you been making of yourself this time? Of course, I know it isn't all true, but—"

"Sit down, Rachel; yes, let's sit down. There! Now tell me calmly what you are driving at."

She meant to be magnanimous; the aspersion of her calmness annoyed her.

"That," she said, pointing to the copy of the *Clarion* protruding from the armpit of his coat, "can tell you better. You seem to be popular."

He opened the paper amazedly, and she, in the already failing light, pointed to the disturbing column:

"Medford professor—Roger Hollis—betrothed to Musical-Opera Star!"

He flushed with uncomprehending anger. He glanced down the page.

"Takes her to supper after performances—"

"I don't quite see," he said, slowly, his nervous muscles tense.

"You mean it is not true?" asked the woman.

"No-o," he said, puzzled and questioning illusive memory.

"You've been on friendly terms—?"

"Ah!" Behind his thick, gleaming glasses his brown eyes opened and shut



"You mean it is not true?" asked the woman

rapidly two or three times. "I have it! The wretches! Somebody told—and they've spun this yarn!"

"Told? It was, then, secret?"

"Rachel, you are a very silly woman. I am astonished at you—"

"Well, then, explain."

"It was that accursed subject of dual personality; I knew I should have trouble—"

"You've actually—"

"Calm yourself, my dear; calm yourself. It was the lesson, the lecture, in class, this morning—"

"You've told *this* to the students?"

"I was illustrating multiple personality, that is all. It's hard enough for anyone properly to grasp. I made a point by saying that if I should take this actress to supper every Saturday evening—"

"Roger!"

"—and should then forget my action, that would be an instance of dual personality. It was altogether supposititious—"

"You surely made your point!"

"Yes," he answered absent-mindedly; but, suddenly assuming anxiety at the scorn he was recognizing in her tones: "Dearest, you do not doubt me?"

"I doubt your wisdom."

"What shall I do? What *can* I do?" He rose and paced the floor, his hands below his chin.

"Roger," Rachel Kittredge said, rising also and standing near the window. "You know I trust, that I love you. There's never a doubt of that. But you must get out of this abominable scrape."

"It was, of course, a trick," he continued to reflect. "The boys like to play jokes of this kind sometimes, especially McNeal. You see"—he put it in the light of a new discovery—"they're very young."

"Youth is no more excuse than Death. I should horsewhip the offender or—or have him expelled!"

The Professor's gentleness suffered a shock.

"You don't mean that, Rachel," he said, pausing beside her and patting the hand that he had not yet touched and thereby conciliating a little his real be-

trothed. "The question is, what are we to do with *me*?"

"Telephone the paper at once."

"To be sure."

Hollis walked toward the instrument on the small table by the typewriter.

"But not from this house!" said Miss Kittredge, in alarm. "Don't connect *me* with the affair!"

"Forgive me. I'll go to the drug-store. But what shall I say?"

"Tell them it is all a mistake. What else? Tell them it's libel and that you'll sue."

"Not that," he said. "Besides, it couldn't be libel, could it, to say that I took so handsome a woman to supper?"

"Roger!"

Hollis pressed her palm before she could resist and seized his hat.

"I shall be back at once, dearest," he said, leaving. "Don't worry. And," he called from the stairs, "your name is quite safe."

He hurried out to the booth in the corner shop. He called the *Clarion's* number and was given the local-room.

"Is this the chief person?" he asked.

"This is the city-desk. Who's talking?"

"I want to speak to the editor," said Hollis, mildly.

"Who's talking?" thundered the voice at the other end of the wire.

That touched the Professor's anger.

"I want," he said, "to ask about that tale of the engagement of Roger Hollis to the—eh—actress. I am Dr. Hollis."

The other end of the wire was more polite. "Yes, sir," it said. "Wait just a minute."

He held the receiver impatiently. At length came a second voice:

"Yes?"

"Is this the editor?"

"I represent him. What can I do for you?"

He repeated what he had already said.

"Isn't the report correct?" asked the other.

"Correct?"—The Professor never swore.—"It's anything else you please!"

"I'm very sorry. You are Professor Hollis?—Yes?—Well, we got word about this late in the morning—"

"From whom?"

"It would be against our rules to tell you that."

"Was it McNeal?"

"I'm sorry, but it would be against our rules to tell you. We tried to get you by 'phone, but couldn't.—You do know Miss Darling, don't you?"

"I know of her. Will you kindly have your paper deny what it has said?"

"Then it's not true?"

"Not true."

"Miss Darling's press-agent refuses either to deny or affirm the story. But it is not true?"

"It is not."

"Will you deny absolutely that you're engaged?"

"I emphatically deny that I'm engaged to this Miss Darling. Certainly."

"Oh, then you are engaged. Now, if you will just tell me about that, it will make a good little story and there will be no difficulty at all."

"How dare you, sir?"

"I beg pardon. But a mere denial will amount only to a few lines. If you'll give me the facts of your engagement we can play the thing up and make a denial that everyone will see and believe."

The Professor writhed. He thought of Rachel Kittredge and felt the contrast between her personality, retired, excluded from the entire world, and this woman seen publicly every night on the stage. He hesitated, but fear of the ingenuity of him at the farther receiver and recollection of the last words of his wife soon-to-be led Hollis to answer decisively.

"What you have printed," he began, "is libelous—"

He had made the shot against his convictions, but the term "libel" always touches a newspaper nearly.

"In that case," broke in the reporter, "we'll do the best we can, Professor. Anything else?"

"Not a word."

"Good-by."

Hollis hung up the receiver.

But the best that the papers could do was bad indeed. The rooms of Dr. Hollis were that night stormed by reporters,

who were denied admittance, and, in consequence of their failure to capture his citadel, their journals next morning copied the *Clarion's* story, with a few conjectured additions. Classes were interrupted, and there was a summons to the President's office, where a long explanation, which carefully omitted McNeal, was necessary. Finally, the *Clarion* appeared with its denial:

#### FIRST LOVE AND SECONDARY PERSONALITY.

Psychologist Admits Engagement  
But Repudiates Elysia Darling.  
Actress Will Only Say: "Time Not Come To Speak."

The theatrical press-agent had begun the deadly work, and a zealous reporter had administered the *coup de grace*. The former had arranged that his star should maintain a silence that was more eloquent than acknowledgment; and the latter had sought one of those pseudoscientists who live to be interviewed and who admitted that Dr. Hollis might possibly be the victim of one of those subconscious selves in the study of which he had made his scholastic reputation.

The press chorus that succeeded this publication was altogether unbearable. Hollis went nearly mad, and Miss Kittredge was reduced to a condition truly pitiable. One of the more practical members of the faculty made a tour of the newspaper offices, had long talks with the managing editors and finally silenced, at least for a time, their voices of public information and amusement, but not until the persons most intimately concerned had been rendered wholly miserable.

In the meantime papers all over the country had taken up the ball and were tossing it from column to column and town to town; and the Professor and his *fiancée* lived in hourly dread of the possible discovery and heralding of their tender relations.

"I couldn't stand it!" nearly sobbed Miss Kittredge at a clandestine meeting between her and Hollis, for the latter was beginning to have a terror lest he be followed. "It would quite ruin my reputation!"

"But, dearest," protested the man, "we

shall be married soon, and nothing can matter then."

"I'm not so sure. They'll be certain to put that in their awful papers. Why, Roger, you're a—you're almost a disreputable character! I don't know whether I'm really going to marry you at all!"

They had intended to hold the ceremony quietly in their own New York; but now quiet must become secrecy. Hollis was consequently in despair lest Miss Kittredge should really forsake him. He had never before realized how much he counted on her constant companionship and he had never before realized to what an extent he loved her.

"There will be no chance of that," he promised. "It won't get into the papers. We'll go to another town—another state, if necessary."

With that idea in mind, he went again to confer with the President of Manhattan College. Dr. Church, who knew of Hollis's engagement and had been nearly as much worried as the Professor, received the plan of a secret marriage with something very like enthusiasm.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed, stroking one gray side-whisker. "The college will give you a semester's vacation. Marry quietly, go abroad, and by the time you return the story will be too old to print. Of course, you are too valuable for us to give you up, whatever these papers may publish; but the situation has been annoying—very annoying."

Grateful Hollis went back to his rooms, took down an atlas, consulted it carefully, and that night telephoned to what seemed to be a sufficiently remote town in Connecticut.

"I want to talk to your Justice of the Peace," he said, and, when he got that worthy, he continued, in a voice that shook with anxiety: "How should one proceed, in your state, to go about a marriage in the event of his wishing no publicity?"

The voice that came back to him was terrifyingly boisterous:

"You seem to be in a hurry."

"I am."

"Well, we don't countenance elopements."

Hollis went hot.

"This is no elopement, he declared. "I am a person of position in New York, I'd have you know, and—"

"And you want to come all the way from New York here to git married?"

"I do."

"You're under forty-five?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Connecticut and Minnesota prohibit the marriage of epileptics, imbeciles and feeble-minded women under forty-five! Good-by."

He did not think it wise to report to Rachel this coarse jesting with their sacred endeavor; but he wrote to magistrates in a number of commonwealths, enclosing return postage, and asking, for a friend, he craftily said, what were the marriage regulations in the states where his correspondents resided and whether publicity were a necessary corollary to matrimony. Before he received any replies to these inquiries, he recalled having heard that no license was required in New Jersey; and, after desperate persuasion, he brought Rachel to the point of giving up an entire Saturday from her desk and of accompanying him to Camden.

"Residents of the state?" was the first question put to them by the fat official.

Hollis shook his head.

"License, please."

"Why," stammered the professor. "I understood that no license was required in New Jersey."

"That's only for residents," said the fat man. He spoke gruffly, but a glance at his crestfallen auditors seemed to soften him. "One of you's a resident, ain't you? I can fix it up all right in that case." His tone had become ingratiating. It implied that a little lie would make matters easy. "You come from Atlantic City, didn't you?" he concluded.

But neither of the two before him had dreamed of doing anything more underhanded than outwitting the newspapers. They said that they came from New York.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you," said the official. "If you, Mister, put up here for just one night I could get a license to-morrow."



"This is no elopement," he declared

Miss Kittredge gave way on the return journey. Tears filled her big, brown eyes and a sob choked her ample throat—whereupon Roger Hollis braved the curiosity of the car to put an arm over her shoulder.

"Isn't it hateful, Roger?" she petulantly exclaimed.

Hollis did not remove the arm.

"It isn't," continued Rachel Kittredge, "so much that I want to marry you; I've really got over caring for that for its own sake. But I'm resolved upon getting the better of the papers, and then I'm sorry for you. Wont they let us marry anywhere without telling? Oh, why are you such a fool?"

Hollis continued to stroke her shoulder. He was finding it best not to answer all questions.

And next day replies began to arrive to his letters of inquiry. There must have been something wrong with those letters, something that inspired suspicion. Every writer seemed coolly to assume that Hollis was planning a violation of the laws of that writer's particular state.

"Marriages between step-relatives are forbidden both here and in Wisconsin, New York, Tennessee, Minnesota, Kentucky, Iowa and the Hawaiian Islands." Such was the curt answer that arrived from Jacksonville.

"A step-relative!" wailed the astonished professor. "What made them think she is a step-relative? I didn't want to know who couldn't marry; I wanted to know who could, and how they could do it without talk!"

"Cannot understand why your friend wants to run away from New York to marry," wrote a Raleigh justice. "Marriages not good enough for New York aint good enough for us. He must be a wild Indian, and North Carolina's like Oregon, Arizona and South Carolina; we all have laws forbidding the marriages of Indians with white folks."

"Note you say your friend's lady is a scholar." Thus ran a letter from Meridian. "Is she one of those Chinese ones that are swarming to this country? Here and in Arizona, California, Utah and Oregon, we don't allow whites to marry Chinese."

Equally suspicious, or equally jocose, persons in New Hampshire, Nevada, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, both the Dakotas and Oklahoma talked only of the degrees of relationship that made certain marriages void in their respective commonwealths as well as in those of Oregon, Ohio, Wyoming, Arizona, Washington and Alaska. The capital of the nation responded: "You sound crazy. If your friend is as crazy as you are, he can't be married in the District of Columbia, or in the states of Nebraska, Maine, Massachusetts or Kentucky."

And Hollis's bad telephone connection with Philadelphia only vouchsafed him the assurance that "first cousins can't marry in Pennsylvania, anyhow."

The Professor came away from that conversation with eyes that were wild. At his door the postman handed him a note from Mobile.

"Dear Sir," it ran. "Yours rec'd. In reply would say that in this state, as well as in half the states of the Union, the law prohibits and punishes marriages



"And you want to come all the way here to get married?"

between white persons and persons of negro descent. I am the only Republican magistrate in this city; but I regret that I cannot oblige."

Then, of course, the inevitable happened. His cunning had been too shallow, and "asking for a friend" did not help him. A paper in one of the towns to which he had written got hold of his letter. It had formerly copied the *Clarion's* original stories of his engagement; it now remembered those stories and printed the letter. The disguise of the "friend" fell to tatters, and next day the *Clarion* resumed its old pursuit with the inquiry:

#### WHERE IS PSYCHOLOGIST TO WED?

Is He, Or His Friend The Secondary Personality, To Marry Elysia Darling After All?

And down the black and white sheet glared a wretched exaggeration of his correspondence, gathered from a dozen states:

Dr. Roger Hollis, Professor of Psychology at Manhattan College, who recently denied his engagement to Elysia Darling, the musical-comedy star, has been writing to cities and towns throughout the country to learn their marriage-laws "for a friend who wishes to marry without publicity."

Miss Darling, who continues her unprecedented success at the Times' Square Theatre in the musical extravaganza "The Girl In A Whirl," remains silent upon the topic of her engagement, but, when questioned this morning, said

it was possible that, if she was engaged, the Professor might use his secondary or "duality" to account for his reticence.

Dr. Hollis refuses absolutely to say a word about the matter. While, however, it is true that he once repudiated Miss Darling in his person of the first part, it is recalled that he admitted in class that a dual personality would account for his choice of the actress, and it is now a question among the doctor's colleagues and students whether his subconscious self will teach at Manhattan while he goes to Idaho to marry the most graceful woman on the stage, or whether Hollis Number One will remain in New York while an astral Roger Hollis is being wedded in Galveston. Scientists of prominence are wondering whether bigamy will now first be condoned on these grounds.

The poor Professor read all this and much more; he notified the college au-

thorities that he would at once start on his leave-of-absence, and, afraid any longer to be seen on the streets of New York, fled that night to Rahway.

On the morning following he appeared, haggard, at the office of a local lawyer.

"I am Roger Hollis," he said, "and I am looking for some state in which I can get married with decent privacy. You've heard about me, of course. For Heaven's sake, help me out."

The lawyer, who was old enough and gray enough to be kindly, smiled.

"What you want," he said, "is a state where they don't require a license and where they either don't make returns or don't hurry about them."

"My dear sir, is there such a spot anywhere in this once free country?"

"Well, New Jersey won't do: it's too near New York. I understand *that*. But California requires only that the parties be previously examined under oath. Then there's New Mexico and Alaska. They don't require a license. But I suppose they'd be too far away?"

"Peking wouldn't be too distant," moaned Dr. Hollis.

"I think we can do better than that, sir—or than Alaska or New Mexico. Let me see. Oh, yes; to be sure. There's South Carolina."

Hollis, disregarding Rachel's dislike of the wires and their chattering operators, bounded to the telephone. In ten minutes he was talking to her.

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to me one last time?" he asked, pleadingly.

"Oh, don't let's try again!" came back the slow tones of the woman he loved.

"Dearest, you want to get the best of *them*, too, and we'll go abroad right afterwards. It's all arranged. No license, no possible publicity."

"Where this time, Roger?"

"South Carolina. I've even bought your ticket there by train,"—he permitted his tongue this urging anticipation of the truth. "I'm to go by boat."

"You're sure it's all right?"

"Quite right, sweetheart. Bring Miss Holbrook along, if you want."

"No, that's too expensive. I'll go it alone."

She did and within three days, after Hollis had engaged anonymous transatlantic passage from Quebec against their return North, they met in sleepy Charleston. Hollis went immediately in search of a magistrate and found one's sign on a low, red-brick building up an alley opposite the post-office. The very decay of the place clamored its security.

The arrangements were simple. The magistrate was out, but a slouching negro servant assured Hollis that a license was not necessary, that the only things requisite were two witnesses whom "de jedge" would procure from around the corner, and that, finally, the "jedge" himself would "be 'long in 'bout half a n'our" when he would be "mos' glad to 'commodate you an' de lady."

In half an hour the lady was procured. She had felt entirely self-confident until they entered the alley, but, if lurking fear rose in her with their approach to the spot that certainly did not seem prepossessing, Hollis was, at any rate, inexorable enough for both. Sweat stood on his high forehead from haste lest the opportunity should in some strange manner, pass.

The lank, long-mustached magistrate was standing behind his rickety table. Near by, on chairs no less rickety, sat the two corralled witnesses, who rose at the entrance of Hollis and his companion. The witnesses were introduced and the magistrate, a printed form before him, began to write thereon Roger's and Rachel's answers to his purely formal questions.

"Now, then, if you please," said the magistrate, "write your names and addresses here in your own hands."

They did so.

"Roger Hollis, you take this woman, Rachel Winthrop Kittredge, fo' yo' lawful wife?"

Roger produced, in wet fingers, a ring.

"I do," he said.

"An' Rachel Winthrop Kittredge, do you take this man, Roger Hollis, fo' yo' lawful husban'?"

"I do." Her voice was like a bell.

The magistrate affixed a signature and a seal to his paper.



"I'm the local correspondent of the New York *Clarion*"

"That's all," he announced.

"But—but the ring," gasped Rachel, eagerly.

"We don't use that hyar; but yo' kin put it on ef yo' want to," smiled the magistrate. "Now then, witnesses please sign." He was filling out a certificate that he then handed to Hollis. "There yo' are, suh," he concluded. "An' ef yo' wan' to be divorced, yo'll have to go to another state fo' that; we don't allow no divorce on no groun's in S'uth Carolina."

Married! It could not be undone! Married and safe—and their passage booked from Quebec where the papers would never think of looking for them! Hollis, aglow, turned to the beaming magistrate.

"How much?" he inquired.

He felt very rich.

"Jes' whatever yo' think it to be wo' th', suh."

The Professor's eye rested on the blushing face of his pretty wife.

"I couldn't begin to pay you all that!" he laughed.

But he stripped a twenty-dollar bill from a roll and handed it to the magistrate. Then, with two ten-dollar notes in his hand, he turned to the witnesses, whom, in his entranced condition, he had heretofore entirely disregarded.

"Here," he said; "I hope you'll not mind my making this little gift."

The first witness, who looked as if he might be a small shop clerk, didn't mind at all; but the other, who was a keen-eyed young man with a busy air, shook his head.

"Oh, no, thanks," said he. "I couldn't—please. You see, I get mine in another way. This is part business with me. I'm on the *News-And-Courier* here, but I'm the local correspondent of the New York *Clarion*."



Carmichael's agent was from Missouri

## Salvage

BY WALTER JONES

Author of "Euterpe Snott—Demonstrator," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY SANFORD TOUSEY

### I

**C**ARMICHAEL, Character Comedienne, launched her variety career at the Pastime, a motion-picture house on Madison Street. She "obliged" at six shows daily, alternating with one Milton Rae in "Feats of Strength and Skill." Although she would scarcely have chosen a Sandow turn to share her humble honors, her loneliness in her new surroundings would have responded to the sociability of almost any professional spirit; but at such times in their hourly routine as they inevitably met in the

wings, the "strong act" returned no more than a shy nod to her polite, "How d'y-do, Mr. Rae," and once when, to cover an awkward encounter, she asked him if he didn't find it a muscular strain to play so many performances, he edged away with a blushing disclaimer and a hasty dive at his bathrobe. Yet, despite this seeming lack of geniality, the comedienne repeatedly observed him applauding her act from the front.

She closed her last show, however, without any nearer approach to an acquaintanceship and moved across the street to the Odeon, where she "made

good" so emphatically that a local agent booked her for five weeks of time in the outlying houses. As she came out of the theatre at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon to go to her supper, the world looked pretty good to Carmichael. She had money in her purse and her agent's contract in her pocket—not an unpleasant situation for a plain-looking novice who, but a few months before, had smashed up her mirror in a rage of suspicion that beauty was the only high-road to success.

She paused a moment in the lobby to feast her as yet unsatiated gaze upon the gay pageant of the City's variety Rialto. The hour was close for Madison Street at its blithest. In the shifting human current that surged by the door of the picture house, she hopefully identified not a few of the performers, piano players, song boosters, managers, ticket choppers, and hangers-on, who went to make up the professional world she had so recently entered. She was wistfully regretting that she saw no one with whom she was sufficiently acquainted to enhance her bright prospects by confiding them, when her glance fell upon Milton Rae, the "strong act," who stood leaning against an outer pillar of the lobby. Early in the afternoon she had remarked him in the audience at the Odeon and had wondered, with a pleasurable thrill, if his presence was accidental or if he had come to re-inspect her act.

Now he was standing with arms folded across his broad chest, a small cap jammed down over his yellow curls, his jaw set, and his blue eyes leveled wistfully upon the jostling, carefree humor of the street. To Carmichael his whole attitude bespoke a boyish dejection and defeat which he was not skillful enough to dissemble and which her own heart was unable to resist. She crossed and spoke to him hesitatingly.

"Why, hullo, Mr. Rae," she said. "I seen you in the house, didn't I? I hope you liked our show."

He recognized her with an embarrassed pull at his cap. "I—I was just passing by," he stammered, "when I— they change the pictures every day, you know, and I—"

"Yes, of course," smiled Carmichael, "and you didn't know they was playing the bum comedienne you showed with across the street. How's *your* act coming, Mr. Rae? Getting it ready for the big time?"

"Say, you're kidding me, aint you?" he flushed. "I aint even been able to finish my week out."

"Believe me, not." Carmichael's cheeks turned redder than his own. "I aint got any use for the sassy talk. I'm just telling you don't be down on your luck, 'cause sometimes the agents are a awful long while appreciating a classy act. Been out to your eats, Mr. Rae?"

"I'm waiting for the manager. I thought mebbe—he might have something—for next week."

"Well, you got plenty of time."

"The girl said he'd be right back."

"He wont for an hour yet. He always lets the head usher run off the supper show."

The "strong act" studied his toes industriously. "I et a real late lunchin," he said.

"Oh, all right—" Carmichael started away. Suddenly she turned and faced him. "Mr. Rae," she said, "you don't need to be *afraid*. I'm safe. I'm *homely* enough to ask a man to dinner if I want to, I guess."

"It aint that!" he burst out, with an involuntary plunge into a cavernous pocket.

Carmichael comprehended—too late. He offered an aggressive arm and insisted upon a restaurant frequented by prosperous vaudevillians. "Only sinkers and a cup o' coffee, Mr. Rae," she protested; "that's all I ever think of for my supper hash, honest."

But Mr. Rae, hectically cheerful, placed a bountiful order and submerged the slenderness of his pocketbook in the ardor of his admiration. "Gee, Miss Carmichael," he said, "but I think your act's going great! You're putting that Viddisher spiel over immense. I s'pose you got all kinds o' bookings?"

"Oh," she deprecated; all the pleasure of confiding her good fortune was gone now. She almost wished she hadn't any to confide. "They seem to fall for it.

My agent's got me five weeks. But it's only neighborhood time."

"Five weeks! I should think that was *some*. But I s'pose you've been going up against the game a good while, aint you?"

"No, the 'Pastime' was the first date I ever filled."

"Say, it was mine, too! What d'you know about that for a coincidence! But there aint been no agents running after me. You sure put 'em over like an old timer. I bet you're stringing me."

"Why, Mr. Rae! A month ago I was chopping coupons for a twenty-thirt down in Saint Looie. You can ask the party. But how did *you* come to butt into the business, Mr. Rae?"

"Oh, it aint int'resting."

"But just for fun, Mr. Rae?"

"Well, I was a hoofer once—"

"What's a hoofer?"

"Edgarville for blacksmith," he chuckled, as their orders were served. "I always was crazy about the show life," he went on, stirring his coffee; "though there never was any real theatres come there—only circuses, sometimes. I'd be down regular for the pull-in and they'd gen'rally let me swing a hammer with the stake gang. Then once, when we was through and me and some o' the boys went in swimmin' in the river off the edge of the lot, one of the kinkers seen me"—he lowered his glance modestly to the table-cloth—"and said he could get me in right, and what a stack o' coin I could make doing a Sampson act and seeing the real life."

"It's the best coffee-cake, Mr. Rae. So then?"

"Well, in the fall, when Buddy's show closed, I come to Chicago to bunk up with him and hunt a perfessor to learn me my tricks. It was some proposition; but I stayed with the works till here, now, just when I was due for my tryout, Puddy gets a telegram to join a wagon show in Florida. That lit sort o' tough on me. Y'see, I'd reckoned on him all along for the trimmings and the know-how. But Buddy's a white scout. He stayed over a whole day to fix me that opening at the 'Pastime.' I guess you seen what use it was." He gulped down

his coffee unsteadily. "He's gone now, and the perfessor's got all my money, and it looks like a Edgarville freight for Milton."

Carmichael sat silent, crumbling the remains of her coffee-cake. He looked at her frightenedly. "It wasn't no story to tell a lady," he apologized; "but you asked me, and you—you seemed more like Buddy'n one o' them fly skirts."

"Thanks!" Carmichael raised eyes that were suspiciously bright. "You want to forget that, Mr. Rae—about going back to Edgarville, I mean. If you'll be willing to take advice from me, same as you would from Buddy, why mebbe I can give you some: you got the goods, Mr. Rae, but you aint delivering 'em right. All you need for a sure-fire hit is a pair o' new tights, some nickelized weights, and a little change in your act."

"I guess that's right: a little *change* in my act; but I'm as broke as a—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Rae. As I was saying, you want to open with the muscle posing, like 'em all; then the routine you're doing now; and try a press-up with one of the property boys for a finish. That'll be sure to get you a hand. Now, next week I'm playing the 'Leavitt.' Tuesday nights they have professional try-outs. You put on your act, framed up like I said, and if I can coax my agent to go out and look it over, I bet there'll be something doing."

"Yes, but when I aint got a red, how can I—"

"Borrow it of me."

"You! When I get down to where I've got to ask a woman—"

"But it's just to set you on your feet. You'd take it of Buddy, wouldn't you?"

"I was only foolin'. O' course you aint Buddy."

The waiter brought their combined check. As Carmichael reached for a glass of water, her sleeve brushed it to the floor. When the waiter picked it up, a crisp ten-dollar bill lay on the cloth. "You pay at the desk," he said to Mr. Rae. Carmichael was already half-way across the room. Outside, she avoided his efforts to return the money and curbed his gratitude to a further discussion of the means for improving his act.

"So-long," he said, with a thankful clasp, at the lobby. "It sure is up to me to put 'em over, now."

"But I thought you wanted to see the manager! He's just back."

"Forget that." The young Sandow blushed, as he dodged away. "It was you I come in to see."

Carmichael's agent was from Missouri. He observed languidly that if he had a mind to open his office window and holler, he could gather in enough "strong acts" to congest the entire United Time. He "happened" however, to be "held up in the neighborhood" upon the occasion of the try-out and negotiated a contract over which Milton Rae and Carmichael indulged congratulations and a sundae at the corner drug-store.

"Gee," said Mr. Rae joyously, as he quitted her at her door, "it's going to be great, bucking the game here with a good scout, you know. I'll have four weeks of city time anyway and we got to see a lot of each other."

There was no use trying to keep down a little thrill at the agreeableness of this proposal; but Carmichael took an unflinching look in her mirror and went to bed without any foolish illusions. It was all very fine to be a good scout with a plain face, but she realized that svelte sister acts and saucy piano players would soon open Milton Rae's eyes to other potentialities. "And it's just as well,"

Carmichael stood a moment gaping



she reflected sorrowfully; "for even if he came to a show down, a quince like me'd be digging her own grave to hitch up with a handsome boy that don't know he's born yet."

It is a great pity for plain-looking comedienne that handsome boys ever have to know they're born handsome. Sometimes it is a greater pity for the handsome boys themselves.

"Why, say, Carmichael," Milton Rae burst out one night a month after, over a rathskeller Stein and a sandwich, "I'm certainly staying with this! It's the grandest trick in the world, if you once learn to put it across. And plenty of side pickings, too. Friday night an art fellow came in behind and wants me to pose for him mornings; then I met up with a couple of weight jugglers that showed me

how I can pull the trick stuff; and say, if a guy'd fall for 'em, the dolls are easy as pie!"

"Thanks, on behalf of the sex," laughed Carmichael, with an inward twinge, "but if I was you, I wouldn't go in for faking my act. It aint the way to land on the big time."

"I was just kidding," he sobered. "If I ever do land, I'll know who it was put me there. Here, I was going to liquidate." He slipped a bill under the table into Carmichael's lap. "You're playing the 'Milwaukee Avenue' next week, aint you?—and got a perfessional try-out Tuesday night?"

"Yes, I *was* booked—"

"Same at my shop. I'll meet you downtown at nine for a look-in at one of the real shows."

Carmichael shook her head and took a mechanical bite at her sandwich.

"What's up?"

"I can't. I got a professional engagement."

"Tidings from the front?"

"I guess that's it. My agent's office had a call for a single act on their Western time and they're sending me out."

"Gee, what did I tell you? That's showing 'em some! When do you open?"

"Monday—at Council Bluffs."

"Aw, say!" His face fell. He pushed his Pilsener away. "You've queered this joint for me, kiddo, with that knockout dope. Let's rustle a car to the park."

Under the shadow of the trees, as they strolled a deserted path, she suddenly felt his arm around her. "Why, Mr. Rae!" she said. "I guess you're forgetting I'm Buddy."

"Deuce with him! I want you for something else 'sides a Buddy. If you'll just say the word, old lady, we'll beat it back to a sky pilot—and cancel that Western time. I'm only a country boob, but I know when a fellow's been a good scout to me—"

"Look at me, Milton."

Freeing herself, she squared toward him and held him off under the blinking glare of a park light, with her hands against his shoulders. "Look at me. I've got a nerve to ask a man to supper; but not a nerve to make him marry me just

because he's fancied I did him a sporting turn once. I'm not the sort of a girl, Milton, that a boy like you ever marries—unless he's bought himself a one-way ticket to a desert island."

"It's a damned libel, Carmichael. I never thought that of—"

"I know. You don't get it yet—but you will. Then you'll be glad you're free. There's lots of girls in the world, Milton. They're all yours for the pickin', and when you pick, remember this: it mustn't be one of the kind that's 'as easy as pie.'"

"You—you're turning me down, Carmichael?"

"No, it's myself I'm turning down. But, Milton, we aint going to let this or my Western dates make any difference. We aint going to lose track of each other—ever. You must send me a line to Council Bluffs and one of those new lobby pictures, when they're done. And some day we'll meet again on the big time."

The parting was pretty hard for Carmichael. Milton Rae brought her traps to the train, said his, "Good-by, Buddy," sullenly, and then, at the final moment, crushed her in his big arms and kissed her. The gateman shouted warningly; she waved a limp rag of linen from the platform; the landscape whizzed mistily by the car window; and, after that—Council Bluffs!

Correspondence isn't professional. Actors promise, but they don't write. Carmichael wasn't professional. She wrote. At first, he answered with numerous and intimate epistles that revealed the physical effort of their inditing; then, with less frequent and less intimate post-cards from the towns he was playing; at last, not at all.

She was not deceived. "He's just letting me down easy," she told herself. But she couldn't forget—maybe never, at least, not yet. She followed his bookings until they dropped out of *Variety*; and a few months afterward, fearful lest her old friend should have fallen on evil days, she tucked a twenty in an envelope and enclosed it, care of *The Billboard*. She never wrote to inquire whether or where it had been claimed;

yet always, when she played a bill with a "strong act," she hoped—in vain.

## II

"Carmichael, Character Comedienne," was playing Chicago again, still under her original billing; but she was booked over the "big time" now and her name was cuddled up close to the headliner's. Monday afternoon the house gave her a hand at her entrance and four legitimate bows at her curtain. She could scarcely wait to get into her street clothes and join the supper throng on Madison. The old, familiar street stretched out before her a throbbing lane of whirling dust, and hurrying crowds, and hot white lights that beat against the sky. As she entered the block of the cheap vaudeville and picture houses, a strange thrill tugged at her heart. She half expected to see a tall blonde boy standing before the lobby of the "Odeon" with his hands folded across his great chest, his cap jammed down over his yellow curls, and his baffled eyes looking out wistfully at the human current eddying by. Carmichael dared not think what she would barter for that sight; but she did glance across at the "Odeon" once, mistily, just to prove that he was not there.

The scene about her was all unchanged. On either side were the ten-cent theatres where she had opened three short years ago, bluffing a "front" on "split weeks" and six shows a day. Now her salary was spelled in three figures and her agent always kept her routed at least twenty weeks ahead. She paused with a reminiscent smile before a frame of lobby pictures. There were the same cheap-studio, wood-scene backgrounds, the cotton tights, the second-hand soubrette costumes. Even the bill was startlingly typical:

Mdlle. Edne  
Queen of Equipoise

—  
The Brothers McNulty  
In Song and Story

—  
The Great Elandow  
Fenominal Feats of Strength

She verified the pictures amusedly; Mdlle. Edne, poised perilously on a balance ball; the Brothers McNulty, in broad checks and low-comedy wigs; the Great Elandow pressing up a bar-bell, his muscular back, a torso pose—

Carmichael stifled a cry. She stood a moment, gaping; then, without waiting for her change at the ticket window, she plunged down the narrow aisle of the picture house and stumbled over a drowsy stripling into a front row seat. "Who's the next turn, kiddo?" she whispered to the piano player.

"The strong act," he answered, with a sleepy glance to see if his questioner was pretty.

She took a fine-mesh veil from her wrist-bag and wound it about her turban; then she crossed her knees, knotted her fingers in her lap, and waited. A comic reel ran its interminable length, the piano man thumped out a few loud chords, and from the shallow wings an usher wound up the curtain, revealing the Great Elandow in the spent glory of faded red fleshings turned in at the waist cord under an imitation leopard-skin girdle.

As he stood there under the merciless, hot light of the electrics, Carmichael put her handkerchief to her lips to keep from crying aloud. The yellow curls lay damp and thin on his forehead; his cheeks were as desperately pink as an aged soubrette's; his blue eyes shifted, dull and lifeless, above the heads of the audience. He opened with an exhibition of muscular posing. He flexed his arms. Their big muscles responded jerkily. She saw his mouth twitch with the pain of a knotted biceps. When he lifted his great chest, his ribs stood out like barrel hoops and the hollow under his diaphragm was ghastly.

Carmichael sat like an image of stone. When the curtain rang down, she said to the pianist, "Where did you get that turn?"

"Tramp act, I guess. He'll never get no regular bookings on that show down."

"He sure is a dead one." Yet she kept her eyes fixed on the tiny door under the stage apron until Milton Rae appeared. The house was dark and, following him

out unobserved, she caught his arm as he left the lobby. "Pardon me," she said, looking down and "throwing" her voice, "but aint you the strong act? D'you s'pose a character comedienne, with a specialty 'in one' could get a chance to work in there?"

He shook her off roughly. "How do I know? If you see the manager once, you wont want to. He's the original grouch. Jacked me up just now for not putting more ginger into my act. I'd like to know, when a guy's playing six shows a day, how he—My God, Carmichael!" He seized her limp hand. "I'm sure glad to see—" His cheeks mantled fiercely. He tossed his head toward the nickel house. "You—you aint been in there?"

She held out her hand a bit unsteadily. "Why, yes, I had an hour off and I just dropped in. It's lucky I did, aint it, or mebbe I wouldn't have happened on you. When a party don't write to friends—?"

"I know I'm a low-down rotter; but I—" He jerked his head at the picture house again: "That's the answer." They stood a moment irresolutely. Carmichael silently offered her arm. As silently he took it and walked beside her, hanging his head. When he had helped her over a street crossing, he burst out miserably, "I always meant to come across with that twenty, Buddy, honest to God, I did. Wednesday night, when they ease me off—"

"Sst! Sidetrack the tin. What's your dope sheet now, Milton?"

"Western time, off and on—mostly off. What's yours?"

"Oh, I'm still playing the Hoboken circuits."

A phantom smile parted his lips. "You can't put that over on me, kid. Lookit here." He fumbled a pocket and produced a front-row coupon for the evening's performance at the house Carmichael was playing.

She glimpsed it eagerly. "Then you didn't forget me, Milton?"

"Forget you, Buddy?"

"Oh, I—I'm so glad— You're off for the day?"

"Yes, I obliged at the afternoon show."

"Then we'll jump in a taxi and go up to my hotel for dinner."

With a bitter laugh he shook his head. "They'd think you was giving a tramp party."

"Rot! There must be a taxistand somewhere near."

"Mebbe—but I couldn't stand the tax."

They came to a moment's awkward pause in the jostling street throng. Carmichael faced

about. "Let's go back," she said. "Come to think of it, I'd much ruther drop into one of our old joints for a ham and—"

"No," he halted her; "headliners don't eat in dairy lunches. And I aint building any ells on that twenty."

"Cut that about the coin." She steadied her voice resolutely. "Then you don't want to talk over old times with me, Milton? There's such a lot I'd like to know about you."

"What's the use?" He freed her arm



"Milton, did you mean to sneak away?"

and fronted her doggedly. "There aint anything that's decent to tell. It's just 'exit, laughing'—that's all." He raised his hat without the proffer of his hand. "So-long. I'll see you from the front."

Carmichael stared desperately at his broad shoulders swinging along the walk and beyond them toward the bright glare and shifting current of the street that was bearing him from her forever, a shattered hulk, into the trough of its human tide. Derelict though he be, his had been the only ship to signal hers across the barren sea of life and now no other barque stood by to work his salvage.

"Milton," she cried, "Milton!" and, caring not who saw or heard, ran after him. Seeing people look up with side-long glances, he stepped aside into a doorway. He turned his face from her; but she caught his hands and held them tight. "Milton, Milton Rae, did you mean to sneak away like this? Haven't you a—not a word for me, even for old times' sake? I thought, from your showing that ticket, mebbe you cared a little about *me*—how I've worked—my way up—to the headliner class. I'll never trouble you again. All I want to know is where do I get off? You're giving me the straight pass-out, Milton?"

He wrenched his hands free of hers with a great sob. "My God! When a man's down," he cried, "can't you let him lie?"

Carmichael leaned toward him in a wave of resurgent tenderness. "Remember," she breathed, "ten-thirty to-night, at the stage door." Then she stole away.

According to the treasurer's count there were a thousand people in the house; but Carmichael played to a single man in a shabby blue serge. She always gave her brains to the audience; to-night she gave her soul. It was a big night. She "stopped the show" and the manager pushed her on for an extra bow and a little speech. Twenty minutes later Milton Rae met her in the stage alley with a shame-faced nod. As they passed the gaudy lobby with its lounging youths and waiting automobiles, he drew back miserably. "Gee, Carmichael," he said, "let's call it off. You'd ought to be feed-

ing with one o' them Johnnies to-night."

"I don't want to eat. It's plenty warm and there's a grand stage moon. We'll take a car and talk it over in the park."

He assented unwillingly, and, on the ride out, ran on with stuttering haste about her success and the show they had just witnessed. They left the car in silence and walked through the Shore Drive to the park front. Carmichael drank in the still night scene with a deep breath.

"Let's sit awhile on the bench here, Milton," she said. "It aint changed any, is it? It's just like the night we—just like it always was when I had that little room down on Chicago Avenue and used to come out here and tell my lonesome troubles to the lake." They watched the moon shimmering down on the trembling green breast of the water and the waves breaking fretfully against the wooden piles. "Milton," said Carmichael suddenly, "do you ever get lonesome?"

"Not any more,"—with a queer laugh. "I don't dare. I wouldn't come here, if I did. I'd get too near some time and fall in."

She shuddered against his shoulder. "Milton, I don't understand you. You aint a bit like—"

"No, I guess I aint. Two years'll take a lot out of you when you're hitting the slide. But it aint as bad as the water route yet; there is still some I can train with. Only, the kind you pick up in the discard— But you wouldn't understand. You're out of the lonesome class now."

"Am I?"

"Aint you? What's the use of the 'big time' if it don't get you the high lights and the pals?"

"That's all it ever got me, Milton—just the high lights. I s'pose there's plenty of good pals at the top; but the only kind I've met was hanging 'round for a chance to spend your coin or cop your act. There's still only the one"—her voice trailed off unsteadily—"that I tell my troubles to—ever."

"Well, one. That's something, aint it?"

"Not much. He's only a man in a picture frame I set up on my make-up table sometimes."

"But you'll get hitched some day. What's the matter—don't he ever play your time?"

"No, not since a couple of years back at the 'Pastime' once. And how can I get hitched, if he don't ask me?"

There was a moment of aching silence. "I wish to heaven he could!" He fought down a sob. "Buddy, oh why—why for God's sake, Buddy, didn't you go to the gospel shop with me that night?"

"I—I couldn't then. Surely you must see—"

"I aint never seen nothing but the 'No' you handed me."

"A good looking boy like you's got to have his fair chance against the field, without any hobbles tied on 'im."

"Well, I had mine and look what it done to me." His eyes shrunk piteously down, as if disclosing, naked, the hollows of his great frame. "I'm a losing bet pretty much ever since you left me, Buddy. For a while I played some clever dates with them new props you staked me to. But the neighborhood time don't last forever, and I'd get lonesome, like you say. So I joined up with a pardner and we headed it west in a brother act. At first we went big enough. But he knew 'em all out there and he started me playing with the dolls and laying down on the act. And then one day I nipped up too quick from a comedy fall and shivered my knee-cap. He left me a ten and vamped. But when I was able to book again, Pantages couldn't see me for a single; so I had to go it just turkey time—and that's long jumps and bad money. Then, like a guy will, when the works are ag'in' him, I hit up the booze off and on till I—I was took down in Butte with the fever—"

"Oh!" Carmichael burst in on him with a pitiful, smothered cry. He swayed toward her with outstretched arms.

"I'd give my damned hide, kid, if I—"

He turned away and buried his head in his elbows on the back of the bench. Carmichael's lips parted in a hysterical flutter, but no sound came. She looked at him a moment awe-stricken; then, with a fierce passion of tenderness, she caught him in her arms, his head upon her

breast and the breeze stirring his yellow curls against her throat. He struggled to rise up and free himself; but she held him close until he quieted and checked the ravage of his tears. And Carmichael gazed out serenely on the moonlit lake. She had convoyed her salvaged barque within the port of calms and in her soul was the captain's perfect peace who loves the shattered ship more dearly than his own.

"Milton," she said presently, "I'm glad you told me. Now we can start with a clean slate. I've got everything doped out. I'll play out my time here; then we'll both cancel any bookings after that and lay off a couple of weeks for a rest-up honeymoon. Then we'll frame your turn over to work me in on some live weight press-ups. You can learn me a row of flips for the finish and who knows but mebbe I could get onto a hand balance?"

"Say, you could, sure!" He sprang up excitedly. "You got the poise all right and you aint a bit too heavy for me when I'm in condition." The momentary brightness faded. He hung his head. "Oh, hell, I'm talking like a pipe dream! Sinking you in a sight act, when you can turn 'em away with the clever stuff!"

"Then when we get our frame-up right," Carmichael went on blithely, "we'll dress the act classy for the big time, with a drop of our own and mebbe a posing cabinet."

"Don't rag a fellow like that. You're some ginger, girl, but you couldn't carry the dead weight of me. You don't know. My lungs hurts sometimes and I got to force my expansion."

Carmichael laughed. "A month of good chuck and you'll have all them tin Sandows looking sick."

"I'd do my darndest for you, kid, and then, liker'n not, some fine night I'd fall off the water wagon."

"Well,"—she sprang to his side, scoffing it off as coolly as a stage joke—"them accidents are liable to happen, even in the best regulated families. If you did, the manager'd just have to hold the curtain till you climbed on again, that's all."

"Gee, it'd be some great to pal with



She looked at him a moment, awe-stricken

you! You're right there with the quick stuff and all." He slipped his arm through hers and twined their fingers together. "I've got a few decent stage rags left," he planned, "and mebbe it wouldn't cost—"

"What's it to us what it costs! I can draw my check in four figures any day and it wont take a hundred bucks to put the act on its feet. It's a go, Milton—we sign as a team for life?"

"Yes. But it's such a one-sided deal. You're putting in everything—" He stopped upon the brink of a caress at

a sudden realization of the real Carmichael behind the gay bravado by which she dragged him from the abyss. "You're putting in *everything*, Carmichael—the nerve, and the brains and the coin. And what do you stand to *get*?"

"Just what you're a mind to give me, Milton."

"Pray God it's a man yet." There was a moment of faltering silence, while the humbled penitent of the past merged into the resolute lover of the present, then Carmichael felt his arms encircle her, his lips against her own.

# The Regeneration of Eliphalet Love

BY  
DAVE KING

Author of "Toward the Red Hills," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. AMICK



Eliphalet

A PERFECT passion for peace burned in the breast of the Honorable T. Eliphalet Love, sometime Member of Congress, now a duly accredited delegate from the United States to the International Conference at The Hague. It had burned with equal intensity, if less brilliance, in the pericardiac region of the T. Eliphalet before him and the spark had passed naturally, along with much peaceful family tradition.

As far as the family genealogist could discover, no Love had ever gone to war; no Love had ever been known to engage in fisticuffs, even in self-defense—the family history had never been sullied by a blow given in anger; their women were gentle, their men meek—all inclined to vegetarianism—and “Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself” hung over every Love mantel.

War's alarms, the hubbub of mustering regiments and patriotism gone mad, had always been hateful to the peace-loving Loves, and when, in 1860, the gentle goddess' white-pinioned symbol

was rudely ousted from the nest in the cannon's mouth, T. Eliphalet I. rounded up his Lares and Penates and took the overland trail for Oregon. There, just short of the Pacific Ocean, he providentially overtook the thoroughly alarmed bird; and there, in the peaceful valley “Where Rolls the Oregon,” just about the time Bull Run was written into history, our T. Eliphalet was born.

The little T. Eliphalet was early taught to turn the other cheek and grew up swivel-necked and red of face, recoiling from controversy, detesting strife, afraid of guns and bass voices—just the sort of mouse-man one would fear the cat might pounce upon. He had never even longed to take a chance at the chip perched precariously on another boy's shoulder; he had never been chided at school. At eighteen he was the editor of *Golden Thoughts*; at twenty he was in the east publishing a magazinelet called *Brother's Keeper*. Then, after many years, when he had been a decade president of The American Peace Society, an

organization of his own founding, Boston claimed him without protest on the part of Oregon, and sent him to Congress from an uncontested district.

You may recall, gentle reader, a proposal made on the floor of the lower house a few years ago, to destroy all soldiers' and sailors' monuments, war flags, cannon and war trophies—everything that might serve to remind the nation that it had ever been barbarous enough to engage in war. That was T. Eliphilet Love's young dream and he pressed it whenever he was not busy obstructing army and navy appropriation bills. He did not like Congress—it seemed a boisterous, contumacious mob, not above actual violence, and it laughed at him; Cannon seemed always pointing in his direction and it made him nervous. A fight developed in his district and he did not try for a second term; but he had scored heavily as a man of peace, an advocate who knew his business, and when the joke at The Hague became serious enough to notice, T. Eliphilet Love loomed up as the one man for the mission. It was pointed out that so gentle a representative would in himself offer a powerful argument for disarmament.

And now the Honorable T. Eliphilet Love, duly accredited, etc., as aforesaid, was on his way. He stepped out of the old Astor House at nine o'clock one morning expecting to be whirled away to a pier on the North River from which one of the great Cunarders was scheduled to sail at ten. His baggage was already aboard and his secretary, bearing a multi-strapped and locked portmanteau in which reposed all the peace envoy's papers, had preceded him by an hour and would have the staterooms located and ready for his reception. Not the smallest thing had been left undone; there was not a care to disturb the pell-mell depths of his tranquil mind and the door of the taxi, slammed upon a supremely happy man, one who felt that he was going out a veritable prince of peace to wave an olive branch before the troubled peoples of the earth; many times he had pictured himself thus, and now the good will that was in his heart beamed on his gentle face.

Leaning as far back as his silk hat would permit, the peace envoy adjusted his glasses and opened a newspaper. He noticed that a great strike of longshoremen was in progress and he sighed heavily as he vainly searched the inside pages for something that would fit his mood of a moment before; it all seemed a record of one day's strife and turmoil—life's fight by rounds. Resigned, he settled upon an item about Venezuela; the government forces, he read, claimed a decisive victory over the *insurrectos* and the revolution appeared to be crushed; the loss of life was roughly estimated at two *insurrectos* and one government mule.

"We must do something to put an end to the carnival of bloodshed in those Latin-American republics," he said aloud, with much decision for a Love. "It's a disgrace to civilization!"

As he spoke the taxi rounded a corner and shot out into a street crowded with shouting, gesticulating men, many of whom were armed with clubs and not a few with pistols. The driver brought his machine to a halt and glanced back to see if the way was clear for a retreat. Too late! The crowd, as if anticipating his intention, had closed in behind and formed a solid mass of humanity into which he dared not force the machine. Ahead, on a narrow pier alongside which stood a dirty, battered steamship of the fruitier type, appeared a comparatively open space and the driver, though badly befuddled, steered for it, the crowd untangling at his approach like the alluring mazes of a fish-trap.

Now T. Eliphilet Love did not bear the slightest resemblance to a shipowner, much less one who would attempt to board his craft under the prevailing conditions, but the striking longshoremen, being excited, could hardly have been expected to distinguish him from one. They had listened, only a few minutes before, to some highly incendiary speeches and when the taxi-cab, through the windows of which they caught glimpses of an anxious, be-mutton-chopped face surmounted by a silk hat, dashed into their midst, they went fairly wild from blood-lust. They did not

know, poor fury-blinded men, that the white-faced, trembling man at the taxi window was a veritable angel in that mob; they did not realize that to harm T. Eliphilet Love would be no less a crime than kicking a lamb in the face; they had never heard of the man and they knew not what they did.

The towering battlements of Park Row, sparkling a moment before, were growing dim and ghost-like, the Jersey shore a filmy lacework of spars; a fog was creeping up the river, just in time to shut out the most distressing portion of a scene that we do not care to describe, albeit there may be among our readers a bloodthirsty few who would enjoy it; just to look on was at least manslaughter.

The fog was otherwise convenient; just as it had reached its maximum consistency a tall, swarthy man, quite evidently a Spanish-American, slipped along the outer edge of the surging mob, in behind a wall of banana crates and, with the help of a rope-end thrown from above, scrambled aboard the fruiter. A few minutes later, with the howling, screaming mob throwing bricks, cobblestones and clubs over her side, the ship moved out into the stream; she had turned her nose to the south and was lost to shore view when the police reserves dashed up. An overturned taxi-cab and a silk hat, the latter battered back to its original pulp, alone gave testimony that violence had been done; the mob had faded away, swallowed up by the fog-filled streets and alleys, and there was nothing for the officers to do but file back to their quarters.

Aboard the *Yuvalencia*, as she breasted the Battery, there was every indication that the craft was putting to sea; that she was in something of a hurry was apparent from the fact that regardless of the fog she was tearing full speed ahead down the craft-dotted harbor without giving or answering a signal—strange behavior for a skipper who, only a few minutes before, had slipped his lines ostensibly for the purpose of seeking a more comfortable berth. The forward hatch had not yet been battened down and below half the crew might have been seen working like beavers, stowing the

last of a cargo made up variously of long, heavy cases, short, flat, heavier ones and food-stuffs put up in suspiciously small packages. It was the irregular loading of this cargo—the something queer about it—that had precipitated the trouble on the pier.

The tall Spanish-American who had climbed aboard as the fog came down, was in the chart room with the Captain, a calm, big-eyed Dane who spoke in monosyllables to the man at the wheel and listened, as if for a crash, smiling.

"It is very unfortunate for the injured gentleman," said the tall man, "but we can neither turn back nor run the risk of putting in for so small a matter as one man's life. The fate of my country—the sublime cause of peace—hangs upon the delivery of this cargo to General New-years and it would be worse than treason again to expose it to seizure. Should he live—ah, well, he might become one of us; who knows?" Whereupon all the gods, save those of peace, laughed heartily. The captain, lacking the prescience of the gods, could not share the joke with them but continued to smile.

The *Yuvalencia* was well on her course off Sandy Hook lightship, when a battered, bewildered man who for hours had lain crushed and crumpled in a stuffy room off the main cabin, dragged himself up the after companionway and over to the rail; there he sank down on a bale of jute bags and tried to rub understanding back into his whirling, bursting head.

It was Eliphilet; you could tell that by his gaiters and the mutton-chops, but he seemed to have been shaped over into something different. No writer with the slightest consideration for Christian sensibilities, however, would think of describing the man; no one could convey the smallest idea of his mental anguish as awakening reason began to shed light upon the wreckage of his plans and a full sense of his dilemma was borne in upon him.

The fog had let go over in the north-east and through the narrow slit that approximated the location of his right eye the peace envoy saw a great, white, four-funnelled steamer speeding on her course due east. Then it was that T. Eliphilet

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Love uttered the first swear-word that had ever passed his lips.

"Confound it!" he said, hiding his face for shame, shocked and surprised at his own depravity. And yet there was something strangely compensating in the situation; a feeling that was not to be confounded with pride of martyrdom went with the sting of his wounds and

be again the center of that furious mob came over him and he half rose to his feet only to drop back, felled by a sudden shift to actuality. A great pity for himself swept the man; he dropped his head on the hard rail and sobbed like a little child.

There, half an hour later, the tall Spanish-American found him; a dozen



"But I am the American delegate to the Peace Conference at the Hague!"

tempered it almost to sweetness; the relief that follows initiation seemed to have come to him and he felt a vague sense of freedom from some age-long thraldom. Something within him, some half savage, exultant thing that he could not hold long enough to analyze, had triumphed there on the pier; he remembered that he had struck out blindly at his assailants and that there had been one fleeting moment of great joy. An intense longing to

sailors had noted the weeping man but either from pity or contempt, no one had disturbed him. He did not look up for a full minute after the tall man's arm had passed around his shoulders; the other stood silent, understanding the man's need of grace to pull himself together.

When finally T. Eliphilet raised his head, the tears had softened the bruised and blackened tissue of his eyelids and he could see clearly. He looked up into a

dark, kindly face, read the friendly message there and reached for the hand on his shoulder. The grip that he received crushed his already bruised hand and brought him to his feet, his body describing a cork-screw, but the voice that greeted him was soft as a woman's.

"I am Ramon Romero, of Venezuela," the dark man said, "and I greatly regret your misfortune. If you will come below I will dress your wounds and try to explain the situation." The suffering peace envoy did not answer but allowed himself to be led away, leaning heavily upon his companion.

"But I am the American delegate to the peace Conference at The Hague," he protested, when told of his destination, "and I must be put ashore!"

"You will have abundant opportunities for peace-making in the country to which you are going," responded Romero, smiling. "You will pardon me," he continued, "if I remind you that the best place to promote peace is where there is war and that there never was a peace that was not written in blood upon the field of battle; war is the great peacemaker. Why, this ship carries more real, effective peace argument than a thousand Hague conferences could bring out—" He checked himself.

T. Eliphilet Love, shocked at the heresy and startled by the information, leaned forward and strove to force a hot rebuke through his swollen lips, but gave it up after a few ineffectual sputters and fell back upon the convenient "benighted heathen" attitude; it also failed him, for the bloody-minded filibusterer's eyes were soft and full of sympathy and his hands, stained with human blood though they might be, were passing lightly over the peace envoy's hurts, laving them, ministering to the bruised flesh.

The *Yuvalencia* stood well off beyond the track of coastwise traffic and ate into her coal as if it were sea water. If the vigilant harbor police and treasury department agents missed her, there was no sign of pursuit; the fog and the riot had been her opportunity. They had also given Fate a chance to cover her trail in the matter of the Honorable T. Eliphilet Love. That gentleman's secre-

tary had sailed away, thinking that his chief had merely missed his boat and would follow on the next; they have plenty of time, those peace commissioners, and the secretary did not worry when he failed to get a reply to a wireless message. The police had report of a gentleman from the Astor House who had had a hard run to catch his boat but had made it by dashing through a mob of striking longshoremen, leaving his hat on the pier; there was nothing upon which even the most sensational paper could hang a disappearance story; unconscious of his fate the country awaited for news of T. Eliphilet's triumphs at The Hague.

One brilliant morning off the Bahamas Ramon Romero and T. Eliphilet Love sat on a bench alongside the engine room skylight discoursing on war—a subject that seemed to force itself upon them whenever the two met. Romero was a born soldier and seemed never so happy as when relating his adventures as a revolutionist; at such times his dark eyes glowed and he knocked over water-bottles and ship's gear in the enthusiasm of re-enactment. At other times, when he spoke of the wrongs his country was enduring at the hands of a corrupt government, unscrupulous politicians, foreign grafters and greedy powers, he was earnest and convincing. T. Eliphilet, though still a broken, desolate man, had become companionable in a measure—he had abandoned his "peace through brotherly love" arguments and seemed interested in the kind that Romero preached. His eyes were still discolored and his lips swollen, but the deep cuts, thanks to Ramon's skill, had healed; the man was taking a strange, unaccountable pride in his scars.

Something below them attracted the peace envoy's attention; sailors were carrying bags of coal and with them filling the fore and after gangways of the engine room. The bags were being tied in carefully and the interstices tramped full of loose coal, the whole forming a massive wall or belt above the water line at the engines. He had seen very little of the sea and knew next to nothing about steamships and their ways but this

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seemed queer to him. Before he could decide to ask Romero what was going on, a gang of sailors, led by the ship's carpenter, broke out of a for'ard companionway and scattered about the upper deck; half-a-dozen of them carried pots of paint. Slings, into which men scrambled, went over the sides; two long, steel plates, each of which bore the word "*Scandia*" in checked and weather-beaten gilt, were lowered over the *Yuvalencia*'s bow—one port, the other starboard—and T. Eliphilet began to understand; he walked to the rail and saw that the ship's wide, white belt was being replaced by one of black and as he returned to the skylight saw that the life boats, rafts and fire buckets were being re-stenciled to conform to the name he had seen go over the bow.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, in uneven, almost quavering tones.

"Merely her Caribbean toilet," answered the Venezuagran lightly, turning his face away to hide a smile. "You see," he went on, becoming serious, "the government may be expecting us, and as they have a few gunboats and a scout or two usually on the lookout, it is just as well to have our alias in working form and our make-up regular. Before the paint dries they will christen her with a few cans of ashes dumped over her stem and Davy Jones himself wouldn't know her for the *Yuvalencia*."

The peace envoy was satisfied but plainly nervous; he was reminded of the extraordinary precautions going on beneath them in the engine room.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing through the skylight with a trembling finger.

Romero shrugged his shoulders and for a moment seemed undecided what to say; he had read the other from cover to cover and knew that he contained a lot of blank pages along where his record,



Eliphilet, stripped to the waist and a rifle lying across his knees

of courageous manhood should have been written, but he liked the man and did not care to witness his terror as the real situation dawned upon him. Still, it was inevitable—the man must be told.

"This is an extremely hazardous business," he began, somewhat irrelevantly. "There is less than an even chance that we will get through and only about one chance in ten that we will get off if we are taken, though in your case your presence aboard might be explained. For my part it does not matter; I am ready to die in the service of my country! Gladly would I go out if by so doing I could insure the delivery of this cargo to my friends, the revolutionists, for I believe that it would be the means of giving liberty and peace to the people of Venezagran."

T. Eliphilet Love was staring hard at the deck and made no acknowledgment

of his friend's speech; but his jaws were hard set and he gave no signs of terror.

"The purpose of the coal in the gangways is obvious," continued Romero. "It is quite likely that we will have to make a run for it, in which event everything will depend upon our engines; a shot through the engine room would be a mere chance so far as the government gunboats are concerned, but we might run into a German cruiser and—"

"What do the Germans have to do with it?" broke in T. Eliphilet, so sharply that Romero started. "Is it possible that the foreign influences you have been talking about go so far as actual interference with your domestic affairs? Have you never heard of the Monroe Doctrine down there?" He was greatly excited; his blue eyes seemed to dance on waves of unshed tears and he clutched his companion's coat as if he would drag him out into the light.

Ramon Romero laughed. Then he proceeded to tell the peace envoy more about the great South American joke than he, or Mr. Monroe or anyone else, except John Barrett, ever dreamed. "The conquest was accomplished while you talked loudest about your Monroe Doctrine," he said. "While your great battleship fleet was on parade before the world, Europe was attacking us with fleets of merchantmen; her capitalists were fastening upon our natural resources—looting us through our corrupt officials—bringing us under the yoke as completely as if they had shelled us and planted their flags upon our hills. Now, under the pretext of protecting those interests, Europe sends warships to intimidate and otherwise coerce us. My own Venezuagra has been looking into German guns for many, many years; that is why I laughed when you mentioned the Monroe Doctrine. You will pardon me."

T. Eliphilet Love was a patriot in his way; he believed firmly in every peaceful American institution, including the Monroe Doctrine—which, notwithstanding its implied threat, he had always regarded as the great conservator of peace on our neighboring continent—and that laugh struck deep. He saw his country outwitted, ridiculed, insulted; he saw a con-

tinent being turned away from its natural friend and ally, and he saw a great menace to that which he loved above all things, peace. Again came that strange struggle within, the rage and the longing to fight, to crush, to slay.

"It's a d—er, a condemned outrage!" he roared, in his thin, cracked voice. It was the beginning of a great friendship between the two men.

The master of the *Scandia* reckoned that he was somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty miles off a certain point on the Venezuagran coast when, an hour before sunset one breathless, tropical afternoon, the man on the bridge picked up a heavy, black smoke that seemed to break suddenly out of the sea to the south and landward. Fifteen minutes later it was not an unreasonable guess that the *Pittsburg* had slipped her moorings and drifted into those waters or that a German cruiser was headed straight for the filibusterer.

There were some brief, sharp orders, some scurrying between decks, a rehearsal in the chart room, and the *Scandia* fell off a couple of points, slowed down and went over to meet the Germans boldly. Passing hurriedly along the upper deck Romero saw T. Eliphilet disappear below in the direction of his cabin; he was pale but his step was firm and he did not stop to ask questions.

But when the stranger came up it was found to be not a German at all; it was nothing but a small coaster who spoke and went on about her business into the fast thickening dusk. She had passed from view and the *Scandia* was back on her course tearing a great, black tunnel through the night when Ramon Romero stepped into T. Eliphilet Love's stateroom and found that gentleman stripped to the waist, a shiny new machete strapped to his hip and a rifle lying across his knees. He had been ready for the Germans; the spirit of the old berserker, imprisoned in the soul-dungeons of countless generations of peaceful Loves, had broken bounds. Never again would T. Eliphilet stand mute and idle rather than have an argument with the man who was walking away with his umbrella. Lost in the contemplation of the gun, he



His two machetes describing the full-front movement of an Indian club-swinging,  
he resembled nothing so much as a rotary snow plow

did not look up or move until Romero leaped to embrace him.

Two days later, when every man aboard was ready to drop in his tracks, the last sling-load of cargo went over the *Scandia's* side and she was ready to creep out from behind the wooded bight that had hid the little bay where she lay. An army of ragamuffins had waded out to meet the small boats and improvised lighters; the priceless stores and munitions had disappeared into the jungle as fast as they reached the land. Two thousand patriots, their hearts bursting for joy, had toiled day and night unceasingly, with scarcely a word above a whisper, and now felt the strength of conquerors in their hands; yet there was no demonstration when the task was finished. The shadows of the forest swallowed them up and all but blotted out the way they had gone.

Ramon Romero, T. Eliphilet Love and the big-eyed Danish skipper stood on the forward deck of the *Scandia*.

"I will touch at New Orleans to take on cotton," said the captain, addressing the peace envoy, "and you can take train there; land you there in four days, if you want to go." T. Eliphilet did not answer; instead he gave the captain's hand a quick, hard clasp and strode over to the rail, following Romero, who had taken himself away pending his friend's decision.

Without a word, the two scrambled down the rope ladder to a waiting boat; the *Scandia's* winch was still complaining at the length of her line when the two disappeared on the trail that the ragamuffin army had taken into the wilderness. And as they walked along, T. Eliphilet Love slashed at every overhanging branch with a bright, new machete.

The Venezuagran revolution had been a press-agent's war for a long time and news editors throughout the country had come to depend upon it as implicitly as they did upon a certain world citizen, then furnishing them with stacks of front page stuff; a two-line head on a back page was about as much as the revolution could expect; but considering the

competition, its promoters were satisfied. It had been a great war for the typewriter trust and rather a disappointment for the firearms and ammunition people.

After the formula, a multitude of things had happened: the president had sent his private fortune, amounting to several millions, to Europe, and was on the point of following it; the insurrectionists had been completely crushed in a sanguinary engagement outside the capital; the president had not sent his private fortune, etc.; the insurrectionists had not been crushed, etc., etc., *ad infinitum, ad nauscam*. Even the jokesmiths were weary of it.

Then suddenly something happened that placed Venezuagra back into her own on the front page; at the same time it relegated the world citizen to the want "ad." section and crowded out entirely the baffling mystery of the disappearance of the Honorable T. Eliphilet Love, American Commissioner to the Peace Conference at The Hague, then a leading topic.

"Germany May Seize Venezuagra!" "Threatened Violation of Monroe Doctrine!" "Kaiser Sends Warships!" "Will Occupy Country to Protect German Interests Against Revolutionists Led by an American!" "Washington Sends Fleet!" "May Mean War!" So screamed the head-lines.

The fleets gathered off Venezuagra and waited for orders to fire. In the meantime notes were passing between Washington and Berlin; diplomacy took off its coat, Peace nerved herself for flight. One hot-headed American adventurer at the head of a handful of ragged *insurrectos*, had seized a German's mine and raised the American flag over the shaft-house! Serious, but not hopeless. The cloud passed, Peace plumed a feather. War was averted, narrowly; the Monroe Doctrine continued at the old stand.

But, having again attained front-page position, the revolution was not to be downed so easily.

News of a decisive battle followed; according to correspondents on the field it was a one-man battle, great only as to results. The government troops had been routed and in wild disorder had fallen

back upon Toro Madre, the capital, pursued to the very edge of the plaza by a demon *Americano* who suddenly broke out of the rebel ranks and made a blind, slashing charge with an enormous machete in each hand.

The brilliant, roving correspondent of one great newspaper said in his dispatch:

As the savage, little man charged across the open space that separated the two armies, his two machetes describing the full-front movement of an Indian club-swing, he resembled nothing so much as a rotary snow plow plunging into a North Dakota blockade; the illusion was heightened by his long side-whiskers streaming out and aloft. It was primordial, magnificent.

The army, it seems, immediately proceeded to trample down all the crops and jungle brush between that point and town, but turned when its pursuer became entangled in a barbed wire fence in front of the executive mansion, and made him a prisoner.

Two days later the State department at Washington was burning up cords and cords of perfectly good money in an effort to get an explanation of the arrest and detention of an American citizen who, according to report, was to be exe-

cuted at once without trial for bearing arms against the state of Venezuela. Before the state department could get the matter straightened out, however, the revolution came to a glorious end.

General Newyears rode into Toro Madre at the head of his army one never-to-be-forgotten day in spring and amid scenes of great rejoicing was proclaimed *Presidente*. "Messenger of Peace," "Defender of Liberty," he was called, but he was not the great hero then in everyone's mind; his march to the capital had been unopposed, for the great fighting *Americano* had cleared the way. The undying title of "Liberator" remained for another.

Ramon Romero, nephew and aide to General Newyears, broke away from his chief as soon as the ceremony of proclamation was finished and ran straight to the jail. There, in the ragged, bewildered throng that poured forth, he singled out a man whom he took into his arms.

"Come quick," he cried, "to the Plaza! to the people! to the *presidente*! You have given liberty, peace to Venezuela! Come; you are to eat! You are to be our new minister of war!"

And T. Eliphilet Love, being in a receptive mood as to both food and office, went.

## The Robbery of the River Bank

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

Author of "Wolfville Days, etc."

ILLUSTRATED BY MONTE CREWS

**I**NSPECTOR DARK?" inquired a stout, sober-visaged man, as the inspector swung from the train to the Brampton platform.

The inspector bowed.

"I am Mr. Jettlon. If you'll kindly step into my carriage, we'll start for Rysdyck at once. I can give you the details on the way."

Mr. Jettlon in years appeared to be about fifty. His face, broad, coarse, was the color of tallow. Eyes too close to-

gether to inspire confidence, ears ample, nose indefinite, upper lip smooth and like unto a blacksmith's apron in its expansiveness, mouth irregular, cheeks jowlish, chin ending in a paint-brush beard—that was his portrait.

Mr. Jettlon, assisted now and then by a question from Inspector Dark, unfolded his story as the carriage went splashing through water-filled ruts and mud holes, on its six-mile way to Rysdyck.



He picked up a folded slip of paper and carried it to the window.  
There were a score of words written in pencil

The River Bank had been robbed the night before of specie and bills, to the amount of \$187,000. Of this, \$80,000 was in gold; \$50,000 in \$500 bills; \$50,000 in \$1,000 bills, and the balance, \$7,000, in bills of smaller and mixed denominations. The bank, a private concern, was owned by a Mr. Verplank and Mr. Jettlon. Mr. Verplank was old, an invalid, and, these days, never out of his house. Mr. Jettlon was the active, managing influence. Mr. Verplank's interest was nine-tenths, Mr. Jettlon's one-tenth. The latter, aside from profits, drew \$5,000 a year as salary.

Who other than Mr. Jettlon worked in the bank?

No one. A mere village concern, it was what Mr. Jettlon called a "one-man" bank." Mr. Jettlon came at nine o'clock and left at three. Lunch? He got along without it.

"Weren't any bonds or securities taken?" asked Inspector Dark.

"I was coming to that. There were nearly \$600,000 worth of bonds, mostly government, but fortunately they were not in the vault last night. Mr. Verplank wanted to go over them, and had me bring them up to his house. He has more ease from his malady in the night than in the day. We were busy over the bonds, and the business which concerned them, until three o'clock in the morning."

"What then?"

"When Mr. Verplank and I were through our business—say, three o'clock—I carried the bonds back to the bank. I asked Bowles, Mr. Verplank's man, to accompany me. When we got to the bank we found the front doors forced, safe blown, money gone, everything in confusion."

Rysdyck was a village of about four hundred houses, with expanses of orchards and lawns between. The River Bank building—in the downtown part of the village—stood on the corner of two streets, its neighbors a hardware store across the side street, and a two-front emporium devoted to groceries and dry-goods immediately over the way. At night the locality would be practically deserted and dead.

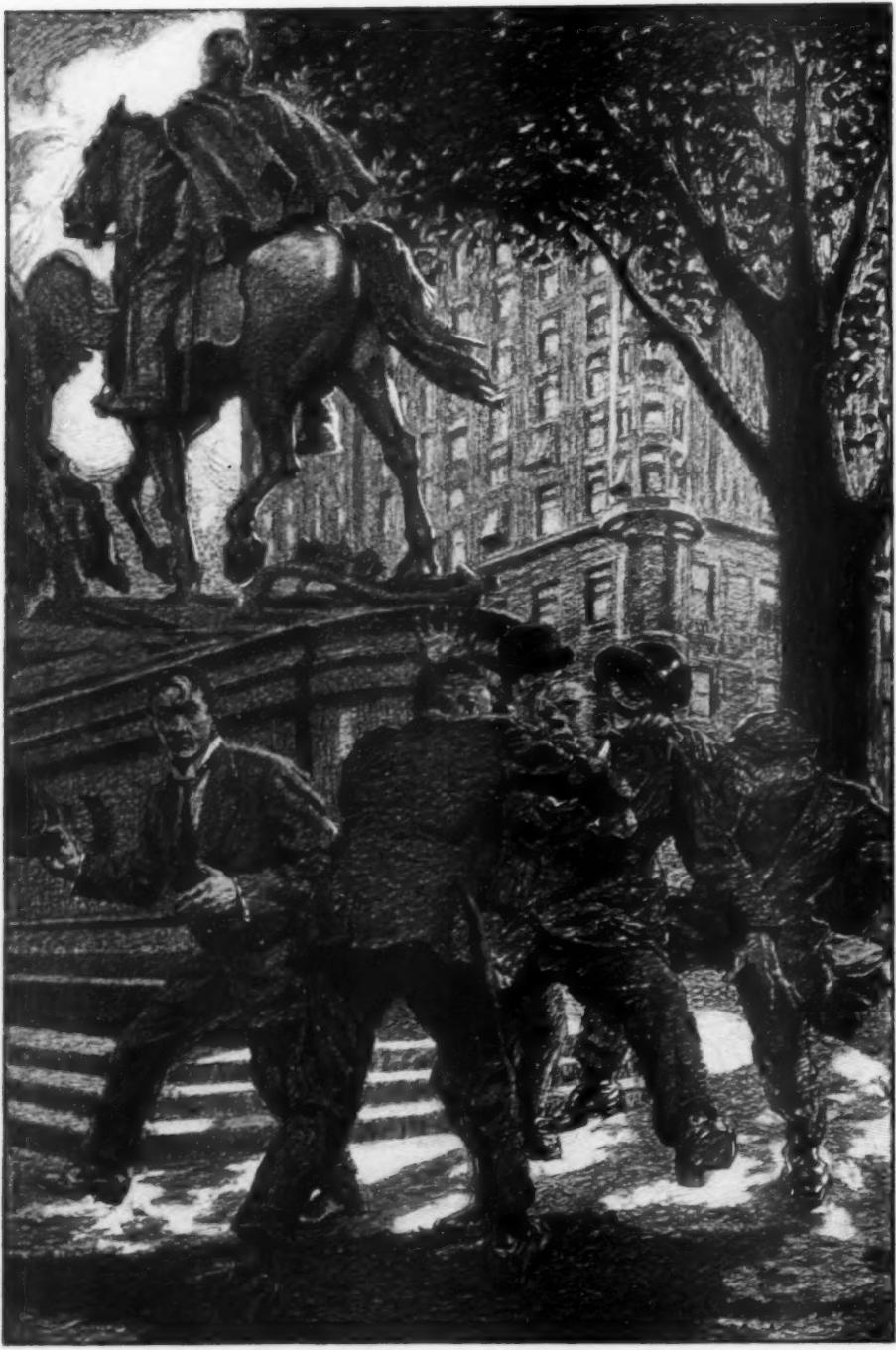
On the other side of the bank building, to the right, ran the railway, a single track affair which left the main line at Brampton and continued perhaps ten miles beyond Rysdyck into the hills. The railway, as it passed the bank building, ran through a six-foot cut. The yard space, about sixty feet, which intervened between cut and building, was covered by a grassy sod.

Pushing through the crowd of people, which word of the robbery had collected, Inspector Dark, with Mr. Jettlon, entered the bank. The building, not large, was a two-story brick and stone structure. The second floor, one big room, was the meeting place of a lodge of Free Masons. This was reached by a rear stairway, the door to which was on the side street. There was also an inner entrance, opening off the back-stair hallway and leading into the bank. The latter door was not of the ordinary sort, but a heavy, steel grate.

The bank, proper, had been given the whole of the lower floor. It was arranged with the usual wire screens, wherein were openings through which to receive or pay out money. The vault, old-fashioned and clumsy from modern standpoints, was set in the wall on what might have been called the railroad side of the building. The four windows, after the manner of the rear door, were safeguarded by steel bars.

The front entrance appeared to be the weak angle. There was a heavy outside door, secured by a foolish lock and key, big enough in all conscience, but of the simplest sort. Through this door, once it was opened, you stepped into a vestibule from which a second door let you into the public part of the bank. Aside from a very ordinary lock, this inner door had been strengthened by a couple of wooden bars which, supported loosely in iron sockets, could be tossed free by an effort of the hand. Mr. Jettlon explained that, in opening and closing the bank, he always came and went by the rear, steel-barred door.

The thieves had made their entrance through the front doors. They had "worked" the old-fashioned locks—a simple business. Two square holes had



There followed a general mix-up, the two rough customers  
assaulting Mr. Jettion out of hand

been cut in the panels of the second door with a keyhole saw, aided by a center-bit. Through these a hand might have been thrust, and the wooden bars lifted from their places. Inspector Dark stared hard at the square holes in the second door. He smiled, and his smile was the smile of cynicism.

The thieves had used a "puller" on the outer door of the vault, and torn away the cylindrical device by which the combination was worked. This out of the way, the tumbler of the lock was uncovered. They had driven in the tumbler with a carpenter's nail-set, and at once the whole machinery of the lock fell helplessly together. The bolts might then be turned back and the doors swung open.

The inner doors of the vault were made of solid, two-inch, chilled steel. Dynamite had here been used, and in a way which indicated that the users knew their trade. The joints, where the doors fitted into the frame, were first rendered air-tight by means of soap, with a "cup" at the top to let in the "soup." The vault was then piled thick with gunny-sacks, and the outside door all but closed, to smother as much as possible the sound of the explosion. Then the fuse was lighted. Then the "blow-off." Three final inner drawers of steel, not strong, had been readily forced by wedges.

Inspector Dark swung open the shattered doors, lighted a match, and peered inside. The vault, spacious enough, showed as empty as a church. It had been a clean sweep.

"Where do you keep your books?"

"They're in this," replied Mr. Jettlon, indicating an ordinary fireproof safe, which stood near the front. "The robbers paid no attention to it."

Inspector Dark so far sympathized with the thieves in their want of interest in the safe which held the books, that he did not follow Mr. Jettlon. Instead, when that banker's back was turned, he picked up a folded slip of paper which lay on the floor of the vault. Straightening it out, he carried it to the window. There were a score of words written in pencil. They read:

We'll get even with you yet for a blooming liar, even if we have to peach to the splits.

Inspector Dark placed the paper in his pocketbook and asked for Bowles, Mr. Verplank's man.

What did he know? That was soon stated. Bowles had come to the bank about three-thirty in the morning with Mr. Jettlon. They found the doors open, the vault blown. Bowles recalled that the rain had ceased in Rysdyck about one o'clock. The streets were soft and muddy, but although he looked for them he could find no marks of wheels.

"They must have just about come lungin' at the bank cross-lots an' afoot," said Bowles, who was by way of being a bit of a deductionist.

Inspector Dark strolled across the grassy plot towards the railroad.

"They came and went on a hand-car," he said to Mr. Jettlon, who had followed him. Then, after a thoughtful pause: "Ask your constable to come here. Tell him to put some trusty villager on the front door in his place, to keep out the mob."

The constable, lathy, pompous, as one proud of an engaging bank robbery in his own especial bailiwick, came promptly at the call of Inspector Dark.

Could the constable procure a hand-car?

Certainly. There was a hand-car of the "push" variety at Rysdyck. The constable, who wielded a vast influence, personal for the most part, and born of his manner which was both inscrutable and lordly, would get it at once.

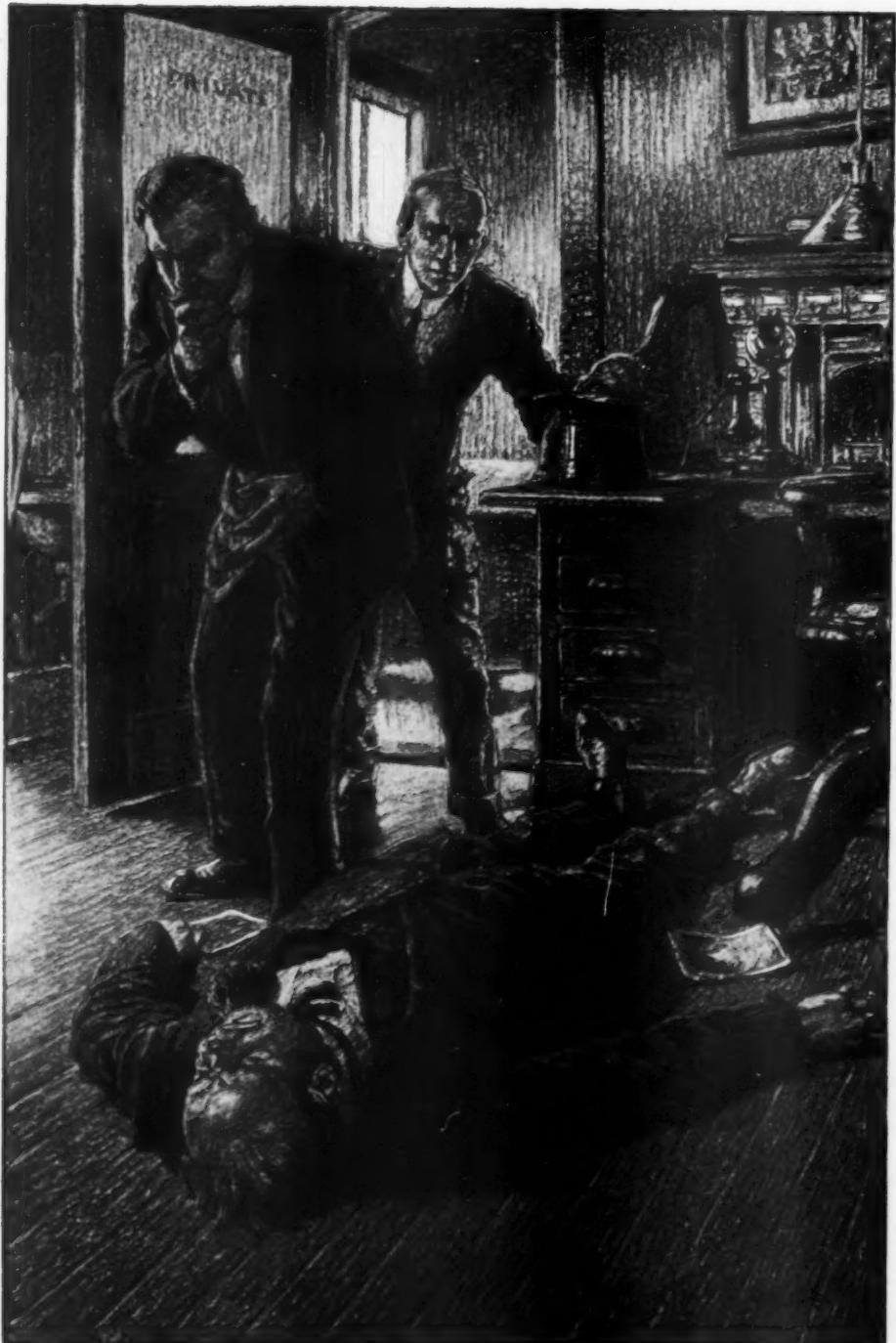
"But I thought you'd return to Brampton in Mr. Jettlon's carriage," the constable expostulated. He regarded push-cars as a most ignoble means of transit.

"I want to take a look along the railroad," replied Inspector Dark.

The Inspector couldn't start at once. Would the constable have the push-car ready in an hour?

He would.

Mr. Jettlon spoke of lunch at his house, and Inspector Dark accepted. Mr. Jettlon's household was not large. It consisted of Mr. Jettlon and his niece,



The bulky form fell with a crash to the floor. Inspector Dark and Bannister rushed in from the other room

Miss Sallie Rogers, daughter of Mr. Jettlon's half-sister, who had been dead some years. Miss Sallie was a double orphan, for her father, too, was dead.

At luncheon Mr. Jettlon talked of the robbery. Had Inspector Dark adopted any theory? No, the Inspector never adopted a theory. He let a theory adopt him.

"But the robbers were from New York?"

"Indubitably!"

There was a pause, broken by Inspector Dark. "Are you widely acquainted in New York?"

"I know half a dozen people, perhaps," said Mr. Jettlon, his paint-brush beard wagging over a mouthful of chop which was mutton and not lamb. "Connected with the banks, they are. Met them only in a business way and may hardly say I know them."

"Any of them ever call on you in Rysdyck?"

"No; I met them at their several banks. None has had occasion to come to Rysdyck."

"Mr. Fletcher, Uncle," said Miss Sallie, as if to correct Mr. Jettlon's memory.

Mr. Jettlon, who didn't like to be corrected, colored resentfully. "That was a real-estate deal," he explained; "it related to some lots in Brampton. Besides, Mr. Fletcher's no longer in New York; he returned South in January."

Luncheon over, Mr. Jettlon and Inspector Dark made ready to return to the bank.

"Is there anything you would advise me to do?" asked Mr. Jettlon.

"Suppose you wire a general notice to all the New York banks to get word to Mulberry Street in case any \$1,000 or \$500 bills are brought in. It might give us a clew, although you've already told me you had no memoranda touching the numbers of the bills."

Mr. Jettlon started for the telegraph office with a great appearance of zeal. Inspector Dark turned a corner to the left; the telegraph office and the River Bank lay the width of the town apart.

Inspector Dark had journeyed two

hundred yards, after parting with Mr. Jettlon, when he came to a halt. Snapping his fingers impatiently, as might one who chides himself for some act of carelessness, he about-faced and made for Mr. Jettlon's. As he hurried along, the tail of his eye swept right and left; but Mr. Jettlon, seeking the telegraph office, was nowhere in sight.

"I left my umbrella," was Inspector Dark's explanation to Miss Sallie, who herself answered his ring.

The umbrella was discovered on the hall rack. Miss Sallie might have regarded the Inspector's look of relief as hypocritical, if she had known that he always carried an umbrella for the sole purpose of leaving it behind him, whenever the propensity of such a piece of forgetfulness had made itself manifest. As he again prepared to depart, a thought appeared to strike him.

"That Mr. Fletcher? Hasn't he a peculiar white lock of hair growing over his right temple?"

"Why, you know him!" exclaimed Miss Sallie.

Inspector Dark went back to the River Bank. Mr. Jettlon had not put in an appearance; that word to the New York banks couldn't be dispatched in a moment.

Inspector Dark himself sent a very private message. It ran:

Lieut. W. J. Bannister,  
Police Headquarters,  
New York City.  
Arrest Piebald Pete. Keep him  
close until I return.

D.

Up the street came drifting a stray surrey, and hailing it Inspector Dark started for Mr. Verplank's. The Verplank house, a columned creation of colonial days, was by odds the most imposing in Rysdyck. Mr. Verplank, gaunt, sick, fiery, hawk-eyed, hollow-cheeked, with thin, wiry, linen-white hair, received Inspector Dark in the library. Ordering in wine and cigars, Mr. Verplank—raucous and wrathful, with the voice of an aged and not over rugged osprey—began:

"The bank? It's lost under \$200,000 according to Jett. What of that? There'll be \$200,000 down here from

New York before the day is done, and we'll pay depositors to-morrow. Only the depositors aren't asking for their money. You've been to the bank; you didn't hear anybody demanding his money. And you won't. They know me—old Verplank—they know their money's as good as the wheat. I'm the bank when it comes to that, and I can lose \$200,000 and still keep out of the poor house. But I want the scoundrels collared, sir—collared and punished!"

"You suspect no one?"

"No one, sir."

"In a case like this, we're bound to canvass everybody. There's Mr. Jettlon."

"Nonsense! Jett's part owner. You don't suppose he'd rob himself. Indeed, if it hadn't been for him and his chucklehead ways, we'd have been minus those \$600,000 worth of bonds. And to think I protested when he spoke of bringing them up! I didn't want to be bothered—in the night, too! Daylight would have been bad enough; but night! And, yet, how lucky! If Jett hadn't insisted, those bonds would have been in the vault. After this, I shall believe in Jett's bullheadedness, rely on him for the blunders he will make."

Inspector Dark, leaving Mr. Verplank, ran into Mr. Jettlon at the Verplank gate.

Mr. Jettlon appeared disturbed. "Have you any belief that you'll lay hands on the rogues?" he asked.

"To-day is Tuesday. I'll have them neck and heels by Saturday night."

Mr. Jettlon was not elated. "I fear they'll prove too cunning," he said, shaking his head.

The faithful constable was ready with the push-car. Mr. Jettlon offered his team, but Inspector Dark preferred the car.

"The thieves made their get-away by the railroad," he explained, "and I want to go over the same route. I may turn up something."

"I suppose I'll hear from you," said Mr. Jettlon.

"Before the week is gone."

"You'll be in Brampton in twenty

minutes," was the farewell word of the constable; "it's all down hill."

Just before reaching Brampton, Inspector Dark ran into a section gang, busy with shovel, pick and tamping bar. The Inspector had a private talk with the boss. That railroad repairer had news to relate.

"It was my hand-car they took," he said. "They stole it out of the car shanty—after ten o'clock, I'd say. It was found this morning a mile below Brampton in a smashed condition, having been run into and hurled from the track by a special, just this side of the big cut."

"And the thieves?"

"They jumped for it."

Leaving the Rysdyck push-car at the spur's junction with the main line, Inspector Dark pressed forward afoot. Ahead, lay the mouth of the deep cut, from which that fatal special had burst upon the thieves as though from ambush. The road made a sharp curve, as it entered the cut, and any view of head-light or engine would be cut off in the first forty rods.

"It's a regular trap and no mistake!" muttered the Inspector, as he considered the obscuring curve.

Inspector Dark found the derailed hand-car. Shattered and broken, it lay at the foot of the embankment which here formed the bed of the road. About a hundred feet nearer the mouth of the cut were the footprints made by the thieves, when they leaped from the car. The side of the roadbed was sandy and soft, and the marks were deep and easily visible.

The shoes of Inspector Dark were size seven. With that to guide by, it appeared as though the footwear of one thief was size seven and the other's a half-size smaller. The distinguishing features were square toes for one, and long, sharp heels for the other.

"Both of 'em small, light, active men," reflected Inspector Dark. "Those shoes"—indicating square toes—"are English. Probably some 'box-worker' just over from the other side. That other looks as though it was made by Dude Oleson. He always has an extra inch pegged

onto the heels of his shoes, being but five foot two and ashamed of it. I knew his vanity would give him away some day."

It was nine o'clock at night when Inspector Dark pulled in at the Grand Central station. He went straight to his rooms in Lafayette Place, and made no effort to connect with Mulberry Street, beyond calling Bannister on the 'phone.

"About Piebald Pete?" inquired the Inspector.

"Jugged," returned the laconic Bannister.

"Good! Now a word about Dude Oleson. Locate him, and then tail him. Report to me in the morning."

From his rooms next morning, Inspector Dark sent this wire:

Darius Jettlon, Esq.,  
Rysdyck, N. Y.

Meet me at four P. M. to-day at the Sherman Statue, Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue entrance Central Park. Important.

Fletcher.

At nine o'clock Inspector Dark walked into his private office in Mulberry Street. Bannister was at his elbow in a minute. The Inspector's eye put the general question. In reply Bannister said:

"I located Dude Oleson at a yegg hang-out in Park Row. He has an English bank thief with him—a man from across the river—London Red is his monaker."

"Where did you leave 'em?"

"I put a tail on 'em—Sproxty and Legg—two of the best shadows in the Central Office. You can have 'em any time by simply asking for 'em."

The Inspector considered for a moment. "I guess I'll take a look at Piebald Pete," he said. Then continuing: "You, of course, know Piebald Pete's graft?"

"Rides the tubs and works the rope."

If Bannister had a fault it was his easy readiness to adopt the language of crime. Inspector Dark understood; but, lest the reader be cast adrift, it might be well to say that crooked gamblers

who hunt their prey on the cross-Atlantic steamers are said to "ride the tubs," while he who practices the art of fleecing fools by pretending to tap the telegraph wires, and in that way possess himself of advance information as to horse-race results, is spoken of by wise ones as "working the rope" or the "hemp" or the "wire," each being a synonym for the others.

Bannister added a word: "Piebald aint up to crackin' a safe. He wouldn't know how to blow that box back in Rysdyck, any more than I would about conducting services in Trinity Church. I'm afraid, Inspector, you're on a dead one."

"I think he's wise to something, and I'm going to make a 'policeman' of him."

"He wont snitch; he's an old fly hand and game at that."

"Perhaps! But I'll find a way to put the pressure on him."

Piebald Pete was a tall, graceful, not inelegant personage, manner suave, plausible, ingratiating. His hair was black, all save one milk-white lock which had its snowy start over the right temple. It was that which gave him his name.

"You can leave us, Bannister," said Inspector Dark when Piebald Pete was ushered in. "Sit down, Pete," he can-tinued; "make yourself easy."

Piebald Pete sat down, watchful, uncomfortable.

"I suppose, Pete," went on Inspector Dark, "you know you're wanted in Paris? It's for swindling that Lyons silk manufacturer six months ago out of sixty thousand *francs*."

Piebald Pete licked a dry lip; the anxious look in his eyes increased. The French had a trick of sending one to Devil's Island.

"What do you want, Inspector?" The voice of Piebald Pete was husky but submissive.

"At two forty-five this afternoon I shall have Bannister plant you near the Sherman statue. If an old acquaintance comes up, shake hands and talk with him as though you yourself had made the

meet. You'll know what to talk about the moment you see him. But mind—not a word about me! I've wired him in your name, and I've no doubt but he'll be on hand. Don't try to work the double-cross or make a get-away; Bannister will be just across Fifth Avenue, with Sproxty and Legg, watching you from the Netherlands."

"Who is the party?"

"He's a man who'd put you in Dutch in a moment, if it served his ends."

"And is this all you want of me?"

"You'll know later. When you've talked with your friend and he's gone his way, you'll return to me with Bannister."

Piebald Pete was escorted back to the cells.

The Inspector recalled Bannister. "What crook have you on your staff who's next to Dude Oleson?"

"Gimlet Bob knows Oleson. They've worked together, and Gimlet's one of my stools."

"Fine! Gimlet must make some excuse to Oleson and the Englishman for having them at the Sherman statue at three-fifteen this afternoon. Also, instruct Sproxty and Legg that, when Oleson and the Englishman grow tired of the scenery about the statue, and start to leave, they are to bring them in."

At two forty-five o'clock, Piebald Pete, a cigar between his teeth and a look of conjecture on his face, was loitering about the Sherman statue. Occasionally he'd glance up at that gilded hero on his gilded horse, in cultured admiration of what art had been exhibited in modeling him. Suddenly he made a dead stop, his face first red and then white, but over all a look of astonishment.

What had affected him?

It was the sight of a man coming rapidly towards him from the Plaza Hotel, and the man was Mr. Jettlon.

Piebald Pete had time to pull himself together before Mr. Jettlon might note that red and white expression of astonishment. Being a good actor, as great criminals ever are, and recalling Inspector Dark's instructions—not to mention what had been said about that little

affair in France—he stretched out a prompt and friendly hand. Mr. Jettlon accepted it; not heartily, but in a way which showed it was not the first time he and Piebald Pete had met. They talked earnestly for a moment, Piebald expounding and explaining apparently, and Mr. Jettlon asking questions. The pair moved slowly away from the statue, north along Fifth Avenue.

As they did so, three men, undersized and rough, rounded the Netherlands corner from Fifty-ninth Street. The roughest of the three saw Mr. Jettlon and Piebald. He pointed them out to one of his companions, with an air of excitement, if not wrath. The one whose attention was thus called to Mr. Jettlon betrayed excitement equal to his companion's.

The angry two, without parley, hurried after Mr. Jettlon and Piebald Pete, while their comrade—who had kept cool and was neither angry nor excited—wheeled and posted hot-foot east on Fifty-ninth Street. It was the wise Gimlet Bob, this third one; he saw trouble on its way, and wanted no part of it.

The two rough, undersized, excited men overtook Piebald Pete and Mr. Jettlon. The taller clapped his hand rudely on Mr. Jettlon's shoulder, and swung that financier around. Bannister, with his fellow officer, could see from the Netherlands all that took place, without hearing what was said.

As a matter of truth, the talk which ensued, was of the briefest. The two rough, undersized men seemed to be denouncing and accusing Mr. Jettlon, while that gentleman of banks appeared only intent upon getting away. He was all for leaving them, when one of the ruffians, as though carried beyond himself, struck him with his fist. There followed a general mix-up, the two rough customers assaulting Mr. Jettlon out of hand, while he defended himself as best he might. Piebald Pete took no hand in the fracas, but backed soberly away, as one who would play the neutral part.

The row went merrily on. In the end the two got Mr. Jettlon down, and one of the roughs cried in so loud a tone it was heard the width of the avenue away:

"Give th' lyin' bloke th' boots!"

He was acting on his own suggestion, when Sprosty and Legg rushed across and seized them.

It was five o'clock, as Bannister walked in on Inspector Dark to report the stirring progress of events. He told his story. Then he laid a couple of huge, old-fashioned door-keys on the Inspector's desk.

"Oh, I see! The keys to the front doors of the River Bank. They come as an agreeable surprise. Then they were let in by the rear door; those sawed holes, as I guessed, were a blind. You found them on Oleson and the Englishman?"

"The Englishman had them both. I took off their shoes, too, and Sprosty and Legg have gone up towards Brampton, to fit them into the footprints where you said the robbers jumped from their hand-car. I described the place; they can't miss it."

"Where's the man that Oleson and the Englishman attacked?"

"They carried him into the Netherlands, and the house doctor bandaged him up. He wasn't much hurt—a little bruised and cut about the head."

"What did Oleson and the Englishman have on them?"

"Besides those keys, only about eighty dollars."

Inspector Dark wrote a letter to Mr. Jettlon, in which he said nothing about that adventure near the Sherman statue, nor in any way intimated that he knew Mr. Jettlon had visited New York. The letter ran:

Mr. Darius Jettlon,

Dear Sir:

Come to my office as soon as you receive this. I have photographs of the parties who were concerned in robbing the River Bank. It's just possible that you yourself saw them when they were in Rysdyck looking over the field.

Respectfully,

Daniel Dark,

Inspector of Police.

P. S. Bring the two front door keys of the River Bank. D.

Inspector Dark had Bannister again bring in Piebald Pete. "Pete," said the Inspector, when the two were alone, "I'll tell you what I know. Meanwhile,

remember France and Devil's Island. You, with your partners, Little Benno and Clancy the Climber, have had this man Jettlon up against the wire. Probably at his request, you also introduced him to Dude Oleson and London Red. It was they who robbed the River Bank. The thing I don't know is the amount which you and your partners beat Jettlon out of. That's what you'll have to tell me."

"Inspector, on my life, neither I nor Benno nor yet Clancy had the least idea that the River Bank was to be turned off. Benno introduced him to Oleson because he asked it. He said he wanted to feel Oleson out as an expert 'box' and 'peter' man, on the various ways they have for blowing a safe. He told us he wanted to know, so he might the better guard his River Bank against attack. It appears now that what he really wanted was to frame it up with Oleson to have the bank robbed!"

"Ah, I thought so! Now, we begin to get it. The bank was to be robbed to cover up what he had stolen to fatten the bankrolls of you 'wire' men."

"That's about it," came reluctantly from Piebald Pete. "He'd dug into the River Bank for what we took from him; and the robbery the other night was meant to hide the hole he'd made."

"How much did Oleson and the Englishman get?"

"They say they took only about seven hundred dollars—all there was in the vault. Jettlon, it seems, had handed them a lemon. That's why Oleson and the Englishman tore into him. He had assured them that they would get not less than \$20,000."

"How much did you and your wire gang trim Jettlon for?"

"In all, \$93,000. We worked him for about seven months; probably we had him against the game twenty different times. I never saw such a boob! Talk of wire tapping! Why, that man Jettlon simply ate it up!"

"And you only cleaned him out of \$93,000?"

"That's straight."

"But the River Bank was robbed of \$187,000."

"I can't help it; Clancy, Benno and I only took an even \$93,000 from him."

"Where is it? It's got to come back—every shilling of it."

"We split it three ways. Benno and Clancy have got theirs, and they're not in town."

"They're in the cells below right now."

Piebald Pete made a gesture of despair.

"You must think I've been asleep," the Inspector continued. "Bannister had Benno and the Climber necked an hour ago. Also, I'm going to let you talk with them. You can explain that they go up the river, and you go back to France, with Devil's Island in the distance, unless I get that \$93,000. What bank or banks is it in?"

"It's in the Colony Safety Deposit vaults—what's left of it," returned Piebald in a beaten tone.

"What's left of it" turned out to be about \$82,000; the wire tappers had spent the rest. Also, the \$82,000 was in the hands of Inspector Dark before closing hours.

Mr. Jettlon phoned from Rysdyck that he would come to Mulberry Street the next day. He arrived on time, and was shown into the presence of Inspector Dark. There was court-plaster on his left cheek, and a bruise over the left eye. The Inspector became at once all concern and sympathy.

"I was thrown from my buggy," explained Mr. Jettlon, somewhat doggedly. "It was dark, and the wheel struck a stone."

"You had luck," purred the Inspector. "I've known a fall like that to break a man's neck. By the way, it's a queer coincidence, but a party got into a row with a couple of toughs, in the neighborhood of the Netherlands, and his hurts were precisely the same as your own. The hotel doctor patched him up. Some of my men happened to see the rumpus, and brought in the attacking roughs. I've got them locked up below—Dude Oleson and London Red, they're called."

The Inspector's countenance, as he

reeled this off, was as vacant of expression as the wrong side of a tombstone. Not so Mr. Jettlon's. His face, however much he might try for the mastery, exhibited confusion and pale alarm.

"You spoke of certain photographs," he brought himself at last to say, his voice shaking, "and I'm in something of a hurry. I'll look at them since you desire it. I don't think I shall know any of them, however."

"I've strong hopes the other way," replied the Inspector, unlocking a drawer of his desk.

Employed with the drawer, he tossed an inquiry over his shoulder.

"About those door keys?"

"Oh," stammered Mr. Jettlon, "I forgot to fetch them."

"It's just as well, d'ye see; I have them here."

The Inspector handed the keys to Mr. Jettlon. The latter shot a frightened look at the Inspector. That officer's back was towards him, and nothing could be made out of that.

"Here you are," said the Inspector, suddenly handing Mr. Jettlon two photographs. "Look them over a moment, while I step out and say a word to Bannister."

Mr. Jettlon, left alone, spread the pictures on the Inspector's desk. At the first glance, he started back as though he'd been struck a blow. His eyes stared; his face became purple. There was a choking gurgle; and next, without word or cry, the bulky form swung half around and fell with a crash to the floor.

Inspector Dark and Bannister rushed in from the outer room.

Mr. Jettlon was dead.

"Apoplexy!" said Inspector Dark, with all the coolness in life. He stepped across and locked the door. "Bannister," said he, "unless I am all at sea concerning our dead friend, you ought to find full \$94,000 on him."

The Inspector's forecast was like a prophecy. In an inner pocket of the ample waistcoat was stowed away a leather book, from which Bannister counted into the Inspector's fingers ninety-four \$1,000 bills.

"Quite a wad!" observed the unim-

pressionable Bannister. "What do you fancy killed him?"

"The sight of these," replied Inspector Dark, taking up the photographs.

Bannister carried them to the window. One showed Mr. Jettlon and Piebald Pete, as they stood shaking hands near the Sherman statue. The other included, besides Mr. Jettlon and Piebald Pete, Dude Oleson and London Red. This picture had been snapped at the very moment, when London Red whirled Mr. Jettlon face to face with him. The camera had even caught Jettlon's ghastly stare.

"Apoplexy," said the coroner. "Apoplexy," said the daily press; and added that "Mr. Jettlon was stricken while in conference with Inspector Dark touching the recent robbery of the River Bank."

"Apoplexy" was the word, too, which went to Rysdyck; for the Inspector—at bottom a sentimental—was thinking of the feelings of Miss Sallie.

It was the next day.

"You may go, boys," said Inspector Dark to Piebald Pete, Benno and the Climber, when Bannister had paraded the slippery trio before him. "The evidence against you is dead. Don't be cast down," he went on, satirically; "there are ninety millions of people between the oceans, and one third of them are boobs."

"We'll never again meet such a come-on as that Jettlon!" was the disconsolate cry from Little Benno, who, more than Piebald Pete or Clancy, bewailed the forced return of the \$82,000.

London Red and Oleson did not fare so well.

"You can have your choice," was the curt manner in which Inspector Dark laid the business before them. "You can plead guilty and take five years. Or you can go back to Rysdyck, stand trial, and take twenty."

London Red and Oleson looked at each other, sighed and took the five.

Mr. Verplank received the true story of the affair like a stab. "It shakes my faith in men!" he said. "I knew Jett was a fool; but who should have supposed him a thief?"

Inspector Dark counted over the recovered money—\$176,000.

"What with the seven or eight hundred taken when the bank vault was blown," he said, "and what with those wire-tappers several thousand shy, the River Bank will have to face a loss of from twelve to thirteen thousand dollars."

It was a week later, the afternoon a dull one. "Tell me how you worked it out, Inspector," said Bannister.

The Inspector's humor favored unbelting in talk. "To begin at the beginning," said he, "the moment I clapped my eyes on those holes in the inner front door, I knew that the thieves had help from some one connected with the bank. Those holes had been sawed from the inside; the splinters told the story. Also, one great mistake Jettlon made was his superfluous lying. What call had he for saying that \$80,000 in gold had been taken? It wasn't necessary; and yet the statement was bound to set one considering questions of avoidupois, and how the thieves could handle such a weight. Eighty thousand dollars in gold weighs three hundred and twenty pounds—a good load for two men, already saddled with a kit of bank tools. Now where did that three hundred and twenty pounds of gold get off? It wasn't on the run from Rysdyck to Brampton; I was looking for signs of that, and nothing else as I journeyed along. If it was with them when they left Rysdyck, it was with them when they got to Brampton. If it was with them at Brampton, it was with them when the special came rushing out of the cut. I could see the marks by the road bed where they chucked overboard their kit of tools. They had 'em in a gunnysack, hardly an armful all told. But never the mark of where that three hundred and twenty pounds of gold got off.

"And, then, there was Jettlon's foolish claim that Mr. Verplank asked him to come to his house at night. Mr. Verplank exposed the lie before he had talked ten minutes, and Jettlon ought to have foreseen that such would be the case."

"Why?" broke in Bannister, "should Jettlon want to be at the Verplank house at all?"

"For several reasons. He didn't want the thieves to get the bonds. Also, he needed an excuse, plausible in the eyes of Verplank, for taking the bonds from the vault. Moreover, by having the bonds at Verplank's upon the very night of the robbery, he would guard himself against suspicion. Folk would say that if he himself had had part or lot in the robbery, he'd have left the bonds in the vault."

"And I'm free to observe," argued Bannister, "that I don't yet make out why Jettlon should steal the money and not the bonds."

"Not so fast. Jettlon expected to remain in Rysdyck and continue in the management of the bank. The bonds would have been too great a risk. He could safely steal the money, and still stay in Rysdyck. He could hardly hope, however, to handle \$600,000 worth of stolen bonds in Rysdyck, stolen from his own bank, too, and described to every other bank throughout the country, and dodge discovery.

"To recur: The holes in the door showed me that, although the vault had been blown by practiced cracksmen, the job was an inside job. Next consider that scrap of paper which I found in the vault. There was a deduction to be made from that scrap of paper which my later discovery, that one of the thieves wore English boots, bore out. They were the words 'blooming' and 'splits,' English both. In the patter of the London thieves, as you know, a 'split' is a detective. As for 'blooming,' it's purest British slang and not at all American. I surmised an English 'box-worker' the moment I saw the words. When you reported on London Red it stood clear enough.

"It was at Jettlon's own table, how-

ever, that I struck my first real lead. I was morally sure Jettlon had planned the robbery, but I couldn't have proven anything. Those bonds he'd been so careful not to steal, helped fog the matter up. But the moment little Miss Sallie said 'Fletcher' I beheld a light. I at once recalled our wire-tapping friend—Peter Fletcher, *alias* Piebald Pete—and began to see my way through. To test the integrity of my theory, I later sent that message to Jettlon signed 'Fletcher.' Also, I had London Red and Oleson taken to where they'd do the most good, at the hour I'd set for the meeting between Piebald and Jettlon. Then I arranged for a snapshot man or two. They made twenty pictures. Two were enough to kill Jettlon.

"When I wrote Jettlon to come to see me, I told him to bring the bank keys. That was to throw a scare into him. I knew by what I'd got from Piebald that, having been driven to connive with Oleson and London Red at the robbery of his own bank, in order to cover up what he had lost against the 'wire,' he'd decided that he might as well hang for an old sheep as a lamb and had taken full \$94,000 more without waiting for the others to get there. In short, he left the vault almost as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and nothing but a poor bone of, say \$700, to repay the hard working Red and Oleson for their labor. The word about those keys would alarm him and make him fear that he might have to run for it. And so, preparing for possible flight, he'd have the \$94,000 on him."

"You showed him the keys, and told him of the row on Fifth Avenue, and how the injured party was patched up by the house physician at the Netherlands. Why was that?"

"Merest cruelty, Bannister, merest cruelty! It was the feline in me; I was only playing with my mouse."



B. CORY KILVERT

In the attic two small culprits clung together

## The Magic Teeth

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Author of "The Heavenly Goats," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

**C**HE, if I had teeth like you have," said Grandpa Popolizio, "I could eat rack stew."

Gigi gazed at him, round-eyed. "Did you ever have the teeth?" he asked.

"Teeth?" Pape Popolizio stared at him, indignant. "You saucy knave! I had better than you, and if my son—my son who went to the Klondykie—if he were come, he would buy for me the teeth to chew with."

Gigi, subdued but not convinced, absorbed more stew in silence. The children always spoke Italian to their grandfather, and Giulia dipped her dry bread in the dish, gazing at the fat old man's

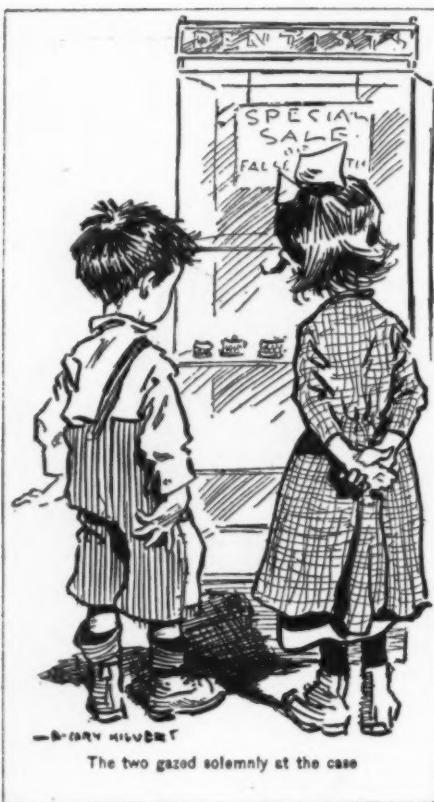
toothless struggles with the unaccustomed bit of meat. Then she remembered a certain amazing show-case on Grand Avenue.

"Grandpa Pape Popolizio," she said, solemnly, "you, perhaps, mean the pretty teeth in the pink gums, that one sees in the glass box on the avenue?"

Pape nodded, his mouth full.

Giulia gazed at him dreamily. "They are the beautiful ones, those teeth," she said. "Do they chew for you, grandpa, same as your own?"

"I have a friend who has some; he says that he could bite a nail since," replied Pape, rising and searching for his



pipe. "When my son comes back from the Klondykie—my son Filippo—he will then buy for me the teeth."

Guilia sighed; for many years she had heard of her Uncle Filippo. To her he was a mythical person, who, perhaps, wore armor like Saint Michael's breast-plate, in the church on Wooster Place. He had preceded her grandfather to America; he had gone West in search of the gold that hung there on trees, and he had either found it, or had himself remained suspended like the fruit. Meanwhile, his hard-working brother had supported fat and rheumatic Pape, had married and been left a widower, with two children—and Pape—still on his hands. But Filippo, in the vision of Pape's mind, remained ever free and fabulously rich, and the old man kept his watch and chain as his greatest treasure, beside his own feather-bed; and constantly looked to see him return a millionaire.

Gigi, having disposed of more than his fair share of the stew, slipped to the floor.

"Grandpa Pape Popolizio," he said, "if my Uncle Filippo comes, will he then wear the watch?"

Pape took his little black pipe out of his mouth. "He will wear it, perhaps, on Saints' Days, and for the *Società Cristofaro Colombo*. That watch," said Pape, "was given to him by a very rich gentleman—a Marchese—because that my son, your uncle, saved the life of his little girl, who was drowning in the bay at Naples. That watch, it is of gold and it is worth five, six hundred lire."

The children gasped. Many, many times they had heard this and gasped. It was part of the story, and their enjoyment was only complete when they gasped.

"It is true," affirmed Pape. "Now, go feed the goats."

"Si, Grandpa Pape Popolizio," said Guilia softly, "I wish—I wish that I might see my Uncle Filippo."

"He will have a carriage, two white horses and a footman," said Pape, waving his pipe. "From a boy he was clever, not like your father; your father, he makes only a little money; Filippo he is in the Klondykie."

Again Guilia sighed. "If my Uncle Filippo comes not, will it be that you have no teeth, grandpa?" she asked plaintively, her soft eyes full of pity.

"For many years I have had no teeth," retorted Pape, "but even without teeth, I can whip you, if you do not mind; I do not use my teeth to hold the switch. I said to you, 'Go feed the goats.' "

They went. Gigi, bare-foot and brown, Guilia, grown taller and more slender. Together they fed the animals and poultry, and then sat down under the old apple tree and watched the white goats in the yard. It was blossoming time, and a fragrant shower of petals fell like snow about the children. Guilia looked up through the enchanted boughs.

"Gigi," she said gently, "do you remember that the Madonna sent to us two goats?"

Gigi nodded, thoughtfully chewing grass.

"Gigi," she continued, "do you s'pose She'd be offended if we asked, real polite, for—for some magic teeth?"

"Eh?" said Gigi, a little startled.

When together, the two American-born children spoke the American English.

"I'd lika to gif some magic teeth to Pape Popolizio," Giulia explained, "but I most guess we couldn't even pay for 'em."

"I don't s'pose they make 'em in heaven, do you?" Gigi asked, after a moment's deep thought.

Guilia shook her head sadly. "The sign said they made 'em in New Yorka, thad aint anywherees near heaven, Gigi; you go to id by train."

"I aint ever been in heaven, has I?" Gigi inquired, still biting grass.

"You aint ever died, Gigi," replied Guilia, sadly; "you can't go there 'cept you die."

"Then," reasoned Gigi, "I don't believe they has magic teeth there."

Guilia pondersed. "I s'pose they don't. I wish we had the moncy, 'cause if Grandpa Pape Popolizio could eat the meat, mebbe we'd have id in a *brodo* 'bout once a week."

"Aint got no money," said Gigi; "had a penny with a hole in id an' your nasty old goat he swallered id."

"Id aint my goat," she retorted indignantly; "id was your goat, Lager Beer."

"S'pose id was my goat," Gigi replied angrily; "your goat wanted id the most."

Guilia rose with dignity. "I am going to looka ad the white teeth in the pink gums on Grand Avenue," she said coldly. "Mebbe, when I am grown up, I'll wear 'em. When one has magic teeth one can have whad one likes to eat yet."

"Spaghetti?" said Gigi, "and plums and—hoky-poky?"

Guilia nodded.

"And beans and pig's cheek, an'—an pies outer the cart?" climaxed her brother.

"And no dandelions!" she said, clasping her hands, "but macaroni, and—and pineapples."

Gigi suddenly began to sob. "I wants—I wants some magic teeth!" he wailed.

Guilia took his hand; his grief appeased her temporary indignation.

"Let's go an' look ad 'em in the glass box," she said.

Patiently they trudged along the river bank, passed the big, malodorous heaps of oyster-shells and the gaping coal-yards. Then they followed the trolley-



line into the city. It was a long way and, once or twice, they stopped, diverted by some passing interest—once by the spotted bull-dog sitting on the step of the old street-car quick-lunch-room, and once by the brown, smutty-sailed sloop from Block Island, tied up at the lower bridge to sell its sword-fish. But, at last, they stood before the little show-case with its two shelves full of false teeth of various kinds and sizes, all in the pinkest of pink gums. Above the case was a neat sign:

CLOSING OUT SALE OF  
DENTAL FIXINGS. ALL TEETH  
IN THIS CASE REDUCED. ONE  
SET \$3.50.

The two small Italians gazed solemnly at the case.

"*Quanto è bella,*" said Guilia, softly; "much it is beautiful."

Gigi was more practical. "I s'pose if Pape Popolizio had 'em, he'd get for us more meat, Guilia?"

"*Sì,*" she assented gently; "he could then chew of id, Gigi, but we can't get 'em—they's awful high. Three dollars and fifty centses."

Gigi sighed. "Aint id fierce?"

His sister nodded dolefully. "If we should sell—the goats?" she suggested, hesitating.

"Aint goin' to sell mine!" shouted Gigi, "nod for no magic teeth."

Guilia sympathized. "I do lofe mine," she admitted. "I guess we aint goin' to gif those teeth to Pape, Gigi."

But Opportunity comes once to all men.

The next day, being Saturday, Pape Popolizio went in to town, and, their father being at work on the road, the children remained in charge of the little cottage on the river bank.

Guilia swept the entry, using Pape's stubby broom, and industriously sweeping the dust over her own bare feet and ankles. Gigi, less useful, swung on the broken front gate. Presently, the "second-hander's" dirty, white horse plodded up the road. The wagon was heaped with the usual miscellany and the swarthy Syrian bottle-man tramped behind. At every house he raised his finger.

"Ennyting to sell?"

Guilia swung on the gate, but Guilia appeared in the door. The second-hander raised his finger.

"Ennyting ter sell? I pays good prizes for id."

A sudden thrill shot through Guilia's heart. "Whad you pay for bottles?"

The Syrian stopped the old, white horse. "Four centses er dozen."

Guilia flew into the kitchen. She was unearthing empty bottles and old crockery, when she became aware that the tall second-hander had followed her. She was a little frightened and rose from her knees, her arms full of bottles.

"I aint gotta but five," she said.

But the second-hander's keen black eyes had discovered Filippo's watch and chain hanging on the wall.

"Whad you tak for thad?" he asked, pointing. "I gif three dollars."

Guilia put down the bottles. Three dollars! Almost enough for the magic teeth. She caught Gigi's eye.

"We wants then only fifty centses!" she gasped.

The Syrian looked from one to the other, puzzled. Gigi plunged into the corner, behind the door, and began to tug and pull, his little back rounding out. Divining his thought, Guilia ran to his assistance and together they pulled out Pape's feather-bed.

"Whad you gif?" asked Gigi, breathless from the exertion.

The Syrian felt of it grimly; his keen eyes sparkled. If he had a twinge of conscience he did not show it.

"Wan tollar," he said calmly, and added: "wid de watch and chains—four."

Guilia hesitated. "I don't know," she said, in her soft voice, "thad watch belong ad my uncle in the Klondyka."

The second-hander waved persuasive fingers. "He gid no vhere such money."

As he spoke he drew out his dirty wallet and began to count, one dollar at a time. To the children it seemed a fortune. Gigi brought the watch and chain and the Syrian put them carefully in his inner pocket. Then he rolled up the feather-bed and bore it to his wagon.

Guilia and Gigi gazed at the four, dirty, dollar bills, then at each other, soaked in blissful amazement.

"Those teeth," said Guilia softly, "they is of magic, Gigi; they do buy themselves!"

She threw the broom behind the door, tied the money securely in the corner of her apron, and held out her hand.

"Come, Gigi," she said eagerly, "we buys now the pink gums for Grandpa Pape Popolizio."

They ran, panting, down the road.

Pape Popolizio, fat and tired, came home an hour before his usual time. It was his custom to stop at the Theatre San Carlino to see the moving pictures, on a Saturday, but to-day he could not spare the nickel and was, accordingly, in no very good humor. Besides, it was hot and he was very, very fat. Guilia, in her excitement, had forgotten to lock the door and her grandfather found it unlatched and the house empty. At first he thought the children had gone to dig clams, the tide being out, but, after a moment, his accustomed eye missed Filippo's watch and chain. Then he discovered that his feather-bed was gone. He went to the door and shouted for the children. No answer. Poor old Pape grew deeply purple with excitement and fear. He had removed his coat, and his suspenders hung flapping, while he undid the button of his shirt-band to breathe. He searched high and low; he shouted; the perspiration ran slowly down his nose.

"Dio mio!" he murmured, "Dio mio! Bandits have been here and taken my feather-bed and the bambini for a ransom."

He made a trumpet of his hands. "Guilia!" he shouted; "Gigi, you pig!"

His voice echoed across the still water and mocked him. The old man panted

with fright; he loved the children, and the disappearance of his household goods with them, pointed, in his mind, to bandits. He thought of Sicily; he thought of American thieves; he thought of everything but the truth. Thoroughly frightened, he started running down the road, his suspenders flapping and the perspiration oozing from every pore. Half-way to the coal-yards he ran into his son, Giovanni, returning from the half-day's work. The old man fell into his arms like a stranded jelly-fish.

"Dio mio!" he wheezed. "A bandit has taken Filippo's watch, my feather-bed and the bambini!"

"Madonna! You are mad!" cried Giovanni. "Where now are the bambini?"

"Gone!" repeated Pape, "and also—also my feather-bed."

Giovanni set the old man, none too gently, on the curb.

"Your feather-bed!" he shouted, "what is your feather-bed compared with my bambini?"

"My feather-bed was made in Italy by my mother, your grandmother!" cried Pape. "My feather-bed—"

"Dio mio!" shrieked the indignant



"Bandits have been here!"

son. "Who, then, made my *bambini?* You—you—"

Happily, at this moment, when a family feud seemed inevitable, they both saw two small figures climbing out of the trolley car. Their amazement at the sudden appearance of the *bambini* was somewhat lost in the greater amazement of their arrival by trolley. Stricken dumb, father and grandfather awaited their approach in portentous silence.

But the children, eager to reach the glorious climax, came on without observing the hurricane signals. Gigi waved his chubby arms over his head; Giulia bore a package, much as she might have borne the crown jewels. Their small, brown, faces were wreathed in smiles.

Guilia courtesied prettily. "Grandpa Pape Popolizio," she said, in her soft

sweet Italian, "Gigi and I, we present to you the magic teeth." And she held out her package.

"And we hope you can chew now the meat," added Gigi, with feeling.

Pape took the package and undid it, his fat fingers shaking with suppressed anger. There were two wrappers, a neat paste-board box and some blue cotton. Pape took out the wrappings and revealed a small, neat set of false teeth.

"Madonna!" exclaimed Giovanni. "What you do with these teeth, Giulia?"

"They are the magic teeth," Giulia replied, sweetly. "Me and Gigi bought them on Grand Avenue for Grandpa Pape Popolizio."

Pape leant forward and glared at them searchingly. "Where," he demanded fiercely, "did you get the money?"

"Most nice gentleman," said Giulia, "the second-hander with the white horse."

"The second-hander!" screamed Pape. "What did he then get of you?"

Guilia hung her head. Fingering her red apron, she began to be afraid. Gigi doubled his fist into his eye.

"Where are now my feather-bed?" shrieked Pape, waving the teeth, "and my son Filippo's watch and chain?"

Guilia sobbed. "That most nice gentleman, he bought them," she said, "for—for four-four dollars—"

"The rascal!" cried her father; "he's a bandit."

But Pape Popolizio flung the teeth into the grass; he danced with rage, his fat sides shaking.

"My feather-bed!" he screamed. "My son



Filippo's watch! Giovanni, these *bambini* are of a bandit on their mother's side. Of us, they do not take this knavery. I—I—" He whirled around, and seizing Giulia, shook her.

Gigi did not stop; he ran, shrieking, and hid behind the goats.

An hour later the children were sobbing, supperless, in the attic, while Pape, almost comatose from rage and over-exertion, lay in his chair down-stairs and Giovanni smoked in silence on the door-step. He was thinking hard; once or twice he had seen the tall Syrian second-hander, but he could not count on laying hands on him before he had traded the watch and chain, and Giovanni was too ignorant of this strange land, America, to know what to do. If he could get the Syrian he could make him disgorge his plunder, but he had to work every day but Sunday, and Pape was too old, too fat, and too enraged, to be equal to the task of hunting for the second-hander.

Meanwhile, Giovanni, his back to his father, laughed a little to himself, remembering the set of white teeth in the pink, pink gums, that he had rescued from the road-side.

But Pape stormed. "I tell you," he sobbed, "those *bambini* are two bandits. If we do not now restrain them, they will steal the hair off our heads. To think that my son Filippo, when he returns, will not find his watch and chain! 'io mio, and my feather-bed!"

Up-stairs, in the attic, in the gathering gloom, two small culprits clung together.

"I aint a bandit!" sobbed Gigi. "I nt bad; I aint stealed; I aint—"

"Sh!" whispered Giulia, crying softly; "I guess mebbe we're awful wicked,



Gigi did not stop

Gigi, but I thought thad mos' nize gentleman with the white horse, he paid mos' a lot for Uncle Filippo's watch, and—oh, Gigi, what ever did we sell Grandpa Pape's feather-bed for?"

"I aint done id!" screamed Gigi, Adam-like; "'twas you told me to, and—and—oh, Giulia, warn't id nize to ride on the cars?"

They thrilled in wicked silence. Down-stairs they heard Pape still howling out his wrath.

"Pandits they are, I tell you, Giovanni; robbers! Those teeth—what would they fit? A flea, eh?"

Guilia clung tight to Gigi; in the twilight she thought she saw awful shadows in the far corners.

"Gigi," she whispered, "those teeth, they are of magic; they were then, perhaps, bad magic—an'an'—oh, Gigi, aint thad a rat?"

Gigi howled, his fist in his eyes.

"Silence there!" shouted Pape; "you are bandits, you should be in jail."

Giovanni rose; he would take a can-

dle to the attic, but, at that moment, he saw a white horse and wagon approaching through the dusk. Seized with a wild hope, he stood still, watching. He might catch the Syrian yet. To his amazement, however, the white horse halted at the gate. There were two men on the wagon and one got down.

Guilia and Gigi, looking out of the attic window, screamed aloud. It was the wagon of the second-hander and on it sat "the most nize gentleman."

"Gigi," sobbed Guilia, "he wants his money back, and I aint got but forty centses left."

"I wont go to jaila!" wailed Gigi; "I aint bandit."

But Guilia lay weakly on the window-ledge. "I mos' guess we be, Gigi," she said.

They huddled together, shivering in the dark. Outside they could just see the dim white outline of the second-hander's horse. Below, they heard excited voices. Then, to their amazement, they beheld Pape's feather-bed approaching from the wagon as if walking on the legs of "the most nize gentleman."

The children, thrusting their heads out to see, did not, at first, hear their father's voice at the foot of the attic ladder.

"Guilia," he shouted; "Gigi! Arrive below."

He had to call twice; then Guilia came, leading Gigi, who pulled back. He was well acquainted with Pape's stick.

"Arrive below," said Giovanni impatiently; "here is your Uncle Filippo, who never was in the Klondykie, but all the while at Bridgeport, second-handing with a heathen. He has brought back the feather-bed and the watch and chain were his already. Your grandfather will not now beat you," he added, smiling.

He lifted the children down, and they followed him into the kitchen. Old Pape sat in his big chair, crying like a child,

for joy, and the Syrian was spreading out his feather-bed. At the table was their Uncle Filippo with an air of prosperity, the gold watch-chain dangling at his waist-coat. He was trying to explain to Pape why letters addressed, "United States of America, New Yorka, No. 52," had never reached him, and he did not add that, in taking care of himself, he quite forgot to look for his family.

In the middle of the table, unnoticed, but in all their pristine loveliness, were the pink gums and the white teeth that Guilia and Gigi had bought for three dollars and a half. The children, gazing round-eyed at their uncle, listened as he talked.

"Si," he said, "when my partner brings in that watch and that old feather-bed—*ma chè!* I knew you were here," he laughed, showing white teeth. "And when we were done with the day's work I came."

"And you never were in the Klondykie?" Pape wiped his eyes. "And you have not a fortune? *Chè, chè,* but I am glad but to see you, Filippo mio!"

"Where are the little rogues?" Filippo asked, pointing at the false teeth.

Giovanni thrust them forward. "They were crying in the attic, Filippo, because of your partner's bargain."

"Guilia, Gigi," said Pape, waving his black pipe, "here is your uncle, who was not at all in the Klondykie, but who is rich—a second-hander."

"Uncle Filippo," said Gigi, in English, "there is bud one white horse, an' is the mos' nize gentleman the footman?"

Filippo laughed gayly. "The mos' nize gentleman ees one who buys feather-beds and watches," he said; "an' when, now, will you wear the teeth?"

Guilia looked at him solemnly. "They are of magic," she replied; "they bring a to my Grandfather Pape Popolizio h feather-bed again—and you."



## ON WITH THE PLAY

by Louis V. De Foe

Photograph by White, New York

Ruth Shepley as *Mollie Creedon* and Douglas Fairbanks as *Robert Pitt* in "A Gentleman of Leisure"

THE amiable impostor seems constantly to be gaining a firmer grip on the susceptibilities of our theatre audiences. Most adorable of all he becomes, it seems, when his imposture assumes the color of flagrant mendacity. A *Wallingford* of most pernicious get-rich-quick proclivities buncoes the trustful population of a rural village and is able to pursue his nefarious occupation through-

cut the summer when, by every law of precedent, the public mind is reluctant to dwell on things theatrical. A *Jimmy Valentine* of American birth conquers London with ease, despite the general impression that English favor is rigorously withheld from the dramatic heroes who come from our shores. The case of *Raffles* and his French cousin, *Arsène Lupin*, are a little more remote, but they

are nevertheless apropos. In their day our surrender to them was not less complete.

So it is not surprising to find the burgle hero of comedy emerging again at the very outset of the new dramatic season. Nor is it at all strange to discover that his hold on our interest has strengthened rather than relaxed. A psychologist might evolve a pretty problem out of our delight in the sins of our stage favorites. He might prove, for instance, that virtue, the stock commodity of the dramatist throughout all ages, is declining below par in the theatrical market. But let it be left for the philosophers to seek the why and wherefore of this moral obliquity of the theatre; the province of the critic of the stage is merely to show that the deification of the amiable rascal still goes on.

It may have been with this strange contradiction of moral standards in mind that Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, with the aid of Mr. John Stapleton, set out to turn his novel, "The Intrusion of Jimmy," into a comedy—or is it farce?—under the title of "A Gentleman of Leisure." A similar appreciation of the whims of audiences may have influenced Mr. William A. Brady to choose the play, with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks in the character of its hero, as the opening gun in the autumn campaign at his newly built theatre, The Playhouse. While the piece does not seem destined to stand near the top of the list when the record of the year is made up ten months hence, there is to be said in its favor that its first performance aroused more genuine interest than has been manifested in any other of the early productions.

The idea at the core is unusually well suited for farcical treatment—and ingenious farcical ideas are exceedingly rare. *Robert Edgar Willoughby Pitt*, known among his cronies as *Bobby*, has come into a fortune left by an aunt and has made his first inroad into it by taking a trip abroad. On the return voyage he has traveled as a second-class passenger, owing to the crowded condition of the ship, but this restriction has not kept him from forming a deep attachment for *Mollie Creedon*, whom he

watched and admired over the dividing rail on the deck and by whom he was as intently watched and admired in turn.

When the play begins he is back in New York giving a dinner to his cronies, among whom is the usual titled English wastrel in search of a rich American bride. Let it be noted here that this stock character of farce gathers interest as the story advances for the reason that it is most unconventionally played. The dinner ends and the guests, with or without aid, toddle home. Out of it all has come *Bobby's* assertion that burglary is not the hazardous profession it is popularly supposed to be—that, with proper inducement, he will agree to enter a house at night and bring back a souvenir of his unlawful visit. The boast is challenged and a bet is made.

Circumstance favors the amateur pick-lock. As he is preparing for bed his apartment is entered by "*Spike*" *Mullins*, a professional yeggman, bent upon a strictly business call. There is a struggle in the dark—always an exciting episode in the theatre—and when the lights come up again *Bobby* is on top. He is willing to spare his prisoner, for in him he sees a means to an end. He pretends to be contemptuously critical of "*Spike's*" burgling methods. In fact, he is willing to give his own system a practical demonstration, if only "*Spike*" will suggest a job.

The pair bargain to rifle the home of a rich and unprotected widow, and in the second act they set forth. Here the long arm of coincidence is stretched for the benefit of the plot, for the real thief and his amateur accomplice find themselves in the house of *Phil Creedon*, a Deputy Commissioner of Police, who is the father of the belle of the ship. *Mollie* is alone and has retired when, presto! up go the lights and the girl makes them her prisoners at the point of a pistol. The surprise is mutual. But *Bobby's* self-assurance and easy plausibility come to his aid and he nearly succeeds in extricating himself and his companion when the chug-chug of a motor is heard and "*Big Phil*," the Deputy Commissioner, appears on the scene.

*Bobby* finds it somewhat more difficult to convince the Police Deputy of



Photograph by White, New York

The "man scene" in the first act of "A Gentleman of Leisure," Douglas Fairbanks as *Robert Putt* in center

the innocence of his nocturnal call, but the official is open to conviction, provided the victims will "come across." His only arbitrary stipulation is that *Mollie* shall in future have nothing whatever to do with the man to whom she took such a decided fancy on shipboard.

Another circumstance, however, brings them together again. The uncle and aunt of the young English "bounder," *Sir Spencer Drever*, have invested in a country house for the summer in hope of bringing about his marriage to *Mollie*, and here she once more meets *Bobby*, now a society champion and expert motorist, who still has "*Spike*" *Mullins* in tow as his valet. Thus the courtship advances, the vanquished *Sir Spencer* being well satisfied with the outcome as he harbors a lingering interest in a Devonshire parson's daughter, back in England.

The prospects of rich loot at the country house prove too strong for the good resolutions of "*Spike*," who almost wrecks *Bobby's* plans by stealing a rope of pearls from one of the guests. But the expeditious youth turns this new misfortune to his advantage by recovering the jewels, thereby proving to *Mollie* his own integrity and silencing the suspicions of her still doubting father. In the end comes another dinner at *Bobby's* bachelor flat at which he displays the trophy of his burglarious visit, wins his bet and announces his engagement to the girl whom he unwittingly made his victim.

"A Gentleman of Leisure" is not free from the blemishes which are commonly found in hurriedly produced plays. While the action is generally rapid and the interest lively, there are arid spots in the story which skillful stage management might easily have corrected. A better effect might have been gained if the audience were given no time to reflect over the improbabilities of the story.

On the other hand, competent acting in nearly all the conspicuous characters does much to assist the play. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, who has taken his place at last among the amiable reprobates in comedy, is capital as *Bobby*, the amateur crook. The rôle calls for a full

measure of the boyish spirits, persistent good nature and breezy self-assurance which are his distinguishing traits. His precedence as the star is encroached upon only by Mr. Elmer Booth, who is legitimately amusing as the perplexed real thief for the reason that he acts the part in a vein of utmost seriousness. The honors of the performance were almost evenly divided by these two actors.

Miss Ruth Shepley, as the heroine, comes forth as one of the new crop of ravishing stage beauties who still have much to learn of the art of acting. Mr. George Fawcett fulfills the popular idea of a gruff Police Commissioner who has learned how to grow rich on a limited salary. Among the dozen others there remains one more whose acting calls for special commendation. He is Mr. Arthur Laceby, who moulds the conventional English "bounder" of the play into a genuinely amusing type and infuses into it definite satirical humor—which is the more noteworthy since he is a product of the country which the character lampoons.

**T**O spend an evening under the spell of Mr. Leo Fall's delicate melodic fancies in "The Siren" seems more a polite ceremony than a musical comedy entertainment. The score of this newest Viennese operetta, the first important contribution which Mr. Charles Frohman has made to the dramatic season, is so finely spun and so subtle in its rhythmic scheme that most audiences, I fancy, will find it a bit too elusive to enjoy heartily. There is very little in it which will move you to enthusiasm; there is much, on the other hand, that captivates and soothes.

During the unfolding of this peculiarly well-mannered production I looked in vain for one swinging melody such as instantly made the successes of "The Merry Widow," "The Spring Maid" and "The Dollar Princess." I did not find it in spite of all that there was to enjoy. At all times the lilt of its music was charming, but my final impression was that a big musical climax was needed to insure the popularity of the production.

Not the least interesting feature of "The Siren" is that it brings to stardom



Photograph by White, New York

Albert Brown as *Tom Bradley* and Henrietta Crosman as *Jess Lorraine* in "The Real Thing"

Mr. Donald Brian, who has been steadily singing and dancing his way into the public favor since that night four years ago when, unknown and with no more than his good looks to recommend him, he emerged in "The Merry Widow." He has practically been a star ever since then, but it is not until now that he has been given the name as well as the fame—and, perchance, the salary that goes with it.

The production is well suited to his stellar needs. His voice, which is quite sufficient as musical comedy voices go, is adapted to his new rôle of the *Marquis de Ravaillac*, which also affords him good opportunities to display his graceful dancing accomplishments. The part

is very refined, romantic and dashing, and the story of which it is the central figure is saturated with sentiment to just the expected degree.

Mr. Brian has in "The Siren," as in "The Dollar Princess," Miss Julia Sanderson as his dancing mate, and this arrangement is again most fortunate. Without possessing any aggressive accomplishments, there is a prettiness and daintiness about all that Miss Sanderson does on the musical comedy stage which has its never failing allurements. It does not detract a particle from the glory of the new young star to say that she, in her own way, is quite the most attractive feature in the production.

Mr. Harry B. Smith is the adapter

of the English version of the story from the German libretto by Mr. Leo Stein and Mr. A. M. Willner. He is happiest in his lyrics, which are almost as delicate and graceful as the music to which they are set. But he is conspicuously deficient in humor. Presumably he has followed the original plot, though to claim that he has preserved to any considerable degree its Viennese atmosphere would be to stretch the truth unduly in his favor. The story might have originated in London or, for that matter, right in New York.

The young *Marquis de Ravaillac* has written some sarcastic manifestoes aimed against the Austrian emperor. *Bazilos*, the Minister of Police, is confident that he is the guilty one, but the proofs necessary to convict him are wanting. The needed link in the chain of evidence is a specimen of his handwriting, to obtain which a bevy of sirens are employed to coax from him a love letter. One of the sirens is *Lolotte* and with her the *Marquis* really falls in love. For her he composes a little song, called "Wall-flower," but it happens that he has written that selfsame song once before for *Clarisse*, the wife of the Minister of Police, with whom he has been in love. *Clarisse*, in a fit of jealous anger, gives her copy to her husband, the Minister, and the *Marquis* is arrested. He believes it is *Lolotte* who has betrayed him and not until he has been pardoned by the emperor does he learn his mistake. Then he promptly makes amends to *Lolotte* by asking her to be his bride.

The singing of this poem, "Wall-flower," by Mr. Brian and Miss Sanderson, is the musical gem of the first act. The melody is one of the most delightful in the score, and it is made to recur frequently until the close. But the principal number in which the pair appear is the "Waltz Caprice" in the second act, which brings from them the most graceful duet dancing in which they have yet appeared. Mr. Brian's opportunity comes again in the final act when he sings "She Is the One Girl" as he muses romantically over a lighted cigarette.

As there are eleven song numbers, the other members of the company do not suffer for opportunities although the

music which falls to their share is never comparable with the melodies reserved for Mr. Brian and Miss Sanderson. Among them are "Follow Me Round," with a dance accompaniment which Mr. F. Pope Stamper sings with the *Sirens*, "On the Farm," an odd little ditty by Miss Sanderson and Mr. Will West, and "The Maid from Montbijou" which Miss Sanderson sings alone.

The delicacy of the staging is quite in harmony with the texture of the operetta. Chorus men in ill-fitting evening suits are conspicuous for their absence. Among the missing also are show girls who strut about uncomfortably in unaccustomed finery. But the absence of the conventional chorus does not mean that the company is not large or that the costuming is not beautiful.

Mr. Frank Moulan, as the Minister of Police, and Miss Elizabeth Firth, as his wife, curb their spirits to almost a funereal degree. The occasional incursions of Mr. Will West as a sentimental horse doctor do not lead to much laughter, but Miss Florence Morrison gives a healthy, lusty-voiced impersonation of the landlady of a post tavern in the final act.

THE case of Miss Henrietta Crossman continues to be the most enigmatical problem that our stage supplies for the vexation and disappointment of all its experienced observers. In the difficult field of comedy, within her rather restricted range, this exceptionally endowed actress remains to-day, as she was a full decade or more ago, without a rival. In characters which require from their interpreter a vivacious, ebullient personality and an incessant flow of buoyant, sparkling humor she is incomparable. She has advanced to middle life, yet she is still radiant with the healthy, mischievous spirit of youth. She is the envied of her sex, for her locks deny her years. Her genius is of that positive, assertive kind that manifests itself instantly in whatever rôle she appears. She has studied so long in the school of experience that she is the mistress of her art. Whatever she touches she does not fail to adorn.

In the characters of classic comedy



Photograph by White, New York

Henrietta Crosman as *Jess Lorraine* and Minnie Dupree as *Kate Grayson* in "The Real Thing"

Miss Crosman might rank favorably with Miss Julia Marlowe, although her method is more abrupt and she has little of that other actress' wistful, poetic temperament. In modern drama she might without great effort excel most of our younger stars who have traveled far on the road to theatrical fame. Yet this lovely comedienne, in spite of her splendid equipment, seems forever fated to lead the forlorn hope of the amateur playwright. Through circumstance or inclination she is invariably the court of last resort of the unsuccessful dramatist.

To Miss Crosman has come this year the distinction of opening the new dramatic season in New York. Her new play, as usual, is sadly unworthy of her unique abilities. It is a half-farcical piece by Miss Catherine Chisholm Cushing, entitled "The Real Thing." So naïve is it in its view of life, and so elementary in its notion of human nature, that it carries almost no conviction whatever. Its construction is so crude that it unmistakably proclaims the unsteady hand of the novice. Yet even with these disadvantages to overcome, the actress, by dint of her unflagging vivacity and practical skill, contrives to give it a certain degree of interest. That she should waste her abilities on such a piece is regrettable; that she is able to impart to it any allurements whatever is amazing.

At the very outset it is possible to anticipate the outcome of the story. The *Graysons*—*Kate* and *Richard*—after the first few years of their married life, find they are drifting apart. In their courtship she had attracted him by her healthy, athletic vigor, personal beauty and feminine accomplishments. But these allurements have gradually disappeared, and she has grown to neglect her husband's pleasures in the interest of her children and the drudgeries of her housekeeping. She has passively permitted her friend, *Olive Wyckoff*, to replace her in her husband's attentions. The dowdy little wife, heedless of the peril in which she stands, is even encouraging his growing interest in her fascinating rival.

When this state of affairs has been

reached, *Kate's* sister, *Jess Lorraine*, arrives at the *Graysons'* on a visit. She is a widow, expeditious, high-spirited, blessed with sound sense and thoroughly experienced in the ways of the world. She grasps the situation almost at a glance and sets out abruptly to rescue the meek, plain little wife from her predicament. *Richard*, she perceives, is much in need of a change, so she packs him off on a vacation. Once rid of him she sets about the more difficult task of teaching *Kate* that a wife's first duty, after all, is to her husband and that she must give more heed to her personal graces and enlarge her narrowed domestic views if she hope to retain his love.

*Jess*, who is so muc'd of an adept at regulating the affairs of others, has managed to make a failure of her own life. Once she had been the sweetheart of *Tom Bradley*, but in a fit of pique she married another and lived to repent her mistake. Although she was eventually freed by her husband's death, she is too proud to capitulate to her old lover.

The unexpected arrival at the *Graysons'* house of his former sweetheart introduces a new element of romance into the comedy and leads to a few amusing situations. It also brings about a serious complication when *Richard*, returning from his vacation, surprises *Kate* in company with *Bradley* under circumstances which stir his jealous suspicion. His wife, thanks to the persuasion of the widow, is again as trim and charming as before, and her husband jumps at the mistaken conclusion that the transformation is the result of a flirtation she has been carrying on in his absence. Thus the story runs at cross purposes until explanations are made and a happy *dénouement* is brought about.

Two precocious children, introduced to serve as foils for Miss Crosman, are among the many exasperating features of the play. The stretches of piffling dialogue which are devoted to them proclaim better than anything else the amateurishness of the whole affair. Indeed it is easy to believe that Miss Crosman has supplied her own lines for every important scene in which she ap-



Photograph by White, New York

Leila McIntyre and John Hyams singing "Oh-h, Maybe It's A Robber!" in "The Girl of My Dreams"



Photograph by White, New York

Leila McIntyre singing "Dr. Tinkle Tinker of Old Toy Town" in the musical-comedy "The Girl of My Dreams"



Photograph by White, New York. Copyright 1911, by Charles Frohman

Elizabeth Firth as *Clarisse*; Donald Brian as *Armand*, and Julia Sanderson as *Lolotte* in "The Siren"

pears. She is aggressive, vivacious, vehement and tender by turn. Her adept acting at times makes the widow seem a creature almost akin to life.

Miss Minnie Dupree, who acts the slovenly, plaintive, little wife, is also a source of strength to the comedy al-

though the sudden transformation of this character in the last act is quite incredible. Mr. Frank Mills is hampered by the rôle of the husband, but Mr. Albert Brown makes the character of *Tom Bradley* breezy and decidedly likable.

**V**AUDEVILLE in the past has served as a stepping stone for many of our popular musical comedy celebrities to a more highly painted and supposedly more ambitious sphere of endeavor, and now it is being used again by Mr. John Hyams and Miss Leila McIntyre, who have emerged from their twice-a-day Quaker sketches as the twin stars of the once-a-night production, "The Girl of My Dreams." The title is somewhat more alluring than the piece itself for Mr. Karl Hoschna, its composer, and Mr. Otto Hauerbach and Mr. W. D. Nesbit, its librettists, have been content to follow in the beaten track of musical comedy at a time when the more deft operettas of Viennese origin have a monopoly of the public's interest.

Whatever attention the entertainment is receiving at a time when competition is not very strenuous is due to the numerous specialties which are introduced with unblushing disregard of every law of consistency. It has little of the delicacy to be found in similar pieces of English origin, and still less real humor, but a sort of rowdy liveliness which keeps the show moving at a break-neck rate satisfies that large section of the public which prefers to leave its mental apparatus at home when it goes to the theatre. The attack of "The Girl of My Dreams," in other words, is through the eyes and ears and the shock is not powerful enough to reach the brain.

Mr. Hyams is *Harry Swifton*, who has felt the sobering influence of love. You divine at once what his experience has been when, in the opening act, after the devilishness of his previous career has been hinted in the song, "Bachelor Days," he warbles a ditty called "I Want to Quit and Be Good." Soon the cause of his suddenly developed virtue appears in the person of *Lucy Medders*, the Quakeress, who proclaims her spotless innocence in a little number called "Quaker Talk." Your notion of *Mollie's* unworldliness, however, is quickly disabused when she sings "The Girl Who Wouldn't Spoon"—but such inconsistencies are to be expected in the dog-day shows.

Through the crevices between the specialties ooze the facts that *Swifton*

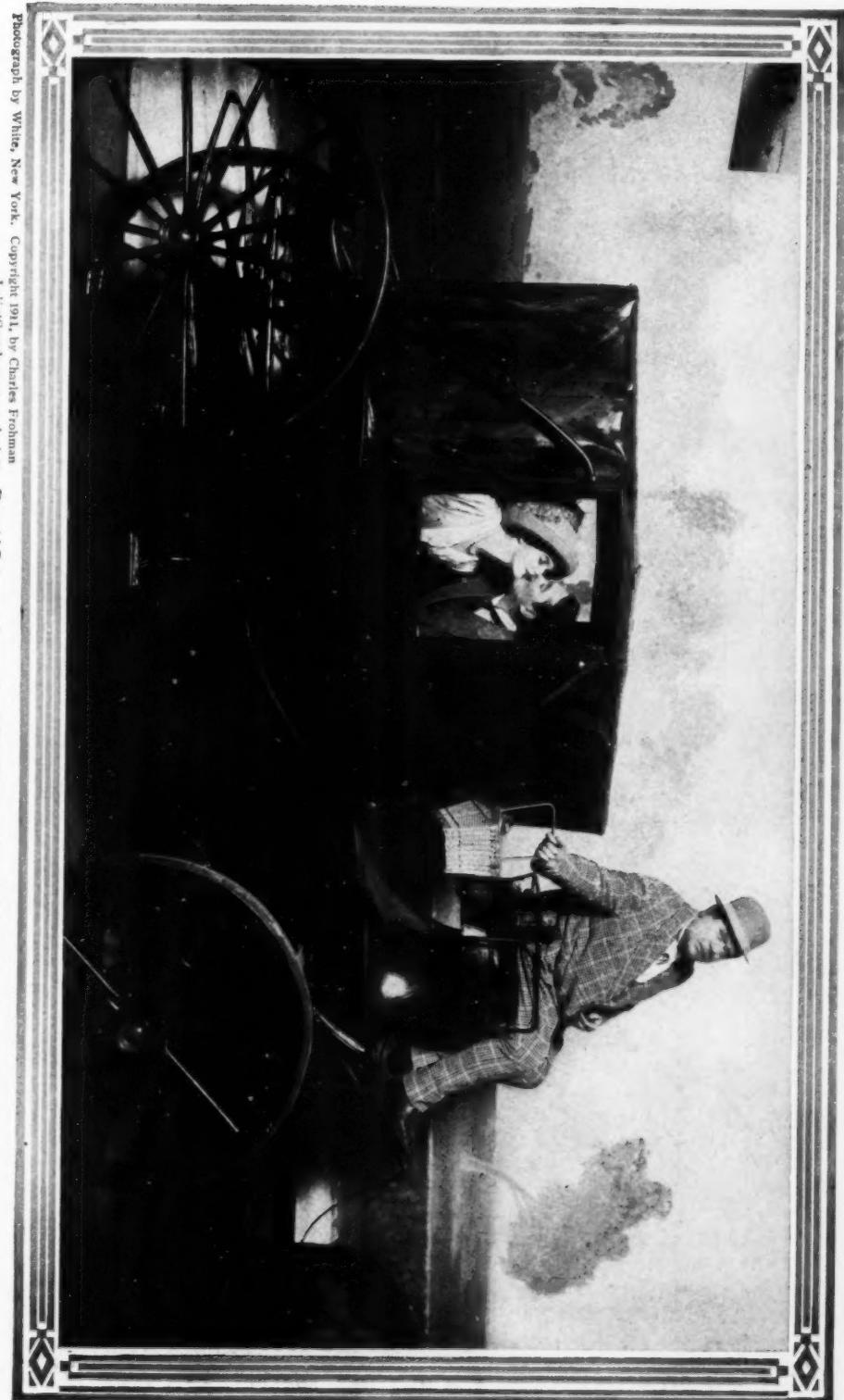
has been hurt in a motor accident and has lost his heart to the Quaker lass who nursed him back to health. He sends for her and she comes with her father to the great city where a sentimental and disappointed milliner, suggestively named *Daphne*, does her best to awaken her from love's young dream.

Miss McIntyre's song, "The Girl of My Dreams," is the hit of the piece—not because it is musically irreproachable, but for the reason that it is easy to take away from the theatre with you. Miss McIntyre also takes the precaution to sing it so often that her hearers are unable to forget it even if they desire. She has a pretty manner when she is not over-working her carefully cultivated baby stare. Her voice is thin, but pleasant. Her dancing is the best of her accomplishments.

Mr. Hyams appears at all times to be posing before a camera. If he could be induced to forget himself even for a moment he would have a much better chance of success. However, this bad habit which he has brought from vaudeville, may wear off. He is yet young at his new trade.

**M**ISS ROSE STAHL, in common with many other actresses whose fame has been won in a single rôle, is finding it hard to live down her success in "The Chorus Lady." This disposition by theatregoers to demand their favorites again and again in vividly characterized parts that appeal strongly to their liking has narrowed the artistic careers of many celebrities in the masculine branch of the stage profession. The late Joseph Jefferson, for instance, was sentenced by public caprice to act the lovable ne'er-do-well, *Rip Van Winkle*, all his life. The late E. A. Sothern could never extricate himself from the tentacles of *Lord Dundreary*. The late Denman Thompson and *Josh Whitcomb* became one in the popular mind and Mr. David Warfield has only lately succeeded in divorcing himself from *Von Barwig* in "The Music Master."

Miss Stahl's case is a little different from the others for she has, at least, a new play. But the rôle she has just assumed for the first time in New York



Photograph by White, New York. Copyright 1911, by Charles Frohman  
Julia Sanderson as *Lolotte*; Donald Brian as *Armand*, and Will West as *Hannibal Reckmeyer* in "The Siren"

in Mr. Charles Klein's "Maggie Pepper" is, to all intents, her *Patricia O'Brien* over again and it has the disadvantage of surroundings which never rise above the brand of very ordinary melodrama. *Maggie Pepper* and *Nellie*, the Beautiful Cloak Model, in fact, are sister characters and whatever interest the former offers its observers is due to the personality of Miss Stahl.

That she succeeds so effectively in holding her audience's attention under the circumstances is a great tribute to Miss Stahl's ability although it betrays also that her equipment is of narrow range. She touches the same chords of humor and pathos, stirs the same emotions of joy and sadness in her audiences, and delves into the same bag of theatrical tricks. If she has other resources to draw upon, "Maggie Pepper" does not give her a chance to make use of them.

*Maggie* is the same sensible, philosophical, tried and true working-girl in the department store that *Patricia O'Brien* was in the chorus, only there is less fuss and feathers connected with her daily toil.

Things have not been going well with her of late and the only hope she cherishes is that she may win the deserved promotion to the head of the cloak department, at the hands of *John Hargen*, acting manager of the store in the absence of *Joe Holbrook*, who, as his father's son, has inherited the business.

On the very day that *Maggie* learns from the sanctimonious *Hargen* that her hopes of advancement in the business are futile, *Joe Holbrook* returns from Europe.

*Joe* is tired of idling about the continent, spending vast sums, no part of which returns in the way of dividends, and has decided that, after all, he will take a hand in the business of the store.

To investigate, he makes a tour of the entire establishment, and, in due course, encounters the despair-filled *Maggie* crouched over the desk in her airy retreat in the stock room of the cloak department.

Attracted by the picturesque slang of *Maggie* who tells him that her name is Pepper and lightly inquires if he does

not think it is "a hot one" he enters into conversation with her.

Frankly she tells him what she thinks of the oily, self-seeking *Hargen*. Furthermore, she gives *Holbrook* her opinion concerning the improper conduct of the store under *Hargen's* direction.

"It aint up-to-date," she declares and further informs him what she would do if she were only granted the free rein that her experience and ideas justify her being given.

It is at the conclusion of their conversation, when *Hargen* appears to conduct *Holbrook* elsewhere, that *Holbrook* reveals himself to the girl. She is overwhelmed with confusion that she should have been so frank in her criticism of the store, but *Holbrook* thanks her. She is made head of the department despite *Hargen*.

The second act discloses, at once, the fact that the store has prospered mightily. *Holbrook* is in executive charge and has installed *Maggie* as his lieutenantess in an office adjoining his own.

Gossip is the inevitable result. Furthermore, *Joe* has been, from the beginning, engaged to *Hargen's* niece, *Ethel Hargen*. The uncle is keenly desirous to bring the marriage about without further delay. In due course, the tales the shop girls are telling reach *Maggie's* ears. To add to her distress, there appears on the scene the disreputable wife of *Maggie's* dead brother. The woman is a shoplifter and has been rearing her child, *Zaza*, amid an environment of crime.

The woman's present husband, *Darkin*, is a blackmailing scoundrel and sees an excellent opportunity to obtain money from *Maggie*, the rise of whose fortunes he has come to know. On one of his calls upon her in her office, he encounters *Joe*. *Maggie* explains to the latter the situation. *Joe* orders *Darkin* from the room and the conclusion of the act sees *Ethel* overcome by the stories she has heard concerning *Joe* and *Maggie*, and denouncing the latter. *Maggie* thus cast into the slough of despond decides to leave *Holbrook's* employ and join forces with *Jake Rothschild* in establishing a rival business.

The third and last act reveals *Maggie* in her home where she has been caring



Photograph by Matzene, Chicago

Miss Rose Stahl, who recently appeared in New York in her new play "Maggie Pepper"

for her brother's child, *Zaza*, with the full consent of the mother in whom *Maggie* has succeeded in awakening some of her one time consciousness of the decencies of right living. *Maggie* has summarily left *Holbrook*'s employ and it is not until now that she has become able really to analyze her feelings toward that young man. She hardly dares tell herself, even now, however, that she loves him.

To her, here, comes *Jake Rothschild*, with the plan by which he would bind to himself the services of *Maggie*, in business. Great as is his desire to secure *Maggie* as a partner, greater still is his wish to make her his wife. The latter course would make her "a partner without pay," and otherwise, be most desirable.

It is, however, *Jake's* business acumen that *Maggie* admires and not his "lovingness."

She will go into partnership with him, but not into marriage, *Jake* thereupon accepts the less desirable of the alternatives and *Maggie* prepares at once to go abroad for purposes of business for the new firm.

While thus engaged her sister-in-law comes into her abode to warn her that, hopeless of obtaining further funds from *Maggie*, *Darkin* purposes taking *Zaza* away from her aunt. *Darkin*, meantime, has shot a man in Denver and knows that the police are after him. As a last resort he enters *Maggie's* flat. He is demanding the return of *Zaza* when *Joe Holbrook* rings the bell. Believing it to be the officers, *Darkin* conceals himself in another room. *Holbrook* follows him and is shot for his pains.

*Holbrook* is delighted.

Now it will be necessary for him to remain under *Maggie's* roof where, despite her warning, he may court her until the wound heals. *Maggie* nurses him.

Meantime, the city is agog over the strange disappearance of its leading merchant. For ten days the papers use up first pages with the varying surmises of scores of reporters. *Holbrook* can not be found. And all the time the courtship in *Maggie's* flat has been progressing apace. It is useless for *Maggie*, any

longer, either to deny to herself, or to her patient that she loves him. It is upon the heels of her confession that *Hargen* finally locates the merchant in *Maggie's* flat, now converted into a third floor Paradise. He sees the marriage of *Joe* and his niece going glimmering. He makes one last stand "for the decencies," however, but *Holbrook* stops him with the announcement that the future *Mrs. Holbrook* may hold other views. And so it is that they are married in the good, old story-book way. The one who suffers the keenest pangs is *Jake Rothschild* who thus sees a sudden end to his dreams of mercantile victory with *Maggie* beside him on the firing-line. However, even he realizes the greater desirability of a marriage between *Joe* and *Maggie*, and, confident that he will still "hold the business," he wishes the lovers luck.

It may be seen at once that this is not the kind of a play calculated to bring into fuller development the unusual abilities which Miss Stahl displayed in "The Chorus Lady" and which she is called upon to employ again. She acts with the same repressed emotion, varied with flashes of violent feeling, reads her lines with the old note of dreary sadness in her low voice, and, by her unlovely disguise, shows that her sense of artistic fitness triumphs over her feminine vanity. In fact, she makes her character seem very real.

As a whole the play depends for its interest upon its truthfully sketched types rather than upon the trite situations and commonplace melodramatic climaxes in which they are enmeshed. Among the characters that of *Jake Rothschild* is humorously acted by Mr. Lee Kohlmar; the dry goods store proprietor, well typified by Mr. Frederick Truesdell; a female detective whom Miss Eleanor Lawson plays with much verisimilitude, and a dowdy shop girl who, in Miss Helen Dahl's keeping, rings true. The greatest talent, next to Miss Stahl's, is expended by Mr. J. Harry Benrimo on the blackmailer, *Darkin*, and by Miss Beverly Sitgreaves on the wife, the shoplifter, but neither of these parts is quite worthy of its performer's ability.

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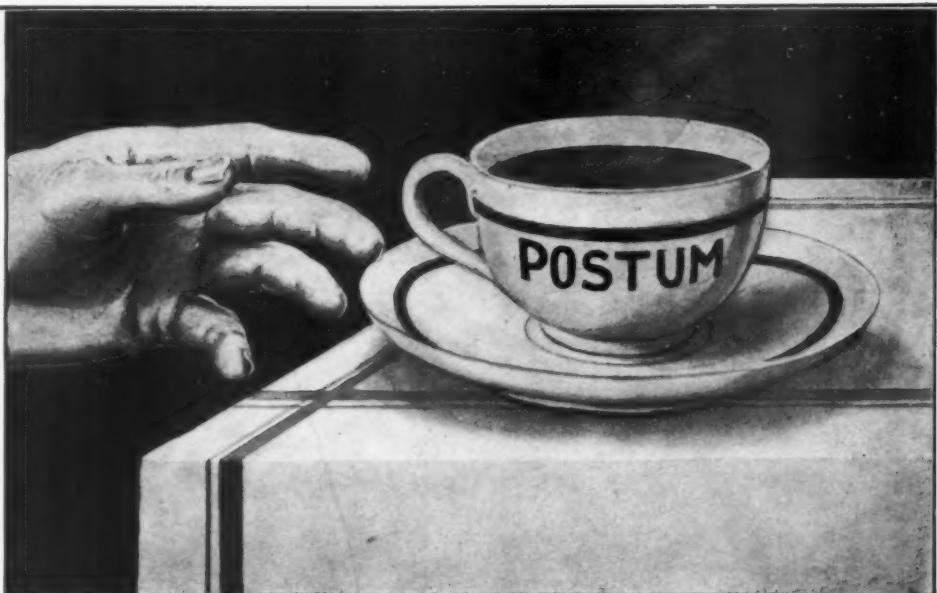
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When he is a bit "out of fix" he says, "Something may be wrong with my food."

Then he proceeds to know by a ten days' trial—leaving off greasy meats, pastry, sticky and starchy half-cooked cereals, white bread and pastry, and adopting a plain, nourishing diet.

Many men who really know use the following breakfast: Some fruit, a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream, soft-boiled eggs, some nice crisp toast, and a cup of Postum—nothing more.

The result is certain gain toward health.

## "There's a Reason"

Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages of

# Grape-Nuts

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA

The fragrance of honeyed  
apple blossoms in May  
is not more alluring than  
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**NABISCO**  
Sugar Wafers

— dessert confections  
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Serve NABISCO as  
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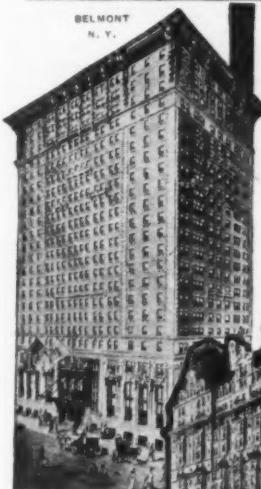
**In ten cent tins**  
Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS —  
Another delightful dessert  
confection. Coated with  
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Vacuum Cleaning:

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**T**HE beauty of vacuum cleaning is that wherever installed, it *always pays for itself*.

It pays for itself, first, because it does away with the annual tear-up called *house-cleaning* (and house-cleaning costs more than you think unless you have figured it out).

It pays for itself, second, because it doubles and trebles the life of carpets, hangings, furniture, wallpaper, decorations; and keeps everything always bright and new.

In hotels, where house-cleaning is a business, brooms and dusters have long been discarded as *too expensive*.

In hotels, where every operation is figured down to the last penny of cost, **RICHMOND** Vacuum Cleaning has been almost universally adopted *because it pays*.

In residences, apartments, hotels, schools, office buildings, libraries, churches, theatres, factories, stores, garages, and public buildings, **RICHMOND** Vacuum Cleaning will easily earn its own way, to say nothing of the cleanliness and convenience it brings.

It can readily be installed in old buildings as well as in new. The initial expense is small; the annual saving is great. Write

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### Both Stationary and Portable Cleaners

The McCrum-Howell Co. is the largest concern in the vacuum cleaning line—a \$7,000,000 corporation with five manufacturing plants. Its devices range from portable electric cleaners to mammoth installations supplying vacuum to twenty operators or more at one time. Its engineering department is at all times at the service of architects, engineers and others who are confronted with new or difficult or unusual vacuum cleaning problems.

The McCrum-Howell Co. is licensed to make stationary vacuum plants under the basic Kenney patent, and it owns or controls 84 other vital vacuum cleaning patents. For full information regarding either stationary vacuum cleaning plants or 10-pound portable suction cleaners, send the coupon.

**SEND** Information about the advantages and economy of "Built-in-the-House" Vacuum Cleaning for the buildings checked below.

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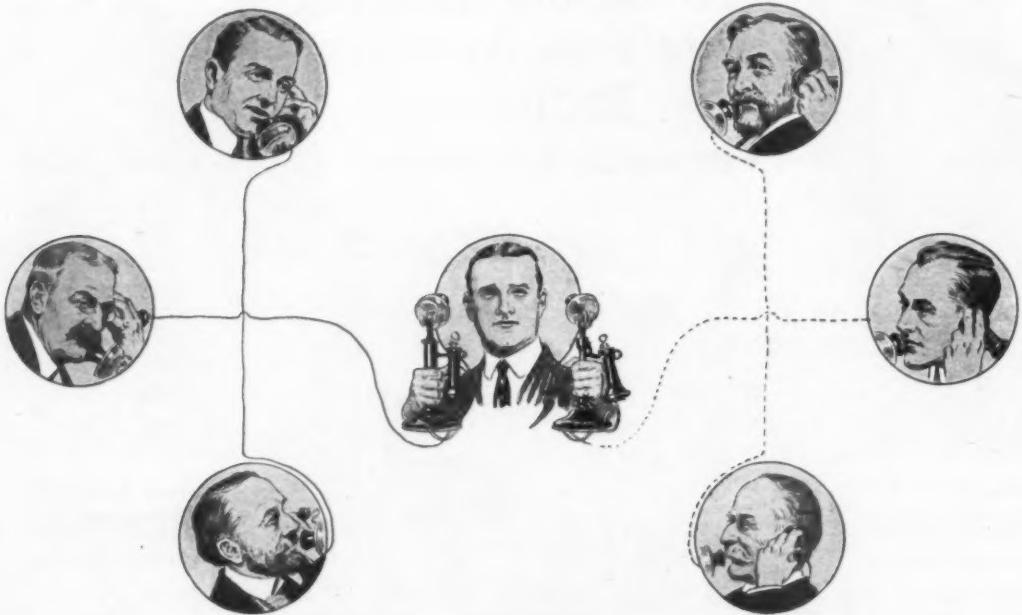
If you are interested in a ten pound electrical

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## Half Service Or Double Expense

TWO telephone systems in one town mean a divided community or a forced duplication of apparatus and expense.

Some of the people are connected with one system, some are connected with the other system; and each group receives partial service.

Only those receive full service who subscribe for the telephones of both systems.

Neither system can fully meet the needs of the public, any more than a single system could meet the needs of the public if cut in two and half the telephones discontinued.

What is true of a single community is true of the country at large.

The Bell System is established on the principle of one system and one policy, to meet the demands for universal service, a whole service for all the people.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

## Vacation thoughts on heating

Don't have your vacation marred by the spectres of old-fashioned heating methods. Don't put it off longer, but settle *at once* and for all time this most important matter of home heating and hygiene. The savings in fuel, repairs, doctor bills, labor, etc., will pay for your annual vacation, and you will put balmy Summer warmth throughout the whole house on the most tempestuous of Winter days by using an outfit of

**AMERICAN & IDEAL  
RADIATORS**

gases are unknown in the living rooms; are thereby given longer life; housework is reduced one-half, and the whole house is made a far better, happier, healthier place to live in.



A No. A-241 IDEAL Boiler and 461 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing under \$215, were used to heat this cottage. At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent firm. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.



By the use of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators the fuel bills grow smaller; uneven heating and repair bills disappear; ashes, soot and coal-gases are unknown in the living rooms; carpets, hangings and furniture are thereby given longer life; housework is reduced one-half, and the whole house is made a far better, happier, healthier place to live in.

AMERICAN Radiators are made in a multitude of sizes and forms—to go alongside open stairs; to fit into corners, curves and circles; between windows and under window seats; with brackets to hang upon the walls—off the floor; with special feet to prevent cutting carpet; with smoothest surfaces for decorating in any color or shade to match woodwork, wall coverings, furniture, etc.; thin radiators for narrow halls and bathrooms; with plate-warming ovens for dining-rooms; big radiators for storm vestibules; with high legs for cleaning thereunder; with ventilation bases so air of room may be changed 1 to 4 times per hour—and other splendid features which it would pay you big to know. Our free book tells all about them (and all about IDEAL Boilers). You will need it to choose the models from.

Be ready at the turn of a valve to flood the house with invigorating, genial warmth for the vacation-returning family. Prices in Spring usually rule the lowest of the year. In these less-hurried months you are sure to get the best workmanship. Put your property into right heating condition now, ready for best living, renting or selling. Don't wait until you build, but investigate today this big-paying building investment. Ask for free book—puts you under no obligation to buy.



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**AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY**

Write to Dept. A-35  
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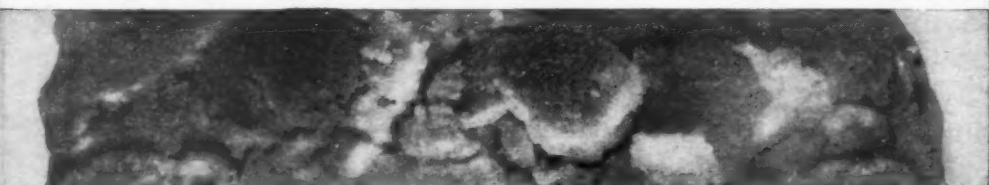


These are magnified photographs of beans—crisped, broken and worthless—from the top of a home baking dish.

This is one result of baking beans in dry heat.

It requires sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking to prepare a dish of home-baked beans.

And the top layer then is like these.

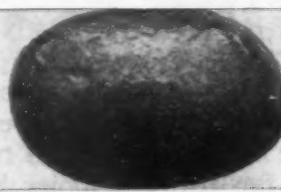
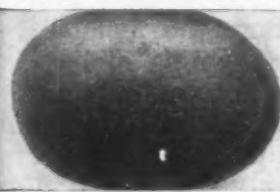


This is a magnified photograph of the beans farther down—soggy, broken, hard to digest.

These beans in the baking rarely get heated above 100 degrees.

And that isn't half enough heat.

As a result, instead of digesting, they ferment and form gas. Many people cannot eat them at all.



This is a magnified photograph of Van Camp's Beans — nut-like, mealy and whole. Every bean in every can is like the three we show.

Each separate bean, during all the baking, gets 245 degrees of heat. As a result, these beans

quickly digest. But we use steam ovens, and the beans come out in this ideal condition.

A million homes are serving Van Camp's, not from mere convenience. They like them better than the two kinds shown above. And so would you.

"The National Dish"

**Van Camp's**  
BAKED  
WITH TOMATO  
SAUCE  
**PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Co.

Established  
1861

Indianapolis, Ind.

(134)

# Win Profit and Prestige

## as Local Agent for New Printype Oliver Typewriter —the Latest Wonder in Typewriterdom

On top of all the innovations that have given The Oliver Typewriter such amazing success and sales, we have placed the crowning improvement—PRINTYPE! The Oliver Typewriter now *typewrites print*.

To the first acceptable man in each locality where we have no local agent, we offer the *exclusive agency* for The Oliver Typewriter, which carries with it absolute control of all sales of Printype Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned.

Think of the money-making possibilities of an agency which enables you to step into a man's office and say: "I represent the only typewriter in the world that successfully *typewrites print*!"

### Overwhelming Public Demand for Printype

Printype, the beautiful new type face, unobtrusively introduced to the public by The Oliver Typewriter Company a year ago, is today the reigning favorite in Typewriterdom.

The beauty—the individuality—of Printype has turned the heads of some of the greatest business executives of the country.

## Printype— **OLIVER** Typewriter

### *The Standard Visible Writer*

If you have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Printype ask for a copy of our pamphlet—

### "A Revolution in Typewriter Type"

Printype is an adaptation, for the typewriter, of the regular book type universally used on printing presses.

An old friend in a captivating new dress—the last word in typewriter type-style. It is twice as artistic and easy to read as the old-style, sharp, thin outline letters and numerals used on all other typewriters.

Although The Printype Oliver Typewriter is worth a premium, we placed the complete machine on the market at the regular catalog price.

The effect was electrical. Inquiries came thick and fast. Demands for demonstrations kept our Local Agencies working at high tension. Sales jumped. Public appreciation of the innovation was so impressively shown in actual orders that today one-third of our total output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

### Belongs Exclusively to the Oliver

The Oliver Typewriter Company originated "Printype." We control it. The Oliver Typewriter

### Rush Agency Application

Applications should be mailed promptly, as the territory is being assigned

"The Opportunity Book," together with complete information regarding Local Agency Plan, will be sent by first mail.

Address Agency Department

(107)

**The Oliver Typewriter Company, 290 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago**



is the only writing machine in the world that successfully *typewrites print*.

This triumph in typewriter type, added to the numerous other exclusive features of The Oliver Typewriter, greatly increases the value of our Local Agency Franchise. It puts our great Sales Organization still farther in the lead.

### It's Your Supreme Opportunity

We distribute Oliver Typewriters through a world-wide Agency System. Each Local Agent is given exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the entire life of the arrangement. The demand for demonstrations of The Printype Oliver Typewriter necessitates a heavy increase in our force of Local Agents.

Every city, every town, every village must be quickly assigned, so that the vast number of inquiries that are pouring into the General Offices may have prompt, personal attention. This is undoubtedly the greatest business opportunity of your life. Ask for the details of our Exclusive Agency Proposition. Get posted on the profit-possibilities. Remember that a Local Agency Contract is an exclusive Franchise that entitles you to all the profit on every sale made in the specified territory.

### "17 Cents a Day" Booms Sales

As local agent for the Oliver Typewriter you can offer the liberal, attractive terms of "17 Cents a Day." You can accept any make of old machine your customer may own, to apply on the small first payment.

We do not surround our Local Agents with annoying rules and restrictions. In the territory assigned them, they are given full control. Loyal, efficient service wins generous recognition. Exceptional ability is rewarded by promotion to more important positions in the Oliver Organization.

Whether you can give your entire time to the work or only an hour or two a day, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful money-making opportunity.

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Motorcycle or Bicycle**

and prepay the freight. Write for our introducing offer and catalog, and say whether you want motorcycle or bicycle. Do it now.

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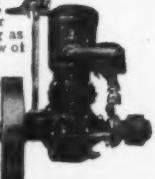


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Users everywhere advise its purchase in preference to all others. We build 2, 2½, 3½, 4, 6, and 8 H.P. in the single cylinder engines; also 7 to 30 H.P. in the two, three and four cylinder engines. Prices range from \$40 to \$450, according to type and horse power. Write for catalog. CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO., 118 Calle St., Detroit, Mich. "Send for our Stationary Kerosene Engine Catalog if interested."



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Send to-day for the handsomest boat book ever printed. Illustrated in colors. Describes famous Mullins line in full. Mullins Steel Boats can't sink or warp—are puncture-proof—noiseless—Twelve models, 16 to 26 ft., 3 to 30 horsepower. Investigate amazing prices. Full line row boats and duck boats—\$22 to \$39. Get FREE book.

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In walls and partitions, merely set up the Hy-Rib sheets and plaster both sides. In roofs and floors, leave the Hy-Rib over the supports, spread the concrete, and plaster the under side. In any building, large or small, Hy Rib will save money and give best results.

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**TRUSSLED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY**  
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# Cutting Tire Bills Half

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% oversize—have cut tire cost immensely on probably 100,000 cars. Let us show you how.

We control a feature which trebled our tire sales last year—jumped them to \$8,500,000.

It is new, yet 500,000 of the tires have been sold. And 64 leading motor car makers have con-

tracted this year for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. They outsell our clincher tires six to one today.

These patented tires, which are now saving millions, are tires that you should know.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire



Ordinary Clincher Tire

Compare the two tires, fitted on the same rim—the standard rim for quick detachable tires. Also for demountable rims.

With the No-Rim-Cut tire the rim flanges curve outward. The tire comes against a rounded edge. These tires can't be rim cut, no matter how far one runs them flat, as proved in a hundred tests.

With the ordinary tire—the clincher tire—the rim flanges curve inward. They must grasp hold of the hook in the tire base. That thin flange digging into the tire causes all the ruin of rim cutting.

In changing from clincher to No-Rim-Cut tires, one simply slips the removable rim flanges to the other side.

The secret is this: Vulcanized into the base of No-Rim-Cut tires are 126 braided piano wires. That makes the tire base unstretchable. The hooked tire base is not needed—no tire bolts are needed—because nothing can stretch the tire over the flange.

When the tire is inflated these braided wires contract. The tire is then held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch.

These braided wires which contract under air pressure are essential to this type of tire. And we control this feature by patent. Single wires or twisted wires won't do.

## Tires 10% Oversize

The extra flare in No-Rim-Cut tires permits us to make them 10 per cent oversize. And we do it. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent more carrying capacity—without any extra cost. With the average car it adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

This oversize takes care of your extras—the top, glass front, gas tank, extra tire, etc. It saves the overloading which is almost universal, and which causes most of the blow-outs.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions cut tire bills in two.

Our Tire Book tells a score of facts which motorists should know. It points the way to immense tire saving. You ought to have it. Please write for the book today.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires

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We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires.

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Next Time You Enter  
a Shoe Store

**LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND**

This is it —

You'll find two of these little diamonds — on the crown of each Fast Color Eyelet.

They mark the only eyelets that can't wear brassy. Pick up the shoe you contemplate buying —

Look closely for the little diamonds. They are an almost infallible index to quality.

Their absence means that cheaper trimmings were used in manufacture. But their presence means that the manufacturer took enough pride in his product to use the highest grade trimmings.

In fact most high grade shoes have these diamond eyelets.

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TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE  
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(2)

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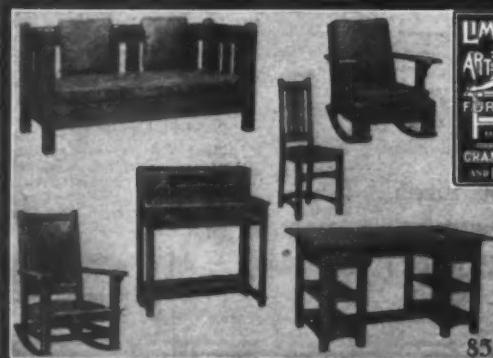
We have Salesman's Positions open in which you can secure Practical Training and earn good money, while studying our course. Men equipped with our system of Practical Training earn from \$1,300 to \$5,000 a year. Positions now open. Address: C. J. Brown, President.

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The man behind the desk works with his head and is paid for his *knowledge*. It is merely a question of KNOWING HOW.

The first step in "knowing how" is simply a matter of cutting out, filling in and mailing us the coupon shown below.

In return we show you how to improve your position or to secure a more congenial occupation and better salary, without loss of time, without neglecting your present work or obligating yourself to pay more than you can comfortably afford.

No text-books to buy—no requirements beyond the ability to read and write, and the ambition to succeed.

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It costs nothing to find out. Take your first step in *your own advancement*.

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Mechanical Engineer	Window Trimming
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Electric Lighting Super.	Stenographer
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For more than 20 years **OXYDONOR** has been bringing health and happiness to thousands in every part of the civilized world. It has been bringing health to thousands of sufferers—from every form of disease, and this without drugs, medicines or doctors.

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**OXYDONOR** is the name of a little mechanical appliance, which when applied to the human body as directed forms a connection between that human body and the great natural law called Diaduction. This natural law is the play of temperatures, and by the force generated from the union of temperatures an abnormal affinity for oxygen is created in the human body. It absorbs oxygen from the surrounding atmosphere and in abnormal quantities. This oxygen takes possession of the blood and as it comes into control of the entire circulation it drives disease out of the human system through the natural channels of the body. It is a process of Nature, not of man. And, as this process is always the same, it makes no difference what form disease may take (unless that disease has accomplished the destruction of a vital function or organ of the body), there is a strong hope that the use of **OXYDONOR** will overcome the disease.

Thousands of testimonials are in our files, telling what **OXYDONOR** has done and is doing. We publish many books telling more fully what **OXYDONOR** is, telling the why and the wherefore of the law of Diaduction, telling of Dr. Sanche's wonderful discovery—giving the testimony of grateful users of **OXYDONOR**. These books we send you free. Why not write for these free books? Is good health not worth a two-cent postage stamp? Why should you be skeptical of something of which you know nothing? Why should you doubt as plain and simple a statement of fact as we give above? Because you doubt does not mean anything to the progress of Truth in your case; it only means more suffering. Why not read, investigate, write to some of the people who have used **OXYDONOR**, satisfy yourself, try it?

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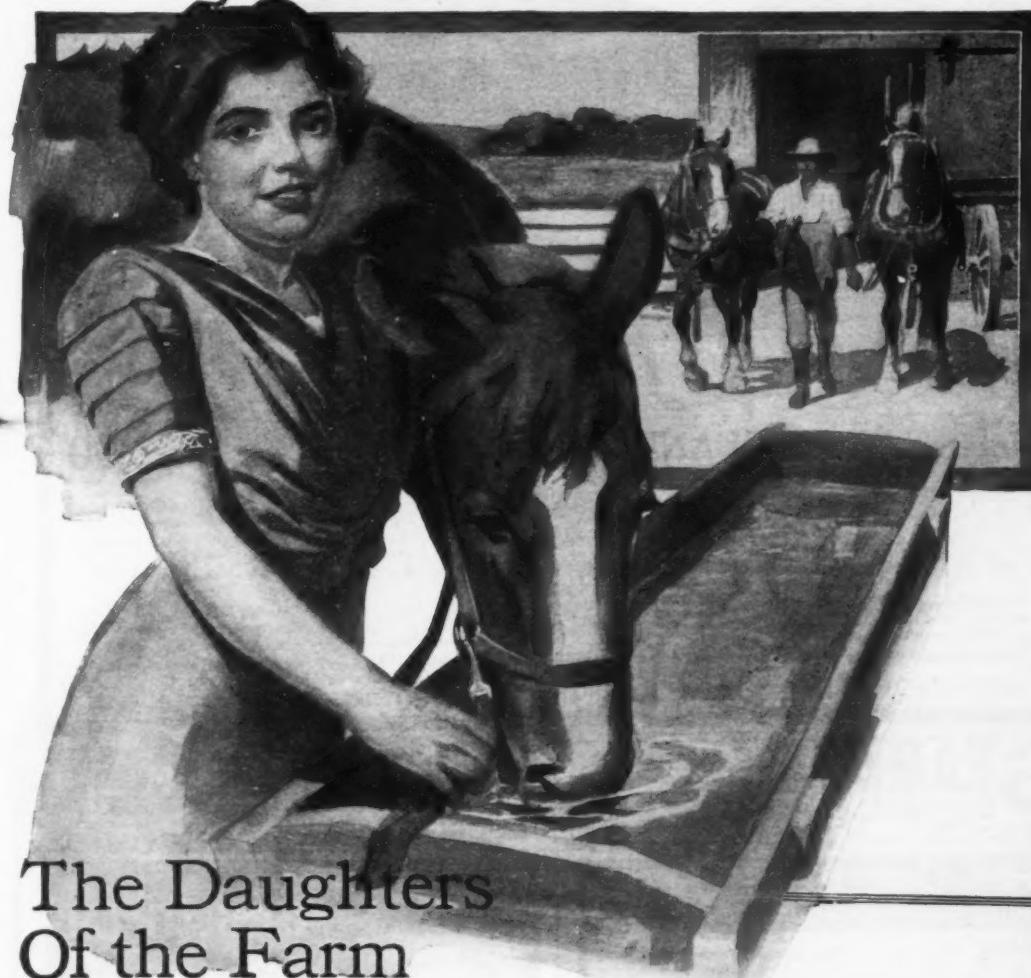
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① What's the answer? Listen—the usual way of putting a new cigaret on the market is to put the same old cigaret into a new box, and *whoop 'er up!* A big selling organization and big advertising are brought to bear and

*big sales are the result.* The first few years of the usual "new" cigaret are its best years. Sales are big and profits are big only while the advertising is big. When the novelty of the new label wears off and the public is ready for a change, *the process is repeated*—and the patient public goes on *smoking advertising—not cigarettes.*

For fifteen years the public has been *stampeded* from one cigaret to another in just this way, and about the only change it ever gets is from a red box to a blue one and back again—with perhaps an occasional dash of brown. In short, the average cigaret is not a *smoking* proposition, but a *selling* proposition.

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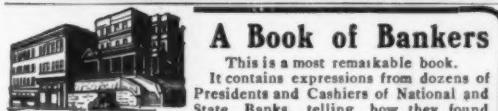
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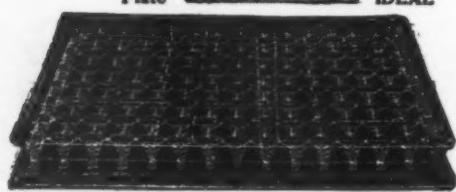
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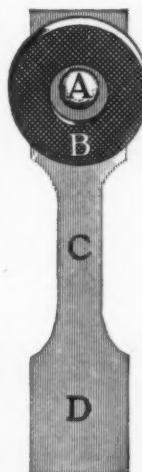
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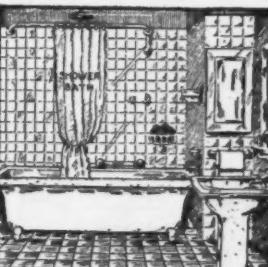
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Wilbur's Buds are inimitable. Don't cheat yourself with substitutes. If your dealer hasn't the genuine, send us \$1.00 for More-Than-a-Pound Box. We'll pay expressage.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wilbur's  
Velour  
Chocolate

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Different from all others and the difference is the improvement.

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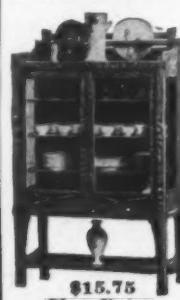
### AT ALL BEST OPTICIANS

Send for descriptions and information that will instruct and protect you.

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## You Save over Half on



We sell direct only—factory to you—saving you all dealers' and jobbers' profits, expensive packing and one-half the freight. You put the completely finished sections together. The result is handsome, substantial furniture of the highest grade at less than half the cost of common-place.

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SECTIONAL  
**COME-PACKT**  
FURNITURE

and  
it's



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Quarter Sawn White Oak—rich in beautiful flake and grain—used throughout. You see just what you get—it's Honest All Through.

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA

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PRICE  
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### HAGAN'S

## Magnolia Balm

### Liquid Toilet Powder



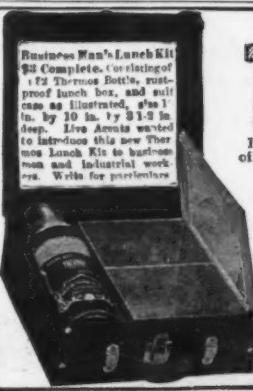
One trial will convince you that it is even more than we claim. Not Greasy, Dusty or Sticky. It soothes and heals Sunburn and Windburn; is cooling and refreshing to the skin. Used by young and old, matron and maid. Suitable for every complexion because made in THREE COLORS.

White, Pink, Rose-Red.

75c. for either color. All dealers or mailed on receipt of price by Mfrs.

Send 10c. for set of 3 samples if undecided about suitable color. These are liberal samples of each color.

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# THERMOS

It is a combination pocket stove and ice box, that enables you to serve any kind of home prepared liquid refreshment or soups piping hot in cold weather, or ice cold in hot weather.

Wherever you go—whatever you do. Always ready for immediate use, just as you want it and when you want it. Use the Thermos Lunch Kit for your daily lunch at the office, store or factory. Use it when you are traveling, motororing, fishing, shooting or picnicing. Use it as an aid in the care of the invalid in time of sickness. Use it to keep the water hot for baby's food, always ready for mixing with the ice cold milk drawn from a companion Thermos Bottle. Use it for ice cold water in the guest chamber at your summer home during the hot summer months, and don't forget the Thermos Lunch Kit for the children for their noon-day lunch at school. **Pay for itself in two weeks time!**

Pint Bottles \$2 up, Quart Bottles \$3 up. Complete Lunch sets \$3 up. Do not be deceived into buying an inefficient imitation. Look for the name Thermos plainly stamped on the bottom. At all first-class stores.

*FREE: 34 page booklet on request.*

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The Bottle  
with a  
Thousand  
Uses



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## Double the Purchasing Power of Your Money



You know that home surroundings exert a wonderful influence on domestic happiness, but you did not know that every room in your home could be artistically furnished at a price that is ridiculously low, did you?

THEN owe it to yourself—your family, to investigate this proposition. Not knowing means a direct loss to you.

### \$1.00 Does the Work of \$2.00

HOW? By having the furniture shipped direct to you from the factory in the natural wood, together with all the materials necessary to give it the proper finish (or stained prior to shipment if preferred) and in assembled, easy-to-put-together sections.

Take for example the chair shown in the illustration. You simply put the four assembled sections together, (two sides, front and back) slip the cushion in place, and by this act you have reduced the cost of that piece of furniture exactly, yes, more than half.

You ask: How does this method reduce the price?

FIRST—You pay but one profit only—the manufacturer's profit. All retailers' profits and expenses are done away with.

SECOND—The freight rate on furniture shipped in this manner is very low—about one-quarter of that charged on completed furniture, which charges are always included in the dealer's price to you.

THIRD—The finishing and packing charges are reduced to a minimum.

FOURTH—The size of the factory and therefore the expense of maintenance is reduced, no enormous storage space being necessary. This naturally reduces the manufacturing cost.

Send today for our new catalog No. 12 which shows an extensive line of furniture for every room in the house, club, or office, each piece backed by our Guarantee of Satisfaction or your money refunded.

**Brooks Manufacturing Co., 3005 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.**



I am the Original  
Fireless Cooker Man

most deliciously. The most perfect and fastest cooking Cooker made Genuine aluminum utensils, worth nearly the price of the cooker alone

I will send you one of my cookers on 30 days' test. If you are not satisfied return it and get all your money. Drop me a postal today for my special proposition. Don't be too late. Address

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## WITH A *Bissell* *You Don't have to* **"PICK UP THREADS!"**

No tiresome stooping, nor nerve racking effort, when you sweep with BISSELL'S latest improved "Cyco" BALL BEARING Sweeper. Cleans deeply, thoroughly, silently, confines all the dust and dangerous germs that (when you use a corn broom) simply float about, settling upon furniture and draperies, as well as menacing the health of the entire family.

For sale by all the best trade.  
Prices \$2.75 to \$6.50.

Buy now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week* from date of purchase, and we will send you FREE a fine quality leather card case with no printing on it.

Write for booklet, Dept. 74.  
**BISSELL CARPET SWEOPER CO.**  
Grand Rapids, Mich.



(Largest and  
Only Exclusive  
Carpet  
Sweeper  
Makers  
in the  
World)



### STALLMAN'S DRESSER TRUNK

Let our catalog tell what an improvement it is. How easy to get at anything. How quickly packed. How useful in small room as chiffonier. Holds as much as a good box trunk. Costs no more. Strongest made; hand riveted. So good that we ship it C. O. D. subject to examination. Send 2c stamp today for that catalog.

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## Madam: I Have a Special Offer to Make You On My Celebrated

Last year I sold 30,000 of these cookers. I found that each Cooker sold, brought me at least three other customers from friends. Now I am going to offer 10,000 of my cookers on a special price proposition to further introduce them. Will you be the first one in your neighborhood to get the advantage of this offer?

Rapid Fireless cookers save 75% of your fuel bills, 75% of work and trouble. Cook all kinds of food to perfection Roasts, Bakes, Fries, Boils, Steams and Stews, any and all kinds of food

*Rapid*  
**Fireless Cooker**



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA

## Opal-Glass-Lined \$31<sup>75</sup> Oak Refrigerator

**Freight Prepaid from Factory**

You get this highest grade Solid Oak, Wickes' New Constructed Refrigerator, lined with Opal Glass, "better than marble," for only \$31.75—freight prepaid from factory.

You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory, at actual factory prices. You save all the dealers', jobbers' and department store profits. You get the Wickes at the price asked everywhere for ordinary "enameled" refrigerators, for which you have to pay the freight in addition.



MEASUREMENTS  
Height, 45 in. Width, 36 in. Depth,  
21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

## The Wickes New Constructed No. 230

is made of solid oak, to last a lifetime—perfectly joined and beautifully finished. The food compartment and door are lined throughout with OPAL GLASS, 7-16-in. thick. Our exclusive construction gives you double refrigeration from every pound of ice. Opal glass makes the WICKES absolutely sanitary.

Your money refunded if the WICKES is not exactly as represented. See and use this high-grade refrigerator in your home.

### Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

It shows the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

**The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.**  
274 Wabash Avenue, Chicago 29-35 W. 32d St., New York  
(Established Over 60 Years)

We prepay the freight from factory to every point East of the Rockies. West of the Rockies only the freight from Denver is added. (12)



IN homes where appearance, durability, and cleanliness are the chief factors determining the purchase of floor coverings, you will find Crex. Unusual in texture and attractive in design, it appeals instantly to those who take pride in their household furnishings.

**CREX**  
Grass Carpets and Rugs  
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are heavy and rich in appearance, yet light enough to be easily handled. They do not collect and hold dirt. The question of price need not be considered, as Crex Rugs cost less than the usual forms of floor covering and are equally durable.

You will know the genuine by the Crex trademark. A label bearing it is sewed in every Crex rug.

Do you need a new rug? Are you looking forward to the furnishing of a summer home? Then write us for free booklet which illustrates in actual colors, striped, figured and solid, a great variety of rugs, carpets and runners. Ask for booklet No. 108.

Crex carpets and rugs are for sale everywhere.

**CREX CARPET COMPANY**  
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Rieger's  
California Flower Drops

How long since you gave YOUR WIFE a bottle of perfume?

One Drop diffuses the odor of a thousand blossoms. It lasts for weeks.

Rieger's California Perfumes "Made where the flowers grow"

Flower Drops quite perfume. Made from the no alcohol; contains the odor of a thousand blossoms and lasts for weeks.

50 times the strength of ordinary perfume. Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple, Orange Blossom. Each bottle in a turned and polished maple box.

\$1.50 a bottle—Druggists, or mail.

Send check, stamps or currency. Money refunded if this is not the finest perfume you ever used.

A miniature bottle with long glass stopper for 20cts. in silver or stamp and the name of your druggist.

PAUL RIEGER  
105 First Street 167 N Randolph Street  
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Maker of the famous "Floral Crown perfume," Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Lilac. \$1 per oz. at druggists or by mail.

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Codfish  
Balls  
Fish  
Hash  
Creamed  
Fish

CONVENIENT

Fish  
Salad  
Fish  
Soufflé  
Fish  
Chowder

ECONOMICAL

You will find

## Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

a revelation for making many dainty fish dishes. Really fresh Codfish—cooked—mildly salted—a few hours after taken from the ocean—immediately packed in our new sanitary parchment-lined—extra coated tins—no solder—no acid—no waste—no spoilage—ready for instant use.

Grocers everywhere sell Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes—or send 10c. and a regular 10c. tin will be sent you. It costs us 18c. to do this, but we want every housewife to know Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes at once.

**10c. and 15c. sizes** (Except in Far West)

*Book of Special Recipes Free*

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.,

Portland, Me., U. S. A.

## LABLACHE FACE POWDER

### AS SPRING APPROACHES

You cannot depend on the weather—but you can on LABLACHE, that greatest of beautifiers. It is Nature's protection and keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Invisible, adherent and delicately fragrant. Used and endorsed the world over by women who know.

*Refuse substitutes.*  
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50 cents a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10 cents for a sample box.  
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## Write To-day for this FREE PLUME STYLE Book

If you are thinking of buying a Willow or French Plume, or of having your old feathers made into a Willow Plume, write for this great book immediately. Much more than a catalog. It will show you how to save money and get a better plume by ordering direct from the manufacturer. We import raw stock direct from Africa and dye and finish it in our own specially sanitary workrooms and sell direct to you with one small profit added to low manufacturing cost. Send your name and address now for the



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**Dyeing and Cleaning**  
We dye, clean, curl and repair ostrich feathers of all kinds. Work guaranteed; prices reasonable. Send your feathers or write for prices.

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Choice things that surprise the sophisticated palate. Grown under foreign skies—distinctive, piquant foods, described with menus, recipes, in our color booklet "Foreign Luncheons," sent for 2c. stamp. CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 353 Greenwich St., N.Y.



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Best for three generations and still surpassing all imitations. Wood or tin rollers, dependable, lasting springs; shade raises or lowers at will and "stays put." "Improved" requires no tacks for attaching shade.

Inventor's  
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every roller.

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Take none  
without it.

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# BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

*Keeps After it is Opened.*

Made from red-ripe tomatoes, carefully selected and washed in clean water.

Cooked just a little, that the natural flavor may be retained.

Seasoned delicately with pure spices.

Put up in sterilized bottles.

Contains only those ingredients  
recognized and endorsed by  
the U. S. Government.

Visitors are always welcome to inspect our spotlessly clean kitchens.

Insist on Blue Label Soups, Canned Vegetables, Fruits, Meats, Jams and Jellies

Send for Booklet "Original Menus"  
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If you wish to become an up-to-date nurse and earn \$12 to \$30 a week, we offer you advantages not given by any other school: the oldest school; lowest cost; home study; five courses from which to choose; you start any time; experienced instructors; diploma recognized by best doctors; NO MORE STUDENTS ENROLLED THAN CAN BE PROPERLY TRAINED. Beginners, practical nurses and hospital graduates accepted. You are entitled to the best. Write today for booklet telling all about nursing, sent free. Chicago School of Nursing, 1206-46 Van Buren St., Chicago

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Cooking in a Detroit Fireless (electric or with radiators) is the most delicious way—all flavor and nutriment retained; the most economical way—saves 80% of your fuel bill; the most comfortable and convenient way—saves work over a hot stove—saves constant watching—saves worry.

### Built Like a Range—Does All a Range Does

"Detroit Fireless Stoves" (both Electric and Radiant) are made from planished steel and aluminum—no wood to warp or split—or stones to break. No felt or pad to absorb steam and odors. They roast and bake perfectly—rich brown; they fry or boil perfectly; they steam and stew perfectly. A positive revelation and delight to women. Both styles made in SIX SIZES.

### Get Our Free Trial Offer

A "Detroit Fireless" will be sent you on 30 days' trial; will pay for itself in the first three months. Write today—get our handsome catalog and this new offer.

**DETROIT FIRELESS STOVE CO.**

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Radiant Style—Heat the metal radiators a few minutes only—then imprisoned heat cooks the food.

Electric Style—A few minutes current from any electric light socket starts it—then imprisoned heat does the rest.

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Kleinert's are the only Dress Shields that can be washed in hot water (imperative for removing odor and germs) and restored by ironing to their original newness and whiteness.

There is a Kleinert shape and size for every need—each perfect for its purpose, and every pair warranted.

A postal will bring you our fully illustrated Dress Shield Booklet "O"

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If the name "Kleinert" is not on the shield it isn't a Kleinert—*The Guaranteed Shield.*



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**STRONG'S ARNICA TOOTH SOAP**

# ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

**Cleanser and Mouth Wash In One**

Polishes the teeth to dazzling whiteness, while its fragrant antiseptic foam reaches every part of the mouth—neutralizing all tooth-destroying acids, preventing discoloration and decay.

**Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap**

comes in a handy metal box—nothing to break or spill. A convenient cake that insures beautiful teeth, healthy gums and a sweet breath. At your druggist, 25 cents.

**Strong's Arnica Jelly**  
Keeps Your Skin Smooth

No need to endure the discomfort of sunburn or winter chapping. Apply with finger tips, rub gently into pores. In collapsible metal tubes, 25 cents.

*NOTE:—If your druggist does not have these goods, send price to us. We will forward them prepaid.*

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1612. [3]

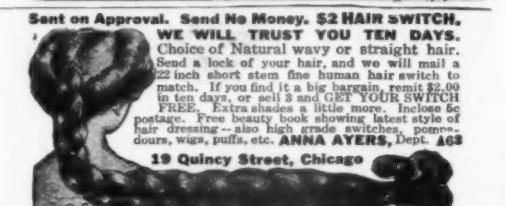
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Sent on Approval. Send No Money. \$2 HAIR SWITCH.

**WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS.**

Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$2.00 in ten days, or we will GUARANTEE SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches—pom-poms, wigs, puffs, etc. ANNA AYERS, Dept. 162

19 Quincy Street, Chicago



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**SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!**

These Gems are chemically white sapphires. Can't be told from diamonds except by an expert. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they can't be filed and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud on approval—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write for Free Illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. WHITE VALLEY GEM CO. 710 Saks Bldg. Indianapolis, Ind.

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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anything new—**THE MORLEY PHONE.** I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The MORLEY PHONE for the **DEAF** makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it.

Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.  
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA



Artemisia, Queen of Caria, Asia Minor, 350 B. C., built the famous Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, one of the seven wonders of the world, in memory of her husband, Mausolus.

To give further proof of her love she is said to have drunk a precious liquid in which were dissolved his ashes.



Price  
50c

ARTEMISIA, and other famous oriental beauties, used for the toilet every day both palm and olive oils. The largest-selling high-grade toilet soap today—

### Palmolive Soap

is made with these same old-time oils, and they will do for you, in this good soap, what they accomplished for orientals in Queen Artemisia's time.

### Palmolive Cream

used with the soap, ultimately brings perfection in complexion. These two articles, together, make the skin smooth, soft and white. Every woman wants such skin, so every one should try both soap and cream. All druggists sell them.

Send us twelve 2-cent stamps and the band from a jar of Palmolive Cream and we'll send you a set of six beautiful artist's proofs, size 11½x14½ (ready for framing), made from original paintings in oil, portraying several historically famous oriental queens. (161)

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., 408 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and

refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets  
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK.

## Peckham's Make Willow Ostrich Plumes

From Your Old Feathers

Write for Prices

Send us your old Ostrich feathers and from them we will make a magnifi-  
cent Willow Plume, faithfully curled and dyed your favorite shade—guaranteed to look as well and to hold its shape and color and wear as long as any Willow Plume you can buy from a dealer at three or four times the cost. If prices are not satisfactory feathers will be returned at our expense. Reference: Central Nat'l Bank. The work of our Dyeing, Cleaning and Curling dept. cannot be equaled. Write for prices.

Peckham's, 654 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



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PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN  
No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeits or similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient) "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop'r,  
37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



## The Pleasant Way

to preserve your complexion this Summer—use just enough ELCAYA before and after the day's pleasures to keep your skin fair, soft and healthy.

### CRÈME ELCAYA

"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

shielding the complexion from the burning sun, the drying wind and harmful dust. ELCAYA is always convenient to use—a delightful "Dressing Cream" at any time. It makes you "look" cool, fresh, inviting—used with powder, it gives a most fetching appearance. Don't spoil your beauty with untried toilet creams; use ELCAYA, the cream of proven quality—quality attested by universal use.

SIX SAMPLES: Cream, Cerate, Soap, Powder, For 10¢, and Dealer's Name.

All Dealers, Nation-Wide, Sell ELCAYA

James C. Crane, Sole Ag't, 108 M Fulton St., NEW YORK

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On  
Both Sides  
of the  
Counter



Whether you're shopper or clerk the result's the same--weariness, nervousness, thirst.

Store din, vitiated air, pushing crowds, heat, stuffiness--on your feet for hours. No wonder that by the time you get away from it all you're half dead with fatigue.

# Coca-Cola

solves the problem. It will relieve your fatigue--calm your quivering nerves--refresh you--drive away your thirst. And you'll enjoy it--every drop.

**Delicious---Cooling---Wholesome**

**5c Everywhere**

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
Atlanta, Ga.

Send for  
our interest-  
ing booklet,  
"The Truth  
About Coca-Cola"

Whenever  
you see an  
Arrow think  
of Coca-Cola



**"Just read this signed guarantee".**

"This goes with every suit I make from *Shackamaxon* guaranteed fabrics.

"You notice this guarantee covers everything about your suit from beginning to end:—fit, style, making, wear, color—everything.

"I know what these *Shackamaxon* fabrics are.

"Every thread is pure fleece-wool of the highest grade—the long pliable perfect fibre from live sheep.

"Every yard is perfectly woven; dyed in the finest permanent colors, and shrunken to the limit.

"The patterns are exclusive. You can't get these rich colorings and tasteful designs except from a merchant tailor.

"I like to handle such goods. I can shape them to your figure without any pinching or stretching. And they hold the shape I give them.

"That's the beauty of *Shackamaxon* fabrics. They give you permanent satisfaction.

"And the *Shackamaxon* Mills back my guarantee with theirs. Read this, too:

If any fault develops in any *Shackamaxon* fabric at any time write to us and we will make it good.

Write us for the name of a tailor near you who will show you the very latest *Shackamaxon* spring styles.

Better write today; and get our new style book and up-to-date dress chart for all occasions. Every man wants that.

J R Keim & Co *Shackamaxon* Mills Philadelphia  
Look for this trademark on every yard of the fabric

***Shackamaxon***  
TRADE MARK REGD U.S. PAT. OFFICE  
Guaranteed fabrics.

# COOPER'S

U.S. PAT. OFF.  
Spring-Needle  
Knit



You pay more and get less and whatever you pay for any other make, you don't get the Cooper Original features. For we make the machines that make the fabric—the kind that yields and returns.

In elasticity of fabric, in the feature design, in the bunchless, easy, yielding fit and in the longest uniform wear, Cooper's is conceded a Classic.

There is no "same as" nor "just as good," so always look for this "Cooper" trade mark on union and two piece suits; in all sizes, weights and colors and know underwear comfort and longest wear.

Best dealers carry a complete line, If not, send for sample of fabric and booklet illustrating Cooper original features and superiority and giving prices.

Cooper Mfg. Co., Bennington, Vt.

Manufacturers of the famous "Gauzrib" Spring-Needle fabric for women's wear.

Tell your wife.



# UNDERWEAR

## Rémo Gem

### Not Imitations

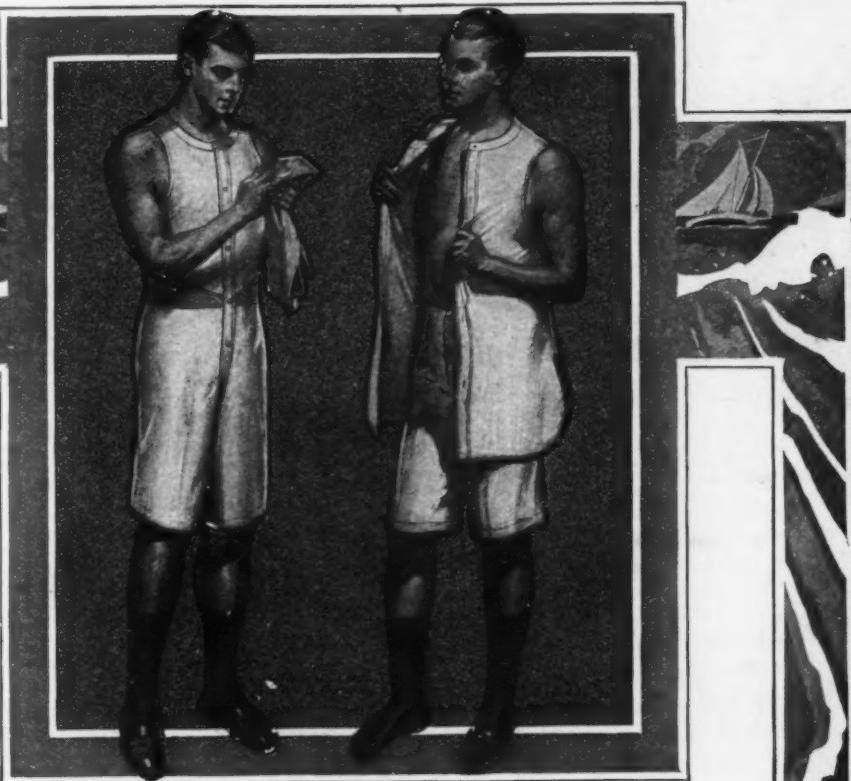
A marvelously reconstructed gem—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—will cut glass—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémo Gems have no paste, foil or artificial backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. It will be well worth your while to get our De-Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Cut out and mail the coupon below—or write a postal. Address

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA



*Start Right Off With B. V. D. And You'll Start Off Right.*

**A**RMED with B. V. D. you needn't be alarmed at summer heat and discomfort. These Loose Fitting Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits will keep you cool on the hottest days. To many men there's agreeable expectation in the mere thought of B. V. D.—to all men there's delightful relaxation in the wearing of it.

The light, woven fabrics are soft to the skin and the loose fitting garments put no strain on the body. It is *at ease*. Perspiration evaporates quickly. You feel like stretching your arms with a soothing sense of "*Glad-I'm-Alive!*" You don't get "heat-fagged" when you wear B. V. D.

B. V. D. is carefully cut, accurately sized and exactly proportioned. It can't chafe, bind or irritate. B. V. D. high standard of quality and workmanship never varies.

This Red Woven Label



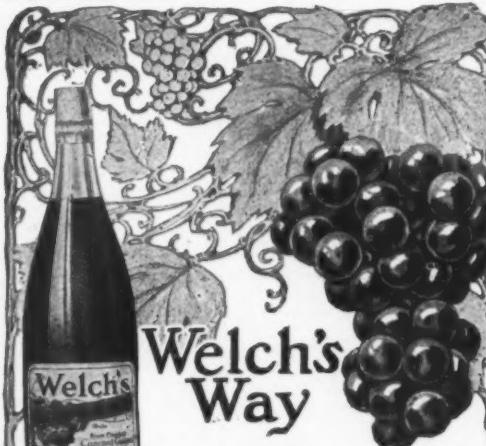
B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., and Foreign Countries.)

is sewed on every B. V. D. Garment. Take no garment without it.  
Write for a copy of our Booklet, "*Cool as a Sea Breeze!*"

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, 65 Worth Street, New York.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA



## Welch's Way

**SELECTED**—We pay a bonus over the regular price in October, the month of the grape harvest. Thus we secure fresh-picked, the very choicest of the very best Concord grapes in the Chautauqua belt—the finest in the world. The grapes come to us a few hours after being gathered—fresh from the vines.

**WASHED**—The selected and inspected grapes are then washed in clean, pure water, which is constantly renewed.

**RINSED**—On leaving the washing tank the grapes are rinsed by jets of clear water, so that no possible chance remains for them not to be perfectly clean.

## Welch's The National Drink Grape Juice

**STEMMED**—No human hand touches the grapes after they go into the washing and rinsing process. They are mechanically conveyed to the stemmer, which automatically removes the stems.

**PRESSED**—The grapes travel in an aluminum pipe line to the presses, where the juice is squeezed out under heavy pressure.

**PASTEURIZED**—As rapidly as the juice is pressed, it is conveyed through aluminum tubes to the pasteurizers where it is scientifically pasteurized. This leaves the life and freshness in the juice and makes preservatives unnecessary.

**SEALED**—Immediately after being sterilized the pure juice is hermetically sealed in glass, and it will keep indefinitely. It is as fresh when you get it as it was when it left the grape.

There are forty years of successful experience in the above condensed story of WELCH'S grape juice. It is to-day the most popular and most delicious natural drink you can get. You should keep a case at home all the time. Our free booklet of recipes tells of many dainty desserts and delightful drinks you can make of it. Send for this booklet at once.

Your druggist or druggist will supply you with WELCH'S if you ask for it.

Trial 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Trial case of 12 pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, \$3.00.

**THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.**  
Westfield, N. Y.

## Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

FOR SUNBURN AND ROUGH SKIN

To prevent sunburn, rough skin and other summer complexion blemishes, rub Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream into the pores of the exposed skin before going out, and protect it from injury from hot sun, roughening winds and flying particles of dust. After returning, apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally, with a hot wet cloth. It is the easiest and most satisfactory method of removing dust and grime, both from the surface and from the pores of the skin. It instantly relieves burning and that drawn feeling. Tubes 10c, 25c, 50c; Jars 35c, 50c, 85c, and \$1.50. Write for

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This sample will be your good friend and win your friendship.

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That is by inducing perspiration wherever reduction is desired. Drugs are dangerous, as is also excessive massage, and neither will produce the results so surely and speedily as

**Dr. Jeanne Walter's  
Famous Medicated RUBBER  
GARMENTS  
For MEN AND WOMEN**



These garments are made either to cover the entire body or any part. The results from their use are quick, and they are absolutely safe, being endorsed by leading physicians.

Used by Athletes, Jockeys, etc., the world over.

Neck and Chin Bands . \$3.00  
Chin only . . . . . 2.00  
Also Union Suits, Stockings, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism. Write at once for further particulars.

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to Florida, the country is covered with



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There are Mellin's Food Babies in every city, town and hamlet, and wherever they are, they are the sturdiest, healthiest babies in the community. In your own neighborhood you will find that the babies whom you most admire for their sturdy health and rosy cheeks were brought up on Mellin's Food.

These thousands of sturdy, rosy-cheeked Mellin's Food babies and children are the best possible proof that Mellin's Food is an adequate and absolutely dependable substitute for mother's milk.

If you would have your baby sturdy and healthy and happy start him on Mellin's Food. He will thrive on it. Get a bottle at your Druggist's today.

We have a valuable book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," which tells just the things you ought to know about feeding and caring for your baby. We shall be very glad to send you a copy of this book, together with a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,

BOSTON, MASS.

# ERIE TO-DAY'S TRIP ERIE

## VIA ERIE RAILROAD FOR NEW YORK AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS VIA TRAIN 8

**ATLANTIC EXPRESS.** Leaves Chicago every day for New York. Connects at Youngstown for Pitts  
burgh, at Meadville for Franklin and Oil City, at Salamanca for Bradford, and a  
Binghamton for Albany and Boston.

### The Run from Chicago to Jersey City

Train 8, the Atlantic Express leaves the Dearborn Station, Chicago, at 9:30 p. m., stops for passengers at 47th Street and 63rd Street (Englewood), then away into the State of Indiana. During the night we cross the Kankakee River at Wilders, pass the pretty "Tippicanoe," Monterey to De Long—at our left for the entire distance—cross the Eel River at Laketon, the "Wabash" at Huntington, and St. Mary's River at Decatur. It is early morning when Lima, Ohio, is reached. At Kenton we pass the Scioto River. Marion, an important manufacturing town, is where the Erie line forks to Dayton and Cincinnati. For more than 150 miles the route is through such typical Ohio towns as Galion, Mansfield, Akron, Kent, Ravenna, Warren, Niles, etc. We pass en route—Akron to Kent—on the left, the Cuyahoga River. Leaving Warren, the Mahoning River is on our right, to Youngstown the largest city (terminals excepted) on the line, and noted for its great iron and steel industries. Here there is connection for Pittsburgh, and we now enter Pennsylvania. At Sharon, we pass the Shenango River—the left—and, until it is crossed at Sharpsville it appears on the right, until just before reaching Greenville. Approaching Meadville, at which latter place the Erie has a branch line to Franklin and Oil City, Pa., we encounter, on our left, "French Creek" which keeps us company—on the right—to Cambridge Springs; from Millers to Union City it is on our left again.

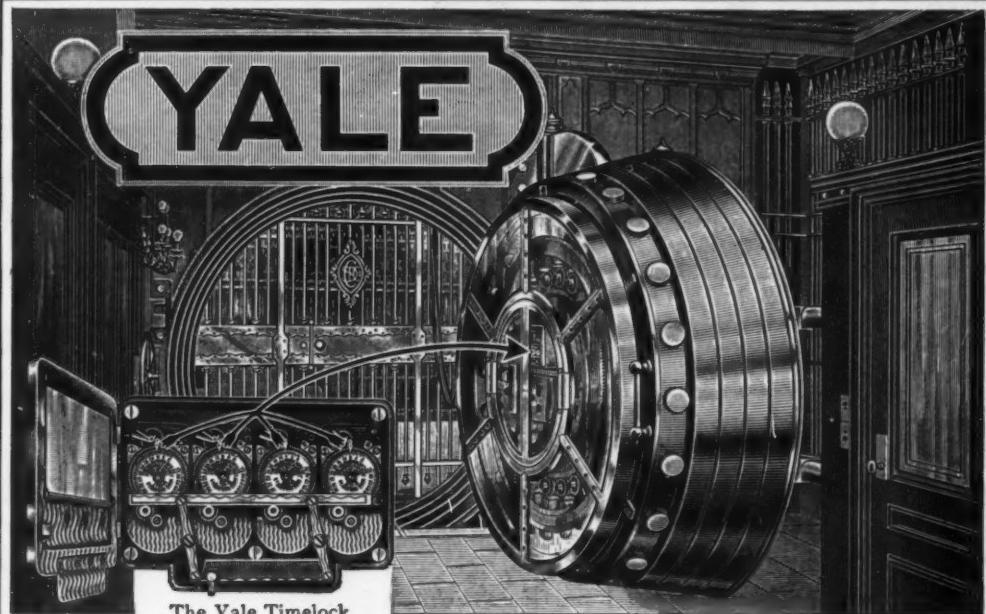
At Saegertown, with its "popular" Inn, there are natural mineral springs, the waters of which have been found efficacious in rheumatism, nervous diseases, etc. Cambridge Springs, reached in the late afternoon, is now well known throughout the United States as the only northern resort in which many of the large hotels are open all the year. The "Vanadium" (formerly Hotel Rider), the "Riverside," and the "Bartlett" are the largest hotels at the Springs. Passengers may arrange by notifying the conductor, to stop over 24 hours or more, and see why Saegertown and Cambridge Springs are so popular.

Passengers may travel all rail into New York City via the Hudson River Tubes from the Erie Jersey City Station. Uptown stations are at Christopher and Greenwich Sts., and on Sixth Ave., at 9th St., 14th St., 19th St., and 23rd St., downtown, in the Hudson Terminal Building, at Cortlandt, Church and Fulton Sts.

**EQUIPMENT** Solid Vestibuled Train, comprising Pullman Sleeping Car from Chicago to Jersey City, Smoking Car and Day Car. Dining Car from Mansfield to Hornell. Pullman Drawing-Room Sleeping Car, Chicago to Columbus (via Marion and Hocking Valley Ry.) Daily, except Fridays, Chicago to Binghamton, Pullman Drawing-Room Sleeping Car, enroute to Boston via Albany. On Fridays this car runs to Jamestown.

**MEAL SERVICE** Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served in the dining car between Mansfield and Hornell, on the pay-for-what-you-order-plan, as you choose. Ask the porter to bring you the Bill of Fare.

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Let us send you—free—a little book that tells all about them.*

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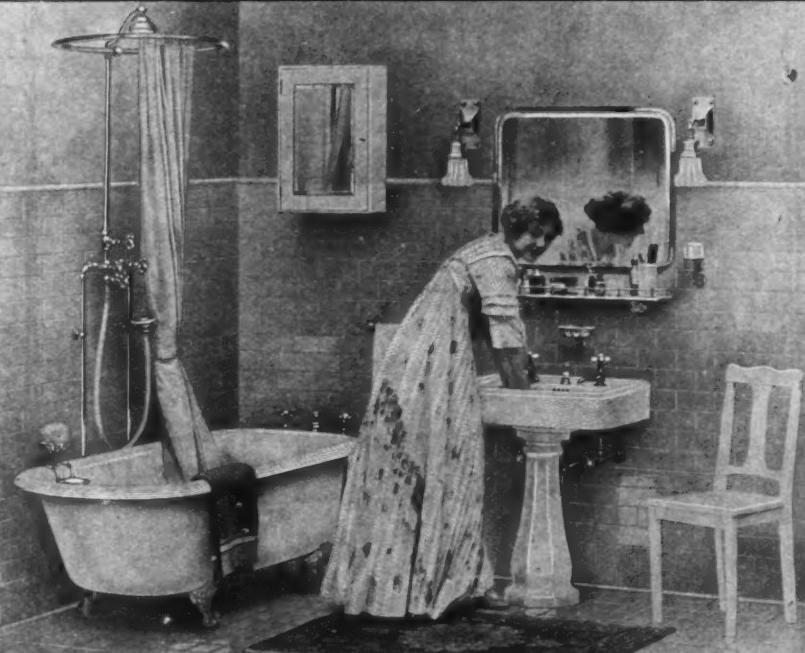
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**In the  
JUNE, 1911  
Issue  
of  
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**EACH SUCCEEDING ISSUE EXCELS!  
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE THE GREAT SHOP WINDOW OF AMERICA

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THE artistic perfection of "Standard" guaranteed plumbing fixtures, combined with their lasting sanitary worth, makes them a permanent investment in satisfaction and comfort.

They add a value to your house far greater than their cost and are as enduring as the house itself. Their installation means certainty of service.

The Plumbing Fixtures shown in this advertisement cost approximately \$140.00, except when sold in the Far West.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the home and for schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label with one exception. There are two classes of our Guaranteed Baths, the Green and Gold Label Bath and the Red and Black Label Bath. The Green and Gold Label Bath is triple

enameled. It is guaranteed for five years. The Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years. If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense, install guaranteed fixtures. All fixtures purporting to be "Standard" are spurious unless they bear our guarantee label.

Send for a copy of our beautiful book "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Many model rooms are illustrated costing from \$78 to \$600. This valuable book is sent for 6c. postage.

**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**

Dept. 50. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Mr. Carrere had an accident policy in **The Travelers Insurance Company** for \$50,000. This policy had a yearly accumulative value, doubled in case of death in a public conveyance, and had additional benefits for surgical attendance or hospital service. The check reproduced here for **one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars** sent three days after death was the Travelers payment on this policy.

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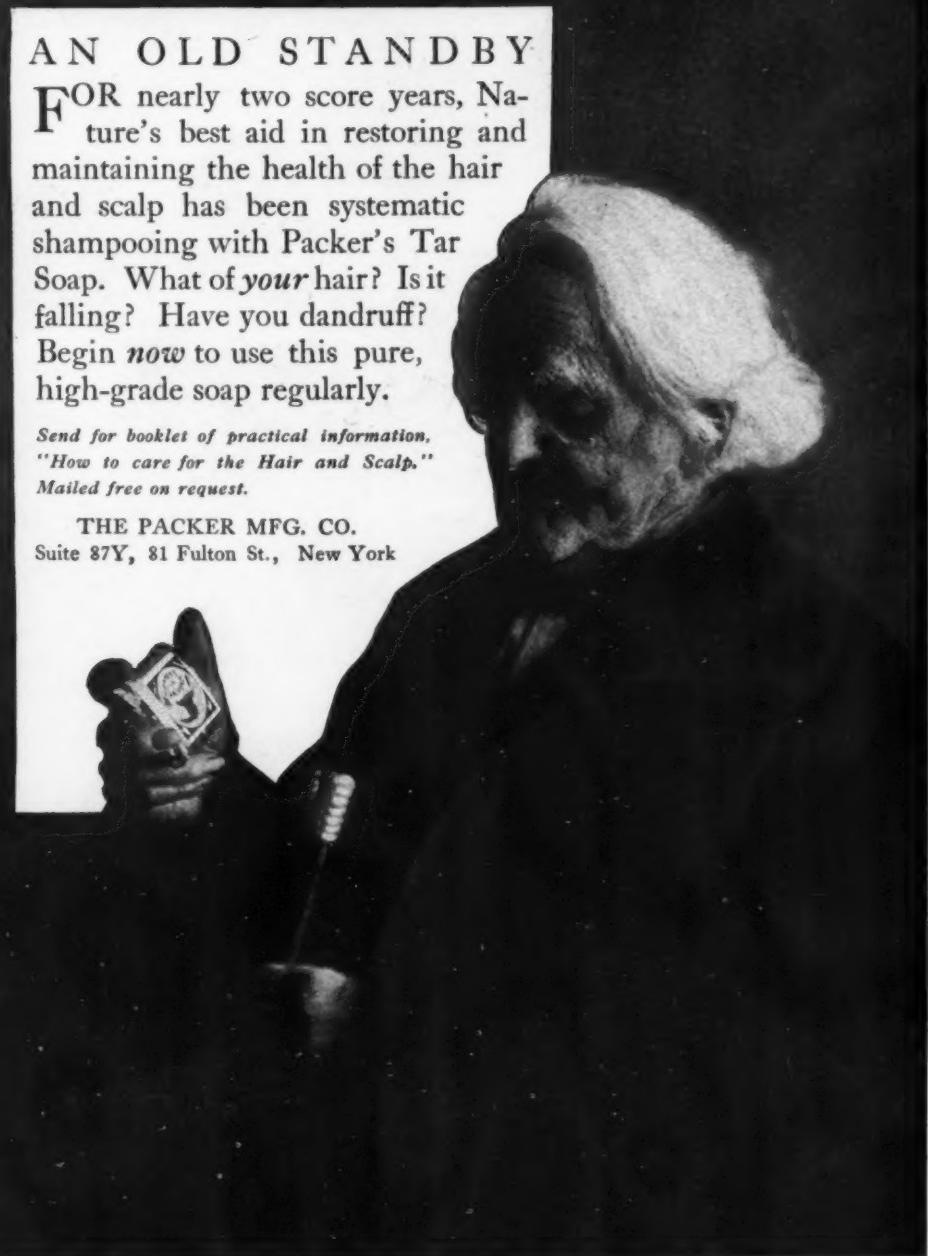
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# Armour's "STAR"



Armour's "Star" Hams are the choice few selected for their fineness of flesh, from the thousands we cure yearly. Only about one in fifteen is good enough to bear the "Star" brand.

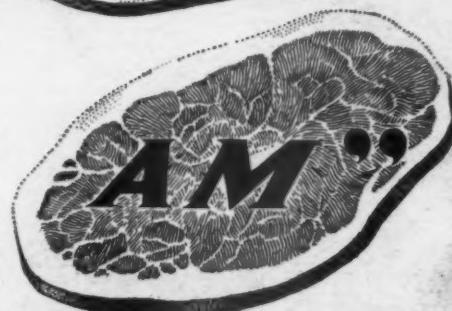
Then they are slowly cured and smoked in the old-fashioned, painstaking way which alone can produce fine ham. We follow old-time methods, improved upon by years of experience.

The result is ham that is firm, tender, juicy, with a flavor that has never been equalled.

The greatest delicacy you can put on your table is Armour's "Star" Ham.



Armour's "Star" Bacon is as carefully selected and perfectly cured as are the "Star" Hams. Sliced wafer-thin, packed in glass jars, it always cooks evenly—is crisp, brown and delicious.



**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**  
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In Every Jar

Improves Bad Complexions  
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## MILKWEED CREAM

gives relief from these and all other complexion ills. For a decade it has been recognized as the best face cream and skin tonic that skill and science can produce.

Milkweed Cream is a smooth emollient, possessing decided and distinct therapeutic properties. Therefore, excessive rubbing and kneading are unnecessary. Just apply a little, night and morning, with the finger tips, rubbing it gently until it is absorbed by the skin. In a short time blemishes yield to such treatment and the skin becomes clear and healthy, the result—a fresh and brilliant complexion.

To prove to you the advisability of always having Milkweed Cream on your dressing-table, we shall be glad to send a sample free, if you write us. Price 50c, large size \$1.

F. F. INGRAM CO., 46 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

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